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OLD KITTY

From the Photograph by  
Edith S. Watson



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 1

## CANADA'S FIRST NOVELIST

BY CHARLES S. BLUE



LD QUEBEC, the scene of Canada's most picturesque and inspiring history, can also claim to have been the birthplace of Canadian, and indeed American, romance. Years before Susannah Rowson settled in New England and wrote what American historians persist in styling "the first American novel", there lived in the historic city on the banks of the St. Lawrence an Englishwoman of literary tastes and accomplishments who in the social life, manners, characters and beautiful surroundings of the capital of the infant British colony found inspiration and material for a work of fiction which attracted considerable attention at the time of its appearance, more than a century and a half ago, and is not yet completely forgotten.

To the modern reader fortunate enough to pick up a copy—for the book is numbered among the very scarce—"Emily Montague", as the novel was named, would perhaps make

no appeal. Written in the epistolary form, which Richardson made familiar, and published in four small volumes, it describes in somewhat turgid language the experiences, and particularly the love affairs, of a small group of English people whom circumstances had transferred to Canada. What Dr. Johnson said of the master might be said with even greater force of his pupil and follower: "Why, sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story, your patience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story only as giving occasion to the sentiment." In those days the plot did not matter; sentiment was the thing, and of sentiment "Emily Montague" had enough and to spare.

But of greater interest than the story itself is the fact that it is one of the few works from which it is possible to obtain a glimpse of life in Quebec in the early days of British rule, a period in our history not so well known as it should be. True, it

is only a glimpse—a veiled allusion to some character or event, a thumbnail sketch of a State assembly, card party or picnic, with a few glowing passages descriptive of the beauties of the surroundings—but it lends a welcome touch of reality to the book, and must have added greatly to the interest with which it was read in the boudoirs and drawing-rooms of eighteenth century London. For at that time it was little of Canada that England knew, the popular conception then being that it was, as the Great Cham of literature expressed it, “a region of desolate sterility. . . a cold uncomfortable region from which nothing but furs and fish were to be had”. To the author of “Emily Montague” belongs the credit of having opened the eyes of thousands of English readers to the fact that far-off Canada was a colony worth having, and a land worth living in, where, in the words of one of her characters, “one sees not only the beautiful but the great sublime to an amazing degree”, and where even the social amenities of life could be enjoyed under fascinating conditions.

“Emily Montague” was the work of Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of the first Anglican clergyman of Quebec, and a notable literary figure of her time, who numbered among her intimate friends many of the leading men and women of letters of a brilliant age, and whose associations with Canada formed an interesting interlude in a remarkable literary career.

Daughter of an English clergyman, Rev. William Moore of Stubton, Lincolnshire, whose second wife was a member of the noted Secker family, Frances Moore (or Brooke) was born in 1724. At a time when the intellectual training of her sex was tabooed as unbecoming, if not indeed immodest, she seems to have received an education that early developed a taste for literature, and introduced her, while yet a young woman, to circles of wit and refinement. We first hear of her as a “poetic maid” with a charm-

ing personality, one of the numerous “muses and graces” who fluttered round the dove-cote of Richardson the novelist, in his garden at North End, listening to his homilies on feminine virtue, and writing pretty odes, some of which found their way into the pages of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and Dodsley's *World*. Thomas Edwards, the intimate friend of the father of the novel, and author of the once famous “Canons of Criticism”, honored her with a tribute in his sonnets, and her claims to recognition among the “dawning genius of the fair” were even more glowingly acknowledged by John Duncombe, junior, another of Richardson's satellites, in his “Feminead”, published in 1754.

It was as an essayist, however, that she first attracted the attention of the reading world. Public interest in the entertaining and instructive form of literature made popular by Steele and Addison, had been revived by Dr. Johnson with his *Rambler* in which he had received some assistance from Miss Mulso, Mrs. Catherine Talbot, and Mrs. Elizabeth Carter — all friends of Miss Moore; and it was doubtless the favor accorded to the papers contributed by these learned ladies, as well as the impression made by the Doctor's own discourses, that suggested the publication of a journal on similar lines for women. At all events, in 1755 there appeared in weekly numbers a paper with the odd title of *The Old Maid* containing readable essays and discourses on subjects calculated to appeal to feminine tastes. It was currently reported that Dr. Johnson had a hand in this journal, and certainly some of the essays that appeared in its pages bore a striking resemblance to those of *The Rambler*, but whatever truth there was in the rumor, the editor and principal author of *The Old Maid* was Frances Moore, who, writing under the *nom-de-plume* of “Mary Singleton, Spinster,” may be regarded as one of the first of women journalists,

and a pioneer in the production of periodical publications for her sex. In those days the invasion of the literary field by women was not viewed with favor by the Grub Street hacks, and it is therefore not surprising that the efforts of "Mary Singleton" to emulate Addison and Johnson should have been hailed in certain circles with ridicule and affected contempt. But in spite of scurrilous attacks by youthful scribblers of the Bonnell Thornton and Colman type, *The Old Maid* continued to appear for thirty-seven weeks, its publication ceasing appropriately enough with the conductor's marriage in the summer of 1756 to Rev. John Brooke, rector of Colney, in the county of Norfolk. Eight years later, while the author was in Canada, *The Old Maid* essays were deemed worthy of republication in volume form, and even achieved the distinction of a French translation.

Though he may not have aided her with his pen, it is certain that Miss Brooke was on familiar terms with Dr. Johnson prior to the date of her marriage; for it is to a period anterior to that event that the first of a series of anecdotes of her intimate association with the great lexicographer relates. It is recorded that shortly after the publication of the famous Dictionary the Doctor called upon Miss Moore and her sister, Mrs. Digby, a prominent society lady, and later a leader of the Blue-Stocking school, to find them studying his work with keen interest. After paying him a number of lavish compliments, they expressed themselves as particularly pleased to note that he had omitted all naughty words. "What, my dears?" exclaimed the Doctor, "then you have been looking for them!"—a sly retort which, as the story goes, greatly disconcerted the ladies and promptly caused a change of subject.

By this time, too, Mrs. Brooke had made the acquaintance of another notable figure—David Garrick, whose friendly interest probably inspired

her with the idea, shared by so many of the great actor's admirers, that she could add to his fame and establish her own by writing a play. Unfortunately, she chose for her tragedy a subject and title that had already been appropriated by at least two writers for the stage, whose productions had both proved failures; and this provided the fastidious manager of Drury Lane, to whom the play was offered, with a convenient excuse for rejecting it. But Garrick's unfavorable verdict did not prevent the disappointed author from appealing to the reading public. Along with several of her poems, "Virginia", as the tragedy was called, appeared in print, prefaced by the story of its rejection, from which it was to be gathered that the play had been read in manuscript by "many persons of very distinguished rank and unquestionable veracity" who could testify that it owed nothing to the two other tragedies dealing with the same subject.

The versatility of Mrs. Brooke was next displayed in the translation of a French romance by Madame Riccobini which Dodsley published in 1760 under the title of "The Letters of Lady Juliet Catesby to Lady Henrietta Campley". This work fairly took the reading world by storm, no fewer than six editions appearing within a comparatively short period. In "The Correspondence of Garrick" there is a letter from Madame Riccobini to the famous actor in which she expresses her high appreciation of the work of "Madame Broock or Brock"; and in all probability it was the success of the French book written after the Richardson manner that prompted the translator to try her hand at the writing of a novel. At all events, it was soon afterwards that there issued in two volumes from the same publisher, "The History of Julia Mandeville", by Mrs. Frances Brooke. Described "as a forcible appeal to the feelings against the savage practice of duelling", it contained much fine writing, several poignant situations, and a

wealth of sentiment that caught the public taste of the time. Within a few months it had reached a second edition; other editions rapidly followed; it was translated into French and reviewed by Voltaire, and the author was acclaimed as a second Sarah Fielding.

An interesting feature of the novel was its frank allusions to passing public events. At the time it was written the fate of Canada as a British possession still hung in the balance; and it is to the credit of Mrs. Brooke that, while British statesmen seemed disposed to sacrifice all that Wolfe had won, she boldly proclaimed through the mouth of one of her characters her faith in the destiny of the newly acquired territory, and strongly urged its retention. "Canada," she wrote, "considered merely as the possession of it gives security to our colonies is of more national importance to us than all the sugar islands in the globe. But if the present inhabitants are encouraged to stay by the mildness of our laws and that full liberty of commerce to which every national creature has a right; if they are taught by every honest art a love for that constitution which makes them free and a personal attachment to the best of princes; if they are allured to our religious worship by seeing it in its genuine beauty; if population is encouraged, the waste lands settled and a whale fishery set on foot, we shall find it, considered in every light, an acquisition beyond our most sanguine hopes."

These were the words of a writer who had an interest in Canada that probably few of her readers suspected. Three years previously, her husband had given up his living in Norfolk and crossed the Atlantic to take the post of chaplain to the British forces in Quebec. The records show that he conducted regular services in the church of the Recollects in the summer of 1760; and he is credited with having been instrumental in establishing the first English school in the district.

With the signing of the Treaty of Paris and his appointment as Anglican clergyman, Mrs. Brooke doubtless felt that while her literary pursuits and growing fame might be regarded as reasonable justification for remaining at home, her place was beside her exiled husband in the remote colony of which she held such high hopes. One can imagine the consternation among her literary friends and society associates when it was learned that of all places in the world she was about to set out for Canada, a land considered fit only for adventurous traders and trappers. The story is told that on the eve of her departure a number of literary friends called upon her to take their farewell, among the visitors, it is said, being Miss Hannah More, Miss Seward, Mr. Keate, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell. "As Dr. Johnson was obliged to leave the company early," writes the anecdotist, "he rose and wishing Mrs. Brooke health and happiness went seemingly away. In a few minutes a servant came to acquaint her that a gentleman in the parlor wished to speak to her. She accordingly went down stairs where she found the Doctor. He said to her, 'Madam, I sent for you that I might kiss you, what I did not choose to do before so much company.'"

It is a pretty story, the authenticity of which some Johnsonian authorities are disposed to doubt. Dr. Birkbeck-Hill, for instance, claims that at the date of the alleged farewell neither Boswell nor Hannah More knew Johnson. But if the meeting took place, as there is every reason to suppose it did, in the summer of 1763, then "Bozzy" had met his hero and was often in his company, though it does seem strange that he should have omitted to mention in his *Life of the Doctor*, an incident so "characteristical". As to Hannah More, the probable explanation of her inclusion in the story is that the writer confused her with Miss Moore, a sister of Mrs. Brooke, who accompanied her to Canada. At all events, the anecdote may be accepted as illustrating the



fondness, half gallant, half paternal which Dr. Johnson entertained for the little woman whom his unusually keen biographer seems to have completely ignored.

It must have been in the late summer or early Fall of 1763 that the novelist, accompanied by her unmarried sister, landed in Canada, for in November of that year we find Sir James Murray, the recently appointed Governor, writing to his wife that "Mrs. Brookes arrived here some time ago in perfect health". Unable to persuade his "Dearest Delia" to brave the perils and discomforts of a long sea voyage and play her part with appropriate show as the Governor's consort, Sir James was no doubt glad to welcome to Quebec a lady so accomplished as Mrs. Brooke, not only as an acceptable addition to the society of the place, but also, as one of his letters indicates, as a possible check upon certain proclivities of her husband that had already begun to cause him uneasiness. But if the novel which she afterwards wrote may be accepted as a criterion, Mrs. Brooke was more interested in the social life, characteristics of the people, and scenic beauty of the new colony than in its politics. Quebec she likened to "a third or fourth rate English country town, where there is much respectability but little society—where there are cards, scandal, dancing and good cheer, but where the politics are as difficult to understand as the Germanic system". The women were handsomer than those of New York—"gay, sprightly and coquettish" creatures who spent most of their time "playing at cards, playing the fool, making love and making moral reflections"; the nuns, especially the Ursulines, were gracious and dignified and women of birth and breeding, whose secluded life, however, seemed an unnecessary sacrifice of youth and beauty; and the *habitants* were a hardy, alert race, with a strong sense of honor, but indolent and vain and much given to "dancing, mirth, cheerfulness and content".

What seems to have impressed Mrs. Brooke, most, however, was the natural beauty of her new surroundings and the climate. The country on both sides of the St. Lawrence with "its wildness and loneliness, its solemn silence, with no sign of man's occupation" filled her mind with a sense of "the great sublime"; while the Montmorency River, "deep and beautiful", with its little islands, cascades and tributary streams "gushing through a thousand grottoes" suggested to her romantic imagination the "haunts of the naiads". Then there were the clear skies, the brilliant northern lights, the glorious sunsets and the entrancing moonlight effects—all features of a climate which even in the depth of winter seems to have held a fascination for the author of "Emily Montague".

In the social circles of Quebec Mrs. Brooke no doubt cut quite a figure. At the Governor's table she was a frequent guest, and her numerous references to the State balls, officers' assemblies "where the beaux were six to one", and card parties would seem to indicate that though a clergyman's wife and a Blue Stocking she was not above taking a hand at *ecarté* or "tripping the light fantastic" with officers of the garrison or Councillors of State. Nor was she less fond of the out-door life which Canada so abundantly afforded. Pick-nicking in the woods of Sillery, where latterly she made her home, seems to have been one of her chief delights; and when not playing shuttlecock, she was driving around in a cariole decked out in sables and a pretty scarlet hood that earned for her the name of "Little Red Riding Hood". Little, indeed, she was, and in person by no means attractive. So at least we gather from the Diary of that "little character-monger", as Johnson playfully called her, Fanny Burney. "Mrs. Brooke is short and fat, and squints," wrote the candid Fanny, "but she has the art of showing agreeable ugliness. She is very well bred, and expresses herself with modesty upon all subjects, which

in an authoress, a woman of known understanding, is extremely pleasant." And this description is strikingly confirmed by Francis Maseres, the famous English lawyer who became Attorney-General of Canada in 1766, and a close friend of the Brookes. "A very sensible, agreeable woman of a very improved understanding, and without any pedantry or affection"—that is how he summed her up in one of his letters; and with all there is conveyed to us the impression of a very charming personality.

To judge from her novel, Canada was a land where "all was dancing, mirth, cheerfulness and content"; but from the unpublished letters of Sir James Murray, as well as from those of Maseres, we obtain a glimpse of another side of the picture which suggests that her life in Quebec was not without its shadows and vexations. We hear of disputes with officers, of wrangles between her husband and the Governor, of political and religious squabbles that must have seriously disturbed the tranquillity of mind of one so amiable and refined as the creator of the "divine Emily". Rev. Dr. John Brooke, who in addition to his chaplaincy held the position of Deputy Auditor-General of the King's Revenue, seems to have been a man of ability, with qualities perhaps better suited to the officers' mess than to the vestry; a favorite in social circles, but not always discreet. Maseres described him as "a very sensible, agreeable companion" who "seems to have a very hearty and friendly disposition"; and even Sir James Murray, his bitterest censor, was constrained to admit that with all his faults he was "an honest man, and a man of parts . . . Very well informed too, and, when passion does not interfere, a very agreeable companion."

But the genial doctor belonged to what was known as the "English party", and that was enough to damn anyone in the eyes of the irascible Governor, whose letters are filled with

complaints concerning the chaplain's conduct. The reverend gentleman is charged with keeping bad company, intriguing against the head of the administration, neglecting his clerical duties, "engaging in the idle, very idle disputes of tea table conversations", and generally behaving in a manner unbecoming his cloth. That he did not understand French was in the eyes of Murray sufficient in itself to disqualify him for the position he filled; but worse than that, "he cannot govern his tongue, and he will perpetually interfere with things that do not concern him". As the Colonel of a regiment he would have given greater satisfaction than as chaplain, according to Sir James; "his sprightly imagination makes him too frequently forget that he wears the black, and, unfortunately for him, the company he keeps have not the taste to relish the sallies of his fancy, nor charity enough to conceal the foibles of their companion." From all of which we gather that Rev. Dr. John Brooke was a somewhat prickly thorn in the flesh of the much harassed Governor.

One could wish that Murray had been as communicative concerning the talented wife of his reverend tormentor. In his letters there are several allusions to Mrs. Brookes, as he invariably calls her, which indicate that while much esteemed by him, she was not always in the Governor's good graces. "I was in hopes," he writes in reference to Dr. Brooke's conduct, "the ladies (Mrs. Brooke and her sister Miss Moore) would have wrought a change, but, on the contrary, they meddle more than he does." Whether this reflection was intended in a political sense, however, may be doubted. Mrs. Brooke probably shared her husband's view that Murray's policy of conciliation went further in the direction of concession to the "King's New Subjects" than was desirable in the interests of the old; her novel shows that she was partial neither to the French Canadians nor to their religion. But there is no evidence that she "meddled" in the poli-

ties of the colony, or took any part in the factious controversies to which they gave rise.

What the Governor had reference to probably was what he termed "a trifling family dispute" arising out of a complaint that Miss Moore, Mrs. Brooke's sister, had been insulted by a Capt. Brown at the Officers' Assembly. Dr. Brooke and his wife had evidently called the attention of Sir James to the matter and asked for redress, at the same time requesting that the chaplain be granted leave to employ a deputy. To these representations Murray replied in a strain that was hardly creditable to him: "The officers are certainly answerable for what they do," he wrote, "and it is my duty to take care they do no injustice whatever. But I apprehend they are at liberty to choose their company. I, therefore, had I the inclination, can take no cognizance of the business you complain of relative to the Assembly; but I certainly can and will, if you think it necessary, order a court-martial to inquire into the merits of the dispute Captain Brown had with Miss Moore. . . . I have formerly, sir, told you how ardently I wish for peace. To promote it, you may be sure I expect you would shew the example. But in place of that I find you engaging in the idle, very idle disputes of a tea-table conversation. The dignity of a clergyman should be sacred, and nothing shall be wanting in me to preserve it. But I really cannot defend Mr. Brookes if he will espouse the quarrels of Miss Moore." Sir James promised to lay before the Secretary at War "from beginning to end every letter that has passed betwixt you, Mrs. Brookes and myself on the subject," concluding, "I desire my compliments may be made acceptable to Mrs. Brookes." It is clear from his letters that Murray entertained a sincere respect for that estimable lady; but his was a nature that could not brook opposition of any sort, and he resented her association, even by proxy, with a group whom he stigmatized as fana-

tics, firebrands and cabalists. What Mrs. Brooke thought of the irascible governor may be surmised from the fact that when she came to offer her Canadian novel to the public, she chose to dedicate it, not to Sir James Murray, but to his successor, Sir Guy Carleton, "to whose probity and enlightened attention the colony owes its happiness and individuals that tranquillity of mind without which there can be no exercise of the powers of either the understanding or the imagination."

However trammelled her own powers of understanding and imagination may have been by the austerity of the Government House circle or by the petty animosities which disturbed the harmony of life in Quebec during Murray's *régime*, Mrs. Brooke could not have found a society dull, intellectually or socially, that afforded opportunities for matching her wit with men of the type of Carleton, Maseres, Cramathé, Mabane, cousin of Thomson of "The Seasons" fame; Grant and others of the circle in which she mingled. But the friend she seems to have cherished most, and with whom she was perhaps most intimately associated, with Col. Henry Caldwell, who had served with Wolfe as Assistant Quartermaster-General and was for many years Receiver-General of the Province. That gallant officer and polished gentleman, so long and honorably identified with the public life of Quebec, had his home at Sillery—a neatly built house after the old English style, with steep, narrow steps leading down from the wooded hill to the Cove below; and it is said that at the foot of the hill stood a cottage in which dwelt, during the summer months at least, the author of "Emily Montague". "I am at present at an extremely pretty farm on the banks of the river St. Lawrence," writes Bella Fermor in the novel: "The house stands at the foot of a steep mountain covered with a variety of trees forming a sloping wall which rises in a kind of regular confusion, shadow above shadow—a woody theatre; and

has in front this noble river on which ships continually passing present to the delighted eye the most charming picture imaginable. I never saw a place so formed to inspire that pleasant lassitude, that divine inclination to saunter which may not improperly be called the luxurious indolence of the country. I intend to build a temple here to the charming goddess of laziness!"

It was amid such inspiring surroundings that the first Canadian novel, as it has claims to be called, was probably conceived and planned, if not actually written. Mrs. Brooke had no doubt a place of residence in the town as well, but Sillery with its noble woods was her favorite retreat; it was from there that most of the letters written by the "divine Emily" and her coquettish friend, Bella Fermor, were addressed; and tradition even goes so far as to assert that Col. Caldwell was the prototype of the handsome dashing Col. Rivers, the hero of the tale. Perhaps it was merely a coincidence that the estate of Col. Caldwell at Sillery (Belmont) bore the name of one of the leading characters in Mrs. Brooke's previous novel, "The History of Julia Mandeville"; of greater significance is the fact that long afterwards there was erected in the vicinity of the Cove a house known as "Montagne Cottage" which was pointed out to visitors as marking the spot where the creator of Emily had dwelt.

Mrs. Brooke remained in Canada until the summer of 1768 when, with her husband and sister, she returned to England to resume her literary labors. While in the colony, she had completed a work entitled "The Memoirs of the Marquis de St. Forlaix," which was published in four volumes, and translated into French; and in 1769 the story of "Emily Montague" appeared, its reception, according to all accounts, being highly favorable. Enough has been said to indicate the character of the novel. It belonged to a class of fiction that has long since ceased to be read—the class that, in

Johnson's phrase, "taught the passions to move at the command of virtue"; and the modern reader would have little patience with the high-flown sentiment which pervades its pages. It is also true that in the stirring history of old Quebec in the early days of British rule the author missed a rare opportunity of preserving much that would have been of interest and value to future generations. But "Emily Montague", with all its defects, pleased the reading public of its day, and was not without its admirers in the age that followed.

Upon her return to the literary and fashionable world of London, Mrs. Brooke seems to have been received with pretty much the same interest that nowadays attaches to the return of a female author from the wilds of Africa. The *femmes savantes* of the Blue Stocking Club welcomed her to their assemblies or "conversations", eager to enroll her in their ranks; Johnson introduced her to the Streatham circle, where the great oracle himself, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Cholmondeley, the witty sister of Peg Woffington and wife of the patron of Dr. Brooke; Mrs. Montague, the "Queen of Blue-Stockings"; the inimitable Garrick, Murphy the dramatist and other members of that select coterie would listen to her tales of Indian life and her impressions of a country hitherto regarded as almost uninhabitable. Fashionable artists competed for the honor of painting her portrait, a privilege reserved for one of her closest friends, Miss Catherine Reid, the "English Rosalba"; and booksellers outbid each other for the privilege and profit of publishing her works. It was probably at one of the famous dinner parties in Mrs. Thrale's house that her enthusiastic appreciation of Canadian scenes received a check from Dr. Johnson not unlike that administered to the fellow-countryman of Boswell who talked of the noble prospects of Scotland. The story is told by Mrs. Piozzi in her "Anecdotes". Mrs. Brooke, she relates, was expatiating upon the many sublime and beautiful

objects which formed the fine prospect up the River St. Lawrence. "Madam," growled the doctor, "confess that nothing ever equalled your pleasure in seeing that sight reversed and finding yourself looking at the happy prospect down the River St. Lawrence!"

Eight years were to elapse before the appearance of another novel from the pen of the author of "*Emily Montague*", her activities meanwhile being directed to fields other than that of fiction. In 1771, the literary world was stirred by a dispute over the rival claims of two translations from the French of Abbé Milot's "*History of England*". One was by Dr. Kenrick, the venomous critic of *The Monthly Review*; the other was the work of Mrs. Brooke. By a writer in the *Monthly* (perhaps Kenrick himself) the female translator was attacked with a "malevolence and disingenuity" which called to the defence of the fair victim an unknown contributor to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, who indignantly repelled the reviewer's charges and warmly commended her work.

We next hear of Mrs. Brooke in an entirely new sphere and one ill-suited to her talents. Her association with Garrick, abruptly terminated by his rejection of her tragedy, had brought her into contact with the leading players at Drury Lane, with one of whom, the famous Mrs. Yates, she had formed a friendship perhaps the most intimate of her life. Between the tall stately tragedienne—the Melpomene of her day—and the short, fat, squint-eyed authoress there may have seemed little in common; but they shared at least one bond of sympathy—both loved the stage, and both hated Garrick, who had offended the one and parted company with the other. Driven from Drury Lane, Mrs. Yates had sought refuge in Covent Garden theatre, only to quarrel in turn with Colman; the result being that with the doors of the two great theatres closed against her, the "first of English actresses", as she was called, found her occupation gone. But she was not without friends who sympa-

thized with her in her misfortune, and who regarded it as an injustice that so fine a tragedienne should be practically excluded from the stage. One who felt for her deeply and came to her support, perhaps because he himself had suffered at the hands of Garrick and Colman, was Goldsmith; another was Mrs. Brooke. The distressed poet offered her the assistance of her pen; the novelist did more—she placed at her friend's disposal the bulk of her fortune, and together they leased the Haymarket Opera House in the vain hope that the genius of Mrs. Yates would triumph over all opposition. But the venture was doomed to failure from the first. Goldsmith wrote a prologue for the opening night which Beauclerc, the friend of Johnson, pronounced "very good", and doubtless Mrs. Brooke also collaborated. But the opposition of Drury Lane and Covent Garden proved too strong; neither of the lessees had had any experience of theatrical management; quarrels ensued among the members of the new company, and the theatre had to be closed with an estimated loss of £20,000.

Perhaps it was to recoup herself that the partner of Mrs. Yates again turned her attention to fiction. "Mrs. Brooke is so distinguished as a novelist that whatever she writes will be read with avidity as tending, not only to amuse, but to instruct." So wrote a reviewer of "*The Excursion*", which appeared in 1777, not many months before the more famous "*Evelina*" of Fanny Burney. In after years the critics discovered a certain resemblance between the two novels which suggested the possibility that the younger Fanny had borrowed from the elder. There was certainly a similarity in the theme and in some of the characters and situations; the authors knew each other, having met at Mrs. Thrale's, in Catherine Reid's studio, and at the Opera House; and, as her Diary shows, Miss Burney had read and admired the works of Mrs. Brooke. But, as the late Austin Dobson pointed out, the resemblance after

all was only superficial, and though the lively author of "Evelina" may have owed some hints to her friend, there could be no real comparison between two works differing so widely in merit. The feature of "The Excursion" which attracted most attention was not the perilous passage of the heroine through the "rocks and shoals of London life", but its attack upon Garrick. The author had waited more than twenty years for her revenge upon the great little actor-manager, and with her friend Mrs. Yates to prompt her, she had worked into her novel a satirical description of "King Davy's" methods and manners that probably hurt the victim less than it pleased his numerous enemies.

The novelist's association with Mrs. Yates was also responsible, probably, for the attainment of her ambition to produce a play that would be acted. Garrick had gone, and Colman was no longer manager of Covent Garden theatre, when in 1781 she had the satisfaction of seeing her "Sinope" staged at that house under Hull, with her friend in the leading part. According to Hannah More, she had submitted the manuscript to Dr. Johnson for revision, only to be told that she must correct it herself. "But, sir," said Mrs. Brooke, "I have no time; I have already so many irons in the fire." "Why, then, madam," retorted the Doctor, "the best thing I can advise you to do is to put your tragedy along with your irons!" But though described as "more suitable for the closet than for the stage" and as wanting in energy and originality, "Sinope" ran for ten nights, yielded a fair profit and gave encouragement to its author to undertake what proved the greatest triumph of her career.

This was the well-known opera "Rosina" performed at Covent Garden theatre in 1783 under the direction of Shield the composer, with the two Bannisters in the leading parts. Based on the story of Ruth, as adapted by Thomson in the episode of Palemon and Lavinia in the "Seasons", and by Favart, a French dramatist, with a

number of beautiful lyrics set to music by Shield, "Rosina" proved the success of the season and continued to enjoy popular favor, both on the stage and in printed form, for many years.

Then came a second opera, "Marian", less successful than the first; another novel that was translated into French, and an affectionate "poetical memoir" of her dearest friend Mrs. Yates, whose death clouded the closing years of her life. These were the last productions of a pen as versatile and prolific as that of any woman writer of her age. In January, 1789, she lost her husband, the former chaplain of Quebec, and three days later she followed him to the grave at Sleaford, Lincolnshire, the county of her birth.

Among the numerous women writers of the eighteenth century, who in Macaulay's phrase, "vindicated the right of their sex to an equal share in a fair and noble province of letters", Mrs. Frances Brooke could claim an honorable, if not a very high, place. She could not draw a character like Fanny Burney, or develop a situation like Mrs. Lennox; and her books were emotional miniatures rather than pictures of real life. But there was hardly a branch of literature in which she did not gain distinction; and it was not the least of her merits that in a licentious age, when the most popular novel was the novel that was most wicked, she wrote nothing that a woman should be ashamed to write, or that a woman need be afraid to read. "While delicacy of sentiment and purity of morals are esteemed, the author of 'Julia Mandeville' and 'Emily Montague' commands our commendation." That was the tribute of a well-known critic and admirer of her works, which was afterwards endorsed by no less an authority than the biographer of Richardson, who, among other qualities, claimed for Mrs. Brooke that of being "the first female writer who attained a perfect purity and polish of style."

And not less worthy of remembrance is her claim to be regarded as Canada's first novelist.



# THE SNORERS

BY ERNEST DOUGLAS



It was at the little junction town of Maricopa that I first heard of David Bishop, reputed to be the champion snorer of Arizona.

Having been told that they would have to wait till the next morning for a train into Phoenix, the passengers were wearily dragging themselves out of the day coaches and straggling across to Maricopa's two hotels situated side by side a hundred yards from the station. I strolled over where the proprietors were standing on their porches, loudly proclaiming the comforts and conveniences of their respective hosteleries.

"This way! This way for a cool room and a quiet night's rest!" shouted Ed Wilkins of the Maricopa House.

"Best hotel between Tucson and Phoenix!" nasally asserted Jim McCartney of La Paloma. "You'll make a mistake if you don't stay at La Paloma to-night."

McCartney seemed to have persuaded at least two-thirds of the twelve or fourteen passengers that he offered the best accommodations. Wilkins saw that his rival was getting the greater share of the business. Just before La Paloma's first guest reached the entrance he cried warningly:

"Look out! Dave Bishop is stopping at La Paloma."

The broad-shouldered cowpuncher who led the way hesitated a moment and veered over toward the Maricopa House. Five or six others, who appeared to be Arizonans, laughed as

though at a good joke and followed without delay. Two or three tourists appeared nonplussed but they followed the crowd. In a moment they were all lined up before Wilkins's register and McCartney was left alone.

"I'll get even with you for this, you burro thief! You claim jumper!" sputtered the disappointed Irishman.

I pursued the private car, Cyprus, down to a side-track, where it had been shunted by a switch-engine, and told Cleveland Mets about the mystifying occurrence.

"Who is Dave Bishop, that all those people should be afraid to stay in the same hotel with him?" I asked.

"Bishop is a banker who lives in Flagstaff," my employer replied. "He is supposed to be the champion snorer of Arizona, and I know of only one man who is in his class when it comes to that particular variety of nocturnal amusement. When he sleeps the walls of the building shake. He makes a pneumatic riveter sound like a gentle zephyr stirring the foliage of a leafless shrub. He can make a merry-go-round organ hide its face in shame and resign from the noise-makers' union. I don't wonder that those people refused to put up at McCartney's joint. There isn't a hotel-keeper in Arizona who wouldn't be glad to pay Dave to stay somewhere else. But if he ever hears what Wilkins said he'll dynamite the Maricopa House, for he is as sensitive about his snoring as a doctor is about his deceased patients. Instead of being proud to hold snoring champion belt he'll tell you that his slumbers are as free from

seismic disturbance as the repose of the Populist party. Sensitiveness is a general characteristic of snorers, I find."

"Do you know him well?"

"Yes, he's quite a friend of mine."

"Then," I smiled, "you probably want me to go over and invite him to spend to-night on the car. Neither of those hotels can be very good."

"Never!" exclaimed Mets. "I want to sleep to-night, not lie awake listening to Dave Bishop sleep. I said he was a friend of mine, and he is—in the daytime—but I prefer to have him sleep in another county. As it is, we're likely to hear the nearby thunder of battle."

Early in the evening a train from Phoenix brought in the Chiricahua, the private car of Martin Hopley, superintendent of the Cobre Verde mine, at Jerome. He and Mets, who was superintendent of the Gila Consolidated, at Globe, were great friends. Hopley and his secretary, little Jimmie Alden, came over to the Cyprus.

"Well, how's Metaphorical Mets?" demanded the portly, jolly Hopley as they entered. "Still holding down your new job, I see, Shumway."

"Barely able to be about," Mets replied, giving Hopley a dig in the ribs. "Yes, Shumway is still hanging to his job as secretary, but I can't make him as good a valet as you've made Jimmie."

Alden blushed and looked uncomfortable. There wasn't much humor in his make-up.

Hopley suggested a game of poker with a ten-cent limit. I knew the limit was for Alden and myself, for both Hopley and Mets had a reputation of playing for high stakes.

"I know little about the game," I said. "I'd prefer not to play."

"No time like this to learn, and we need you to fill in," replied Mets. "There's no one else we can get unless it's Dave Bishop, and I don't like to invite him over without asking him to stay all night."

"Is Bishop here?" inquired Alden.

I told about the incident at the hotels.

"There's no doubt that he has the world beaten when it comes to snoring," remarked Hopley. "Heard him lately, Cleve? I'd back him against a calliope any night in the week."

"I'm not so sure Bishop is the best snorer this state can produce," returned Mets. "There's a shift-boss over at the Gila Consolidated who is some snorer himself. He's been known to drown out the whistle at the smelter. Bishop has the championship but it's only because he and Steve never snored together. If they did I believe that Steve would make Bishop sound like an anaemic infant gurgling over its milk."

"Bosh!" scouted Hopley. "I've heard Dave half a dozen times and you can't make me believe there's another man in the world who is in his class."

"I've heard both him and Hawkins and I know that Steve is the loudest," protested Mets. "Why, he's a bigger man than Dave, at least fifteen pounds heavier. The bigger the man, the bigger the snore."

"Not invariably. Bishop can out-snore any man at his weight. I have five thousand dollars that says so."

"I have ten thousand dollars that says he can't outsnore Hawkins."

"Covered."

They took check books from their pockets and wrote checks for ten thousand dollars apiece.

"Who's to hold the stakes?" Hopley asked.

"Let Alden hold mine and Shumway hold yours. They can fix it up when the bet is decided."

"That suits me."

Alden and I took the checks and stowed them away carefully in our bill books.

"Now, how are we to decide this bet?" inquired Hopley.

"We'll both be in Phoenix at the time of the state fair, next month," Mets replied. "Bishop is pretty sure to be there and I'll undertake to have

Hawkins on deck. Adjoining rooms in a hotel ought to do."

"What about judges? Better have three, don't you think?" asked Hopley.

"Good idea! I'll name one, you one, and Shumway and Alden the other," answered Mets.

"I'll take Elmer Copeland, of Casa Grande. He's some snorer himself, I've heard," said Hopley.

"I've heard him, too. Frank Strickland, the undertaker up in Phoenix, is my man," Mets announced.

Alden and I withdrew importantly and in a few minutes brought in a report that George Long, a Phoenix mining promoter and politician, had been named as the third judge.

It was three weeks before I heard anything more about the snorers. One day Mets, meeting me on the street, said casually:

"We leave for Phoenix day after to-morrow morning, Shum. Steve Hawkins must go along and win that ten thousand for me. I leave it you to fix up some excuse for taking him. Don't let him know why he's wanted; there'll be trouble if he ever finds out. He has whipped half a dozen men and nearly killed two or three for mentioning his snoring."

I found Hawkins at Gila Consolidated Shaft No. 2 and called him into a tool-house for a private conference. He was a rawboned Texan, at least six feet three inches in height, and proportionately broad. His weight must have been at least two hundred and fifty pounds. I looked at him admiringly, trying to imagine the mighty snores that must come from that herculean frame.

"The superintendent has a deal on over at Phoenix and he wants you to go along and see the fair," I said. "I think it has something to do with the employment of a bunch of men, but I'm not sure. You'll receive regular wages here, have all expenses paid, and see the fair every day."

"Huh? What does he want o' me?" Hawkins was suspicious.

"He needs your help, that's all. It means a lot to him and I hope you won't object to a little holiday."

"What about my old woman? We've been married ten year and I ain't never left 'er yet. S'pose we can take her along?"

I thought rapidly. A woman might be in the way when it came to deciding the snoring championship of Arizona.

"I'm sorry but I'm afraid you'd better leave here here," I said. "We might have to make a pretty hard trip. Just tell her that the company is paying you double your wages and she'll let you go, I'm sure."

"Well, I'll talk to her about it and let you know in the mornin'."

The next morning Hawkins called at the office and told me that he would accompany us to Phoenix.

"Martha don't like the idea of me leavin' her and I don't like to go," he said, "but we're buyin' a house and we need the money."

That was Saturday, and Sunday night the Cyprus, with Metis, Steve Hawkins, and myself, aboard, arrived in Phoenix. Three adjoining rooms had been reserved for us at the Adams Hotel.

Hawkins entered the lobby of the big hotel with noticeable trepidation. "This ain't no place for me," he whispered in my ear.

On the elevator he seemed to feel better, for he was accustomed to riding up and down shafts in skips. But a few minutes after he had been shown into his room he knocked on my door.

"Say, I don't feel right in this here place," he said. "What's the matter with me sleepin' in the car. It's a whole lot finer'n what I'm used to, anyway."

I conveyed Hawkins's request to Mets, who smilingly consented.

"It was a mistake to bring him here, in the first place," Mets remarked later. "He'd keep the whole house awake if he slept here. This is a concrete building, you know, and his snores resound from basement to gar-

ret like the boom of a collision between a wild bull and a brass drum."

The next morning I gave Hawkins a season ticket to the state fair, which began that day, and told him that he would be called for when needed.

That afternoon, during the horse races, the announcer in the judges' stand megaphoned the surprising information that a telegram had been received for Stephen Hawkins, in care of Cleveland Mets. I saw the bulky form of Hawkins emerge from the press far up in the grandstand and go down for the message. He tore it open and read it slowly. Then his eyes swept the rows of private boxes until they came to rest on the one in which Mets, Hopley, Alden, and myself were sitting. He made his way up to us and gave me the yellow slip. It read:

"Come home at once. So quiet without you I can't sleep.

Martha."

I wholly failed to repress several snickers as I passed the telegram to Mets. With a snort he showed it to Hopley, then turned to Hawkins.

"Wire your wife that you're getting five hundred dollars for this week's work. Tell her that if she can't sleep I'll have the whistles at the smelter blown constantly for her benefit."

"Yes, sir," Hawkins was utterly bewildered. He could not understand how his services could be worth five hundred dollars a week when he had never received more than thirty-five dollars.

"Now wouldn't that rasp a road-lizard!" Mets exclaimed. "That woman has become so used to sleeping at the side of that human battery of artillery that she can't rest without him."

That night Alden and I hunted for David Bishop. We learned that he was staying at a little hotel down near the railroad yards. The clerk said that all the rooms in the house were taken. Bishop had No. 16; on one

side was No. 14 and on the other No. 18.

I asked to see the man in No. 14. He proved to be a dull young railroader. When I offered him ten dollars to relinquish his room he looked at me in amazement and accepted without asking any questions.

The guest in No. 18 proved more obdurate. He was a justice of the peace at Cornville, regarded himself as a person of importance, and said that he didn't want to move. He asked if accommodations in Phoenix were so scarce that we had to have that room and no other. I raised my offer to twenty-five dollars and he accepted.

We had the rooms on both sides of Bishop at our disposal. It was with considerable satisfaction that I reported to Cleveland Mets the result of our evening's work.

"Good work, Shumway," he approved. "That ten thousand is as good as won right now. The next thing to do is to get our judges in line.

Wednesday evening at nine o'clock we had them rounded up in the Adams lobby.

It was then that I caught my first glimpse of David Bishop. He was sitting in the lobby reading a magazine, and Alden pointed him out to me. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance. He was apparently about forty years old, dark, with rugged features and a rather prominent nose. Evidently he was in splendid health. Alden said that healthy men always snore the loudest.

At 10.30 Bishop yawned, laid aside his magazine, looked at his watch, and left the hotel. Hopley bought another round of drinks and half an hour later we left for Hotel Sequoia.

Using a very mysterious manner, I had told Hawkins that he was to sleep in room No. 14. As we entered the hall on the second floor I knew that he had carried out the order. There was a steady purring noise, like a distant sawmill, which came from behind the door of No. 14.

"Dave's asleep already," Long whispered.

"Dave nothing!" shouted Mets. "That's my snorer that you hear. Isn't he a bird? Only he hasn't started yet. Just wait till he shoots her into high."

Our party entered No. 14. I paused at the door of No. 16 and heard Bishop moving around.

At the head of the stair appeared a tall, gaunt woman, accompanied by a bellboy who was carrying her satchel. They made straight for No. 14. Under the suspicious eyes of the boy we went back to No. 18.

The bellhop knocked on Hawkins's door several times before he got a response. I was standing with my head in the hall and finally heard the miner ask sleepily what was wanted of him.

"Your wife is here, Mr. Hawkins."

"Martha! What the—"

Hawkins threw open the door and stood in plain view, clad in flaming red underwear. The woman threw herself into his arms.

"Stevie! Stevie!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Stevie! I had such a time getting here, even after I found the car. And I'm almost dead for sleep. They blowed the whistle at the smelter and some o' the boys beat tin cans all around the house, but it wasn't like you, Stevie."

The giant "Stevie" drew his wife into the room. Shoving her bag in, the boy pulled the door shut and departed, a broad grin on his face.

Twenty minutes later Hawkins was snoring audibly once more. Bishop was likewise wrapped in thunderous slumber.

We stood before the door of No. 16 and the judges carefully noted the depth and volumes of Bishop's snores. Then we moved to No. 14 and stood lost in wonderment.

The judges shifted uneasily from one door to the other. It was easy to see that they were having difficulty in reaching a decision. Finally we all went back to No. 18.

"I believe—I believe Hawkins is a

little the loudest," Long said uncertainly.

"Rats!" scorned Strickland. "Bishop is the loudest. Not much, but a little. What about it, Elmer?"

"If you can tell which is the loudest you can do more than I can."

"Still, Dave may have been a little the loudest when he struck that snag," mused Long.

"Come to think about it, Hawkins struck several snags," interjected Strickland.

The judges looked at each other and shook their heads in indecision.

"They can't decide; neither can we," I whispered to Mets.

"I don't feel equal to deciding either way," Copeland declared. "There's a bunch of money up on this, I understand, and it wouldn't be fair to declare one the winner when, for all we know, the other may be slightly the louder snorer."

"You're right," agreed Strickland.

"Jury is unable to bring a verdict," reported Long.

"Shall we discharge the jury?" asked Hopley.

"Yes, we'll discharge the jury, but this thing has to be settled some way," Mets said grimly. "Let's go to bed."

As we stepped into the hall the clerk buttonholed me. "I'm sorry, but that friend of yours and his wife will have to go," he said. "All the guests in the house are complaining. Will you tell him or shall I?"

The upshot of it was that, for the sake of peace, we sent Bishop and Hawkins and his wife down to the private car.

Hawkins was just beginning to purr smoothly and gently when we arrived after them. I rolled out the porter and he fixed a bunk for Bishop.

When I came down the next morning Cleveland Mets was sitting in the lobby chewing savagely at an unlighted cigar. He barely grunted in greeting.

"Mr. Mets!" called the bellboy, "Mr. Mets! Mr. Mets!"

"You don't have to let the Balkan allies know about it, kid," Mets said when the youth came near.

"Gentleman to see you, Mr. Mets."

"Show me to him."

A thin, bent, white-haired old man, wearing enormous spectacles, a grease-bespattered derby hat, and ill-fitting corduroy clothes, approached.

"Mr. Metis?" he inquired. He spoke with a decided German accent.

"That's my name in Arizona."

"I am Professor August von Dusen-berg."

"Glad to meet you, Professor," returned Mets, offering his hand. "Won't you sit down?"

Professor von Dusen-berg took a chair and leaned forward confidentially. "I understand you're a great capitalist," he opened.

"You've got me wrong."

"Ah, but you have enough. I want your help in marketing the greatest invention of the age."

"I've seen the 'greatest invention' before—several of it. What is it this time? Something to draw the sun, moon, and stars together? Or a patent political-exterminator?"

"No! No! It is something possible, something useful. I have invented a machine to measure sound."

"This little instrument, which I call a phonometer, is now measuring the sound within ordinary hearing distance," he explained. "See how it fluctuates as the hum of conversation rises and falls."

"Will it measure snores?" interposed Mets eagerly.

"Certainly! Sound of any—"

"That's all, then. Come here at ten to-night. I want to test your machine."

Professor von Dusen-berg was on hand long before the appointed hour. It was half past ten, however, before

we got the judges together again and started for the railroad yards. Mets introduced the entire party to the professor, who volubly explained his invention as we went along.

"Quiet," Hopley warned him as we climbed into the Cyprus.

"My God! Is that a man?" demanded the professor as the sound of Hawkins's snores reached our ears. Bishop, the porter told us, had not been at the car that evening.

Gently I opened the door of the stateroom occupied by Hawkins and his wife. Professor von Dusen-berg took out his phonometer, touched the spring that set it going, and set it on a chair. Fascinated, we watched the hand move around the dial.

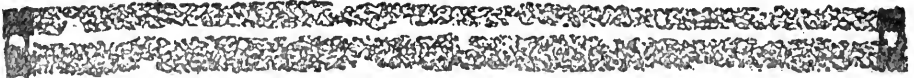
Almost immediately the indicator had moved up to nine hundred. It hovered there a few seconds; then the snorer took a long breath and it went up to nine hundred and fifty. A series of staccato snorts ensued. The indicator advanced close to the thousand mark five or six times. Finally Hawkins "struck a snag" and the indicator registered a thousand units of sound. Something whirled inside the machine; the hand shot back to zero and stood still.

We looked at each other and roared.

"Nothing serious," the inventor hastened to assure us. "A little spring that is easily repaired, nothing more. But I must make a bigger phonometer to register this man's snores."

David Bishop hustled into the car.

"Hello friends!" he greeted us gaily. "Just came down to get my suit case, Mets. I'm going to the hospital for an operation. Going to have an abnormal bony growth taken out of my nose, you know. The doctor says that after it's removed I'll never snore again."







THE SLUM

From the Painting by James Pryde  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# THE BLESSED BREAD OF HAPPINESS

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

**I**N the late afternoon sunlight of an early spring day Joe Samson, an American sculptor of Russian Jewish origin, stood counting his sous in front of the Panthéon Café.

"Pharaoh in the Latin Quarter mixing cocktails," a Swede painter had once labelled him, describing not only Samson's appearance, but, at the same time, his well known café distinction. For though not many in those days knew of him as a sculptor, a legion or two, including all the Americans in the Quarter, were aware of the fame of his "Trinity" consummation.

Temperamentally Joe Samson might have been stolen from Murger's picturesquely lying book. Physically he might have stepped down from an Assyrian mural fresco. For, his coal black hair and Vandyke beard, closely clipped, grew so densely on his olive-tinted face that all, save his eagle nose and flashing dark eyes, was concealed, creating an ensemble that remained with one like Rudolph Salis's face. Indeed one never scrutinized his loose dark clothes or plump, medium figure, but only the picturesque black and white mobile head, recalling visions of big featured, hirsutely dark men in ancient chariots.

At last satisfied as to his financial ability he boldly pushed aside the café door. No sooner had his aged black sombrero and nose appeared on the inside than a stentorian Anglo-

Saxon voice roared from a distant seat:

"Joe!" An English journalist was waving to him, a little bullet-headed man remarkable for his high collar and enormous laugh.

"Joe, I thought you could do it. I was watching you, my boy, count 'em," the little man laughed. Automatically everyone stopped talking till the habitual thunder and lightning of his laughter had passed over them like a tropical tornado. "Anyway come and sit here, for I'm going to buy a drink."

"Dan, next time you laugh the windows will give," and in his thickly resonant voice Samson called out to their waiter:

"Jules, the Trinity."

"Bien, Monsieur."

Then the sculptor took the proffered place leisurely surveying the café which was astonishingly busy for the hour. In the slow, deliberate way of an habitué he eyed over the clientèle till at last his gaze rested on two girls nearly opposite. With an imperceptible start of recognition he faintly elevated his eyebrows.

How curious, so there she was! He had not dreamed her. Perceiving his look the taller of the two girls smiled and bowed at him. His face set hard and he did not move a muscle in reply. He was angry with her. It was unusual for him to show resentment; he was much too hail-well-met for that as a rule. But he felt some-

how curiously piqued by her and he was still smarting, as though from an intentional injury. Then shrugging his shoulders he gave himself over to the dexterous handling of the three famous bottles constituting the "Trinity".

"How's work going, Joe?"

"My dear Dan, I work and I work; but nothing seems to come of it."

"As bad as that?"

"I can't even squeeze a model to myself these days, though I've got an idea here," he tapped his forehead bitterly.

"Something to do wiith your dancing scheme?"

"Yes, that's it. Well, here's luck. I had to give work up this afternoon. It's too cold up in the studio, so I crept down here to warm up and quote Jean Moréas."

The little journalist laughed. It was deafening, like a guffaw that has been maturing ages in a jar in a quiet cellar. The French patrons of the café had long become used to it. As Madame of the Comptoir phrased it: "That Monsieur Dan—how he laff."

Samson began to declaim in his magnificently resonant voice with his eyes aflash:

*"Mon coeur est un cerceuil vide  
dans une tombe  
Mon âme est un manoir hanté par les  
corbeaux."*

"Joe, I must leave you, my boy, for I have my wire to send. Till to-night then." Nodding to his friends as he went, the little man, gathering a giant umbrella, picked his way like Agag delicately among garçons juggling with glittering glasses, change and bottles.

On his departure Samson fell into a thoughtful contemplation of his empty glass.

"That's her all right. I'd know her in a minute," he mused. "I wonder why she didn't come. Women are so evanescent. One can never say."

There flashed through his mind the history of their meeting. Just after

dawn he had been returning on foot from Pascal's, where a newly-fledged doctor had wined him. Men are like that. They will always stand you a drink; but, they forget all about your want of food. Crossing the Place de and he had caught hold of her when, a bal masqué and following her a man. The man was begging from the girl and the girl was walking swiftly to get rid of him. He was as evil looking a marlous as ever Steinlen drew and he had caught hold of her, when advancing obliquely at a run on pursuer and pursued, Joe gave a shout. It was a fatal mistake, for the man looked around at him. Realizing his amusement was over, with a vile oath, he took to his heels. Breathless Joe paused in front of the girl fumbling for his hat. She was profuse in her thanks and compliments. Monsieur was this and that. He hardly heard as he struggled to regain his breath. She had taken off her mask. Her white-powdered face and the red hair in the forget-me-not blue of dawn had an odd effect on him. There was, too, something in her tall, lithe figure that inspired the feeling of what a model she would make.

"Monsieur, how can I thank you?"

"Mademoiselle is French?"

"No, Monsieur, I am Swiss?"

"Ah, that accounts for it."

"What?" she laughed.

"Your height."

"You think me much too big?" she pouted.

"Not at all. Pardon my abruptness, I implore you. I am just a poor devil of a sculptor looking for a model."

"Eh, bien?"

"I have been searching all Paris for a figure like yours, Mademoiselle," Joe prevaricated to realize his opportunity. "Could you pose for me? Here is my card."

"Monsieur, you have been my protector and you wish me now to be your model, is it not so? Ah well, I will take your card and will think of it. *Au revoir, Monsieur, et mille remerciements pour votre aide.*"

She was gone, leaving him hat in hand, gazing at the six columns and wedding cake dome of the Panthéon. But she left a vision of her figure with him, that had made the artist in him itch to express and his fingers to tingle at the thought of prisoning it in modelling clay. For in a way she was the inspiration he had been desiring for a figure in the nude of a dancing girl. He felt that she possessed the key lines of form he desired for "The Dancer", that she was a kind of living thesis of his ideas for that figure.

For days after that meeting he had awaited restlessly for her coming, impatiently realizing that in the other models he essayed for a time, he could not obtain the appreciation he wanted of the same masses in relation. For him, to employ the sculptural term, it was the relation of those masses, which he sensed in her body, that he ached to embody. But she had never come; and things had gone so hardly with him since their wonderful dawn encounter that he could not even hire models now. Because she had failed to come, indeed, he felt in some subtle way his luck had failed. His metal casters had been bothering him for a remittance. Even the patience of Jouven's had run out and the fearful Tantalus tragedy of Paris hunger was pursuing him.

Then, one night she came to the café again, but left almost immediately. Well let her go—she would have stayed, is she had wanted to; but, she had clearly shown, she had no desire to stay. So let her go. The calamity of it seemed to be about to crush him. Driven on by some irresistible influence he sprang up and ran out in the street after her. He could not let her go. He felt somehow with vague artistic suspicion that she was his lucky star.

"Mademoiselle," he cried after her. She was alone.

"Ah, Monsieur *mon protecteur* You did not wish to receive my salutations in there a moment ago. You

are angry with me?" She coldly held out her hand.

"Yes, I did."

"But I smiled and bowed, Monsieur."

"Why didn't you come? Why didn't you come? I waited in days for you. I waited as the Jews waited for the coming of the Messiah. Why didn't you come?"

She began to smile, broke into a bubbling laugh.

"What a pity," she cried. "I am so sorry. I've been in great trouble since then and I lost your card. I searched everywhere for it, because I thought—" she paused.

"You thought what?"

"That my protector would help me."

"Here come back in here. I have the price of a drink—we'll share it."

"*Merci, monsieur, mais ce soir je n'ai pas soif.*"

"But I want to know what's your trouble?"

"You will not think me always in trouble? It is soon told. They've put me out. I could not pay the rent. So the concierge had his orders, the poor man. He wept dreadfully, but my room is taken by another."

"Good," ejaculated Joe, "take the top room at my studio."

"But, Monsieur,—"

"That's all right; I've another downstairs and you have nowhere to go for to-night."

"But, Monsieur—"

"Yes, yes, that's all right. Come on; let me show it to you. Let's go at once." He seized her arm and they set off in the gathering dusk still protesting.

"Here's my atelier," he cried. There was a small private door, then a kitchen and beyond it a sitting-room with an artist's divan. Above these small rooms a metal spiral staircase led up to a corridor with a bathroom and beyond a minute bedroom, the corridor serving also as an open gallery to the lofty, airy studio itself. In the still twilight in the silent atelier below them the linen swathed

forms of the sculptor's art looked like weird mummies. A few completed works, however, stood out on pedestals above the litter of the place like dim visions of beauty.

Down in the sitting-room turning on the electric lights he explained:

"You must take it. You know I never use that room myself. It is the dressing-room for my models. So it will just do for you—"

"You are good to me," she replied, taking off her hat, "and in lieu of rent I will sit for you."

"Stand rather, because I want to do a complete nude of you."

"But you haven't seen my figure yet—"

"I have caught its suggestions."

"Wait and see," she said deliciously. Without shame or false modesty she began to remove her clothes in front of him. Calmly he lit a cigarette and sat on the divan. To those accustomed to the beauty of the nude mere sexual instinct has no connection. She let her last delicate garment fall with a flutter. All her clothes formed a sea on the floor around her feet. With her eyes closed she now stood completely nude before him, clasping her hands at the back of her head. Then releasing them she slowly stretched herself and her muscles went rippling over her body like waves of music. Turning about, her hands fallen now to her sides, she peered over a white shoulder at him murmuring:

"Will that do?"

She was rightly massed for his idea, which after all is the real signification of a model. Moreover she was smoulderingly vital with her sleepy eyes and metallic red hair and shadowy ivory skin unstained by the freckles of the average red-haired woman. He gazed carefully at her. Then quietly lifting his eyes to her face without affectation or hypocrisy he said slowly and distinctly:

"It is what I have been looking for. But come and look at the studio. As for the kitchen it doesn't function for I eat out," Joe lied to cover the fact

that he ate, when he could or was invited, and never in now, because he couldn't afford it. It seemed pathetically dismal, this empty little kitchen. She shivered.

"You are cold. Run and put your things on—"

She smiled.

"You must call me now Léontine."

"And I am Joe."

They both laughed at their curious introduction.

## II

"Léontine, you are going to be my lucky star," he said confidently, on the next morning, as they began the pose. She radiated a smile of encouragement:

"I hope so. I have had bad enough luck so far; the wheel must turn."

"So have I," he groaned.

In the rest intervals between his feverish work, for with unusual clarity and certainty the inspiration had at once taken shape as to what he could make of her figure—in the rest intervals, she talked about herself, as all models will. She had come from Switzerland with an English family. Her work had terminated by the boy being sent to school, so she had drifted over to the Latin Quarter like so many other young people loving art. Governessing had not appealed to her and she had been looking out since for some kind of work, without quite knowing what, with the result that before she knew it, she had used up her savings. Now she would get a place in a cabaret as a dancer.

"I think you've got the soul of a dancer, Léontine; that's what struck me in you, I believe, when I wanted you to pose that morning."

"How nice of you to say so. I love it. I am always dancing in my dreams."

"That's what makes you such a splendid model."

"I think you are going to do something fine," she said.

"I want to catch you as a dancer, who is winding up an undone coil of

her hair in the midst of the dance, but whose feet never pause in the measure."

As the day waned, she came to him and said:

"I must go now for Marie Romdenne, the girl I was with yesterday, has asked me to dinner."

Joe thanked Heaven sincerely. Decidedly his luck was turning. All day the problem had been looming up in the back of his mind as to how they could dine. Yet here she was talking herself off to a meal. He blessed her fervently; and, when it had become too dark to work any longer, he crept out himself to spend the evening at Lavenue's over a glass of coffee, drawing faces as they came and went, dreaming a little over the music of Schuhmacher's orchestra.

The next morning the little clay figure of Léontine's nude body progressed rapidly; but, several times, for sheer want of food, Joe had to rest. His face had taken on a white, hungry expression; yet, he would not desist from his work, nor would he say anything to the girl. Early in the day she had announced that she was going to look for work at some cabaret or other. She had heard only the night before that they were opening a new American bar with dancing. It was to be called "Gipsy's". Perhaps there would be a chance. With a bold face Joe wished her luck. But not long after she had gone a fainting giddiness seized him. He went to lie down on the divan. Strange thoughts began to flit through his mind. He felt feeble, light-headed. He tried drinking water — but, even French water is not particularly stimulating.

"To starve in Paris," he thought, "is a thousand times worse than starving in the desert or at sea." Only it came to him bitterly it was a thousand times more common. A door opened, Surely Léontine could not be back yet. He felt too feeble, too indifferent to anything except his own hunger to rise to see. He rested his stomach against a pillow to ease its emptiness;

but visions of the thousands of dinners that were going on all over Paris at that moment haunted him. Half-rising he felt for a match and a cigarette-butt, which he had put aside for some such crisis as this of hunger. Faintly overhead some one seemed to be sobbing. The soft, low piteous sound only came to him dimly, and without pondering on it he sank back on the divan. In a while his fragmentary smoke did its work and he passed into the land of dreams, where dinners cost nothing more than a vivid imagination. Gradually too upstairs the sobbing grew feebler and finally unbroken night kept her silent watch.

Refreshed by sleep Joe was up early. A little later Léontine joined him in the studio.

"We shall finish this morning," he said; but she seemed pale and listless. Both had to rest more frequently. The rest intervals became longer. They seldom spoke now in them. This terrible, silent ordeal of inner want and of bodily weakness, they endured as best they could in personal thought.

At noon Léontine put on her hat and went out; but the sculptor fumbled on, till he had to stop from fear of botching his work. To escape from himself, from the incessant cravings of his stomach, he wandered out on to the Boulevard Montparnasse, scanning the cafés eagerly for a friend. But it was not till he had drawn up for the second time in front of the Closerie des Lilas that he was hailed by a friendly painter.

"Come and mix us a drink, Joe."

"Damn," the sculptor flung out, "one can always scrounge a drink, but never food."

That evening Léontine found him lying in the studio in a drunken sleep. She burst into tears. No shaking would awake him. Trembling she devoured some ham and bread she had obtained on credit; and in doing so, it seemed to her, she had built a shameful barrier between them. His con-

science tortured her. She had eaten all in her great hunger without thinking.

From the very first she had realized his plight. She had penetrated his feeble lie about the kitchen. She had lied too to save him from the quandary of meals for herself. She had recognized every symptom of his pangs, for she had been suffering the same herself. She had matched his bold front with her own gaiety; but now she saw this position must come to an end. It could not go on. Their luck had not turned. No one would engage her. There were already too many experienced dancing girls about. Paris was full of them. Besides no one seemed to want a girl, who was just a dancer for a cabaret. The management wanted its rake-off on the drinks and did not care whether a girl could dance or not. It wanted girls who could coax tourists and strangers to drink. There was only one thing, it seemed, left for her to do. When in want, woman always has a resource. Like the rest of them she must sell. But she and her sculptor must part. She must relieve him of the burden of herself at all costs. She felt strangely moved by the thought. Leaning over him she kissed the drunken, black-bearded man, deep in sleep, passionately. He looked strangely like an Assyrian thrown from his chariot, as he lay carelessly outstretched there, breathing heavily. She stroked with abandoned pleasure the soft, silken beard and hair of the prostrate sculptor. And the last thing she noticed at dawn was how strangely white her hands showed up against their blackness.

### III

It was well on in the forenoon when Joe awoke; but, as France keeps only tricked drink for tourists, he had no bitter taste in his mouth. Léontine was nowhere in evidence; but, on his table, he found a brief scrap of paper.

"Monsieur, I have gone; it is better so."

With a flash of illumination it came upon him that she, too, had been starving.

"What an ass, what an ass, Joe, you have been," he was unable, as he pulled his beard, to resist an unseasonable fit of mirth, "to be tricked by her. And I lolling around here and thinking she was getting good square meals on her own all the time. I must get hold of her quick and send her to Aunt's with this coat and pants, while she can knock me up something from the studio wraps to wear, till I can borrow a suit from Dan."

He drifted down the Boulevard Montparnasse and few places are pleasanter in the pearly Paris blue of the first warm spring days. In front of the cafés students of all sorts and from every nation were playing at cards ceaselessly. "Five cards . . . What are they worth?"

"Picquet," murmured Joe to himself.

Others were reading angry leaflets of the boulevards or continually talking. In this city of women how was he to find her again? He strode on with the feeling that it was impossible that he should lose her, though in Paris, as he well knew, one might say good-bye to a girl for an afternoon and before one saw her again she might have been the mistress of ten men. Especially if one is hungry and poor in Paris, one does desperate things.

All along the Boule. 'Miche people were breaking their fast. Summer was coming and the tables outside the cafés were set for the gay ritual of déjeuner. Across the street some one hailed. Napkin in hand, hatless, amidst the traffic came the laugh of the little English journalist, Dan Rider.

"My dear boy, you are just the man I have been looking for." The little man was still eating and wiping his mustache. "I have got some countrymen of yours over there. Come and have lunch with us."



"I'm busy," returned the sculptor.

"Look here, Joe," the journalist said seriously, "don't be busy. It's a great chance for you. I've got young Mrs. Kitney over there—the millionaire's wife. She's keen on art. My boy, we'll get her up to your place after lunch."

"I'm looking for someone."

"Well come and have a feed and you'll look all the better after." Joe's arm was encircled and he was led like a victim to the sacrifice.

"Mrs. Kitney, I've got him," the little man was dancing with glee. "A real, live American artist—the king of the bohemians of Paris. A rapin of the rapins—Joe Samson, the sculptor. He's ready to quote Moréas for you and to have a feed."

Nothing ever embarrassed the little man. Distant glasses tinkled as his laugh boomed out over the hum of Paris traffic and died away somewhere round the eaves of the Eiffel Tower, as the sculptor said.

Amid food and wine and laughter Joe expanded, he shed his gloom, abandoned himself as he loved to do to his audience. It was a theory of his that a good artist ought to be a good salesman and to do that he must know life well enough to gauge other people's weaknesses. Here he recognized he was to have his first chance of putting it into practice. Wit, indeed, had always earned him the majority of his dinners. It might now inveigle that dream of even the artist—a buyer. To sell one's first story, picture or statue is something Homeric-like finding the golden apples. It is like watching the child succeed. But Joe never talked of his work. It was Paris, art and care-free life presented through roseate spectacles, that he gave his hosts until his fairy godfather, the little bullet-headed man, should make the breach:

"Mrs. Kitney must see your stuff, Joe?"

"Oh, do please let us see your work, Mr. Samson," like an angel voice from

heaven came the little woman's flattered cry. Joe shrugged himself, hesitated, then graciously acquiesced. Was it to be a sale at last? Allah be praised.

In the studio Joe lived on the verge of a precipice, as he went here and there amid his work.

"This is my last, 'The Dancer'. It's hardly finished yet."

There was a silence for a minute as profound as at the judgment seat. Then, properly induced, the voice of money spoke:

"I want that, Mr. Samson. It isn't sold?"

The sculptor's thought went far away. Léontine — she had brought him luck at last. The wheel had turned. In a few minutes the little journalist had wrested a cheque for him, and pleading business for himself had booked the dreaming Joe as the party's cicerone to Montmartre. Léontine—how difficult, it seemed to him now, it would be to find her. The Oriental strain in his nature called it kismet which had thus sundered them in this strange hour of success. Now he would have to go with this group of gaping cacklers through all the agony of Montmartre's tourist shows, ever conscious that the gods give but to mock.

They supped in one of those "je m'en fiche" restaurants of Montmartre that strangers love, where people dance to the popping of Moët and Chandon, between the tables and a red-coated Tzigane band works at high pressure. Everyone was elated, living up to the electric lights, the perfume of the flowers and women and the throb of song and dance. It was the climax of night—the apotheosis of her scarlet banners.

Gayest among the gay who gavotted round the tables moved Léontine. Indignantly Joe gazed at the truant, while to add to his ire, he did not appear to exist in her vision of the proceedings. Her attentions were centred on her partner, a fat, eupeptic *vieux marcheur*, with little twinkling,

piggish eyes and the glistening baldness of a billiard ball. The orchestra burst out again. Round went the dancers unsteadily on the thronged floor—but, then, you can see it any night up there in Montmartre. He felt strangely exhausted. He rose to look for his hat. No one noticed him. He drifted towards the door. Quickly a little hand was thrust into his arm.

"Come, mon protecteur," she said, "let us escape. It bores me."

And laughing they fled from the revellers out into the fresh air of dawning day of that old liar spring. A wan sun began to penetrate the blue cold air. Without purpose they fled on to the Seine, through the narrow, dirty streets—alleys of history that nurse their secrets. Under the flowering day past the blue-smocked street-sweepers with their slow, weary movements, the couple walked on. Baskets full of flowers and early workmen were their sole encounters, save a chickweed-seller, with his mon-

otonous song, "For your pretty singing birds". But for them everything seemed fresh, virginal and fragrant. On the Pont Neuf, where the Seine heavily swollen, yellowish and turbulent, almost reached the parapet, he showed her the sacred cheque. With a thrill she drew closer to him. Everything seemed delicious, filled them with buoyancy.

Pointing to a clock he said:

"In three hours the bankers, my little one, will open."

"Half an hour after, mon ami, our kitchen—kitchen how do you say it—will begin to function."

But they had not counted on spring and human nature; for at the moment the kitchen should be functioning, Joe sat alone in the Café d' Harcourt counting golden louis, like the Queen in the nursery rhyme, when Léontine came to him flushed prettily with delight:

"See, mon ami, I have bought a new hat."

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## LEAVES

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

THE great elms hold

Aloft their clouds of early autumn gold,  
Compressed of summer-sunshine and so treasured,  
Till now like alms doled out and slowly measured  
To the starved Earth. The oak-leaves are tenacious  
And cling close to the oak-trees, contumacious  
Of all the laws of winter and his rights.  
You'll find them there on moonlit winter nights,  
Above their sparkling shadows on the snow;—  
Of finer parchment are beech-leaves; they glow  
In spectral wraiths, and rustle, rustle, rustle  
In the frost-wind, even above the bustle  
Of the blown snow that streams across the crust  
Of brighter silver like a silver dust.

The sulphur-colored poplars burn and quiver,  
Each leaf contributes its ancestral shiver  
To the illusion of a flaming cone,  
At the black core the stems show cool as stone,  
That soon will brave it frigid and unstoled,  
Each standing in his round of fallen gold.  
The sumachs vanished early, in a passion,  
Squandering their color in a prodigal fashion,  
They've left us cones of faded purple fire,  
Sharp as mementoes of destroyed desire.  
The ash trees have a little leaf and so  
They pass quiescently and make no show  
In exodus, as mourning for past laches,  
They lie about in heaps of dust and ashes.  
Not so the mountain ashes, the leaves perish  
Unthought of, the tough twigs still hold and cherish  
The berries in dense clusters of dark coral,  
Which the pine grosbeaks share without a quarrel,  
In the clear blustery days of early March.  
The leaves of basswoods seem to curl and parch;  
The trees are rounded like a bee-hive dome,  
The leaves dry up as pale as honeycomb,  
As if those robbers, the inveterate bees,  
Murmured their color-secret to the trees;  
So when they die the cunning leaves contrive  
To simulate the hoard within the hive.  
But when the maple-leaves are touched with frost,  
All our similitudes are dwarfed or lost;  
We do not think of single leaf or tree,  
No more than of water when we think of the sea;  
We only know the hills are hung with garlands,  
And in a happy trance we dream there are lands  
As calm with beauty as this painted scene,  
Calm with perpetual beauty; this demesne  
We wander in awhile and deeply muse  
On past deeds and on future shadows, and choose  
Out of the lives we lived only those things  
That left no thirst, no ardors and no stings,  
Out of the life to come the dreams that chime  
Consistent with imaginary time.  
But, while we muse, there falls a fairy jar  
That subtly tells us where we really are;  
There is a stir within the loveliness,  
A lessening in the color, a faint stress  
Of gray, a silver thinning of the air,  
And ere our painted vision is nowhere,  
Fearing a coming change we cannot brook,  
We raise our wistful eyes for one last look.

# SMEDLEY'S STEPPING-STONE TO MATRIMONY

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL



T. PAUL & NEW ORLEANS TRANSPORTATION was off another point, having closed at 21 $\frac{1}{4}$  asked.

When I take up my morning paper I almost always open it first to the financial page. I do this not because I have money to invest or speculate with, but for the perhaps not wholly insufficient reason that I enjoy reckoning up the imaginary fortunes I might have made had I been able to lay the requisite stake, yesterday or last week or a month ago, on the lucky number. I suppose I am like the penniless boy who flattens his nose against the candy-shop window and tantalizes himself with the rich show of goodies he might revel in had he but the "price".

A young man friend of mine, employed in a broker's office, had assured me that St. P. & N. O. was a good thing. This despite the fact of its having dropped so steadily for the last three weeks that it could not go much farther before striking bottom with a dull thud. He didn't fully understand the causes of the decline—he hinted mysteriously at manipulations by the "Harryhill crowd"—but he insisted vehemently that the stock had a future. Well, if the said future was to be a happy one, if destiny held a sweet by-and-by for St. P. & N. O., circumstances would prevent me from doing more than "see it afar". Still,

I could follow its fluctuations with interest and without expense.

I was in process of restoring the pages of the paper to their proper numerical order when something caught my attention which effectually diverted it from St. P. & N. O. for that day and during many days afterward. This was a notice, prominently displayed among the advertising columns, and couched in these words:

"Mr. Alan Kneeggie announces that he will bestow one million dollars in cash upon a poor and worthy person, to be chosen by himself, who shall be able to fill one simple condition. Apply in writing, enclosing stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and, as a guarantee of good faith, a one-dollar bill (which will be returned later). Candidates to be eligible must apply within one week from to-day; no letters postmarked after the end of that time will be considered. Address, Alan Kneeggie, P. O. Box 04197Q, New York. Positively no personal applications can be entertained: Mr. Kneeggie is out of town and will remain away till after the award."

As I stared at this extraordinary proclamation I was almost inclined to doubt my own eyes. I read it again, and then a third time. A million dollars given away! What did it mean? Was it a hoax? But who would dare take such a liberty with the well-known name of Alan Kneeggie? The eccentric multi-millionaire and philanthropist was throwing his money about so freely and had done so many strange things with it, perhaps this was hardly more amazing than some

of his other acts. The offer might be genuine after all. But what about that "simple condition"? There, probably, lay the cat in the meal. If Mr. Kneggie were to stipulate that the recipient of his million must be able to amass another million unaided within a month, though such a condition might appear simple to him, it certainly would prove too difficult for most poor and worthy persons—myself among the number.

Yet I had a mind to put in an application, for at times I felt as if the world ought to afford me a little more pleasure than that of ending my days in an attic—and a back attic at that. My income was severely limited, but by enduring Mother Grimaud's Third Avenue twenty-five-cent table d'hôte dinner for a week I should have a spare dollar, and I could not do more than lose it. My resolve solidified at once. The composition of my letter cost me some pains, but in the end I believed I had succeeded in giving an idea of my poverty and worthiness that ought to appeal to Hr. Kneggie and touch his heart with a Midas touch. I posted my application before noon; and by the last delivery next day my self-addressed envelope came back to me. I opened it with unsteady fingers and pulled out—a one-dollar bill, apparently the same I had sent. Accompanying it was a note in a hasty, not wholly unfamiliar scrawl, running thus:

"DEAR OLD BOY:—

Awfully glad to hear from you. Thought sure you must have taken to shoving clouds by now, had not heard news of you for so long. Come up and see me at 97 West 54th, and we'll talk over ancient history. If you like perhaps I can put you next something good temporarily. Come as soon as convenient after receipt of this. Come this evening, can't you? Come now, *come!*

"In haste,

"S. A. SMEDLEY."

At sight of Smedley's signature I saw also my chances of gathering in that million dollars melting into hazy nothingness. I had known Sintram

A. Smedley (he never would tell what name his middle initial stood for) "off and on" since we were boys together in a Boston department store, and he certainly was, by a long lead, the oddest genius I ever met. He seemed to exist for no other purpose than to radiate good-humor, shirk his legitimate work, and originate brilliant schemes—which, in those earlier days, he seldom carried out. He had more new ideas in a day than visit some men in a year. He simply sweated schemes, perspired plans, and threw off notions, conceits and suggestions with the dazzling effect of a catherine-wheel. Almost any one of Smedley's projects, if perfected, patented and promoted, would have meant a modest fortune for somebody, yet he did next to nothing with them. He would toss out a suggestion as carelessly as an after-dinner speaker might emit an epigram, a dilettante poet recite a quatrain, or an amateur archer shoot an aimless arrow into air. What became of it he cared not, it meant nothing more to him.

It was Smedley who proposed, among countless other devices, the matinee cane for men of moderate means, which transformed into a three-legged stool, could be used by "standees" at the theatre; it was he who proposed the portable inflatable cushion for lecture-rooms, park benches, etc.; the "donkey-power" inclined, dwelling-house elevator for dowagers and others weighted by flesh or years, an easy method of getting up-stairs; the spring brake for street-cars, by which the energy wasted in stopping could be stored and used for starting again; the phonograph train and station announcer; and the—but I cannot recall, nor have I space to enumerate a tenth of the merely mechanical devices which Smedley might have given to the world had he chosen to follow up his ideas. It was mainly for his original and daring ventures in financial gymnastics that he deserves fame—or its opposite. To my thinking, some of his schemes of this

sort must have belonged, from a legal point of view, to the extra-hazardous class, though I had not heard of his ever coming into conflict with the law.

For at least six years, though I had heard from him indirectly more than once, I had not laid eyes on Smedley; and I must say that, thoroughly cognizant of him and his capabilities as I used to be, the manner of his sudden reappearance within my ken gave me a sensible jar. In fact, daring as I knew him to be, this latest proof of sublime impudence quite took away my breath. It would have seemed as if not even Sintram A. Smedley could be bold enough to seize upon the name of the great Alan Kneggie to use in bolstering up one of his questionable schemes.

In spite of the disappointing collapse of my million-dollar bubble dream I was heartily glad of the chance to renew my acquaintance with Smedley. He occupied rooms on the second floor of 97 West 54th Street, and I was shown up to the front one when I called at eight o'clock that evening. Smedley himself unlocked the door and dragged me in, almost literally embracing me as he did so.

"My dear fellow, I'm delighted to see you," he exclaimed, "delighted, delighted beyond measure!"

He was without either coat, waist-coat or collar, and seemed to have been hard at work just before my arrival. As he relocked the door and drew me farther into the room, and, after repeated hand-shaking, pushed me into the only unoccupied chair, I saw what he had been doing. Two large tables, placed side by side between the windows, were covered, yes, heaped, piled high with letters, opened and unopened, while the top of a third smaller table was entirely hidden beneath what appeared to be—and in fact were—hundreds and hundreds of one-dollar bills.

"In the name of the prophet!" I cried, "or in the name of profit and loss, perhaps I should say, what are

you going to do with all that heap of money?"

"Eventually I am going to send it back to the—er—the contributors," he answered, with one of his old familiar white-toothed smiles—smiles that seldom failed to win him friends at sight.

"What!" I cried, frankly incredulous, as who would not have been?

"Sure thing!" he declared, as he shoved aside some of the letters so as to seat himself on a corner of one of the tables, "didn't you read the ad.?—'dollar bill—guarantee good faith—returned later.' Didn't you get back yours?"

"Yes, I did," I replied, in an injured tone, "and I can't understand why you should have thrown me down like—like any stranger."

"Solely because you're not eligible, you don't fill the bill."

"But I might do something to qualify—"

"My dear fellow," he sought to explain, "it is not a question of doing, but of being. You don't happen to be, that's all. You don't satisfy the condition."

"What is your condition, your simple condition?" I asked, still unappeased.

"That must remain a secret for the present, and you'll have to rest content with my assurance that you don't answer requirements," he said patiently.

"Oh, very well," I said, rather huffily. "Perhaps you will tell me this: What has Alan Kneggie to do with the business?"

Smedley grinned—one of those captivating grins that made you love him, and replied, "He lends it the weight of his name."

"Without his knowledge or consent, perhaps," I suggested, smiling in spite of his brazen audacity.

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," he retorted, grinning more widely than before. "But I will say this much: I once did Mr. Kneggie an important service, nothing less

than saving his precious life. He was in a boat that capsized. He can't swim a stroke. I was in another boat that didn't capsize, and I can swim. I jumped into the water and pulled him out of it. Naturally he was grateful. He is now off on a month's vacation to try to get a thorough rest—no one but himself knows where, quite beyond the reach of mail, telegraph or yellow journalists, and in strict incognito. While he isn't using his name himself I have borrowed it, see? Now let's say no more about that. The main point is, would you like to help me—for a consideration? The work will be hard, but the pay will be good. I expect strenuous times for the next week or ten days. This being private secretary pro tem for a bloated billionaire may be a cinch, but it's no sinecure. I need a confidential assistant whom I can trust to count uncounted thousands, and I'd rather have you than any other man living. Do you see this pile of stuff? My mail is going to be big. I had to get a carriage to bring it up from the postoffice to-day, and I shall probably have to hire a furniture van to-morrow. I have advertised in the leading dailies of a dozen large cities, and the harvest promises to be something enormous, colossal, overwhelming. Will you pull off your coat, roll up your sleeves and duff in to help garner it?"

"Smedley," I returned, in my most serious tone and with a face to match, "do you actually mean what you told me about returning this money?"

"On my sacred honor," he asserted earnestly, "every last dollar of it is going back to where it came from—I swear it!"

"Very well, then," I said; "I don't understand your machinations even a little bit, but you've doped my conscience so I'll rely on your promise and lend a hand for what I'm worth."

During the next fortnight I worked harder than I ever did before or have done since. Smedley's mail, pouring in from all parts of the country, must

have amounted to tons, and the money enclosed—I had no chance of reckoning it in aggregate, but I am sure there could not have been less than five hundred thousand dollars. He took charge of the cash—deposited it in the Day and Night Bank, I think—and he and I together did all we could of the other necessary work. We put the stamped envelopes into large trunks—to be taken out later for the return of the money if his persistent reassurance was to be believed—and we stacked up the letters in one of the rear rooms for burning or other convenient destruction at some future time. We were obliged to work all day and often a good part of the night; and soon Smedley had to hire outside help—unskilled labor, he called it—for some of the less confidential drudgery.

"Smedley," I said once, in a rare moment of merely moderate activity, "I used to think you would marry Miss—Miss—I've forgotten her name, if I ever heard it, but I mean that sumptuous blonde who was cloak model at Snuydekooper's."

"Confidentially, my boy, so did I," he returned, his habitual cheerfulness seeming to undergo transitory eclipse. "We'd fixed it up, and the day was set—though the invitations weren't out—when I lost most of what I had made from the sale of the Pink & Purple Trading Stamp Company, I infer."

"I should think so—who doesn't? I have a prospectus at home now. 'The Pink and Purple is the People's Popular Stamp. Ask for the Pure, Properly-gummed, Perfected, Microbe-proof Pink and Purple Trading Stamp. Secure the Stamp that Sticks. There's plenty of Gum on the Pink and Purple Trading Stamp and it has been Sterilized.' Oh, I remember it all right, and I had always regarded it as your magnum opus."

"Well," admitted Smedley, with becoming modesty, "The conception of the scheme and the selling of it to the competitor who couldn't down it by

trying to buck against it, certainly did put S. A. Smedley some dollars to the good. And I needed that money," he went on rather pensively. "As you must have seen, that beautiful blonde isn't the sort of ingenuous young thing who can be courted efficaciously with kisses and caramels alone, or with a walk up Fifth Avenue of a Sunday and an occasional gallery seat at the Union Square. No, sir, I knew I must make up my mind to go on breaking double X's into flinders, let them fly where they would, if I hoped to cut any ice with her. And if it cost money to court her it would cost heaps more to marry her. When I lost my all in the unfortunate speculation I mentioned, she prudently said, 'Nay, nay, Pauline, not this week'. I tell you that girl has got an A1 business head on her—as good as you'll find in this burg or any other."

His white teeth were gleaming again from beneath his mustache, his tone had become warmly admiring, and his usual cheerfulness seemed to be quite restored.

"No love in a cottage for her, no bread and cheese and kisses and repentance after it's too late," he went on gaily; "you've got to be there with the goods every time, or it's no deal. She says when birdie can show available assets in six figures dovey will flutter down into the nest and leave her happy home for he—that is, if I can get any kind of a half-way hustle on she won't cancel my option just yet. Meanwhile she is foreign buyer for Madame Stephanie, Robes et Manteaux, and is laying by a little pin-money of her own. Oh, she's the only girl in the world for me, and that wedding is due to happen all right, you can risk a stack of blues on that—if only I can pull this present coup of mine off successfully."

"That's good," said I, with proper enthusiasm; then, seizing what I hoped was a favorable opportunity, I asked: "By the way, Smedley, just what is this game of yours? You haven't told me, you know."

He smiled sardonically, chuckled as over some huge joke, looked wise, looked mysterious, then slowly shook his head. "It was not a purposeless omission, dear boy," he finally answered.

"But—but is it strictly on the level?" I persisted, feeling my conscience beginning to murmur in its sleep.

"My dear fellow," he replied, with a shrug and a grimace, "as you doubtless have surmised, the problem I early set myself was, not to see how good and pious I could be on a small income, but to discover how large an income I could acquire without being too unspeakably wicked. As I expect to have a long time to be dead in, I mean to get all the fun that's coming to me while I'm alive. The deal I'm engaged in now is square enough, but to disclose its nature—"

And not another hint of what he was up to could I get him to vouchsafe.

The inflow of letters, each enclosing its dollar, continued, as might have been expected, for some days after the advertised time-limit had expired, but at the end of a fortnight the flood began to abate till it had become comparatively a mild dribble. Two days later—I think it was—Smedley, whose always superabundant cheerfulness had now overpassed all former bounds, came into our "office" early in the forenoon, bringing a large rectangular packet, and followed by an "unskilled laborer", who was carrying a still larger one.

"Now," he said, when his assistant had set down his burden and gone, "we'll proceed to throw in the reversing gear and begin to back water."

The small packet proved to contain brand-new one-dollar bills, thousands of them, the larger held an immense number of notesheets on each of which was printed this communication:

"In fulfilment of his promise, Mr. Alan Kneegie is returning, herewith enclosed, the



dollar you lately sent him; and at the same time he begs to express his sincere regret that you should not have proved eligible for his gift, the award of which has now been made to the only person who meets exactly the particular condition he had in mind.

"Mr. Kneggie is sorry he is unable to bestow upon each of the many hundred thousands of applicants an independent fortune, but wishes it distinctly understood that he cannot enter into any further correspondence regarding the award."

"One of these billets-doux and a dollar into each of our dear friends' stamped envelopes, and then it'll be up to Uncle Sam's P. O.," Smedley explained briskly, and straightway set me an example by falling into work like a beaver.

An amazing man was S. A. Smedley. I am sure his like never existed. I knew he had pledged his "sacred honor" to return that money, and I didn't see how even he could fail to keep such a pledge, yet when I realized that he was going to send to every single one of those deluded people—they numbered more than half a million—the dollar from which he or she had been so easily separated, I must admit that it pretty nearly "flabbergasted" me. In my inmost heart I hadn't really believed he would do it.

We were at it a long time—we worked only by daylight now—and we used up a good many more than the original supply of circulars, not to mention dollar bills fresh from the Sub-Treasury, but at last the task was completed. Then Smedley drew to my order a check the size of which took my breath away, and remarked, with a sigh of deep satisfaction:

"There! now I'm like that blacksmith fellow in the reading-book, and owe no man anything."

"It seems to me," I suggested, when I had thanked him for his liberality, "that at least you owe me some sort of an explanation. Of all the mysterious, puzzling, baffling, wholly inexplicable pieces of business I ever was mixed up with this certainly carries off the prize. Will you tell me why you

gathered in all that money and then refunded it again?"

"Gladly, dear boy, most gladly," he assented, smiling one of his singularly engaging smiles; "I feel that an explanation is due you, and due right off now. Are you, by chance, at all interested in the eccentricities of the stock market?"

I started, as the vague, uncertain flicker of an idea seemed struggling to illumine my befogged brain. "I have sometimes felt a sort of—er—platonic interest in that quarter," I confessed, "though I have been much too busy lately to give anything of that kind a thought."

"Well, I haven't; I've been giving a good deal of the very best thought I could dredge up out of my noodle to the doings of a certain specific stock, to wit, namely: St. Paul & New Orleans Transportation Company. Ever hear of it before?"

"Certainly, often."

"I've been taking a little flier in it. I had what proved to be a safe tip on St. P. & N. O. Trans. The—hem—temporary loans of our friends about the country totalled to something between five and six hundred thousand dollars. There was a lot of St. P. & N. O. in the market three weeks ago—and is now, since day before yesterday. I worked very quietly and cautiously, through a score or so of brokers, and with my borrowed funds I succeeded in margining a hundred and several odd thousand shares of St. P. & N. O. Trans. at slightly under 19. Shortly afterward I rather think—" Smedley stopped a moment to indulge in a gleefully wicked chuckle—"I rather think a rumor got started somehow that Alan Kneggie was taking up St. P. & N. O. Trans. and intended to do big things with it. At any rate, in the course of the following week there began to be something doing in it. It took several high jumps, then it arose and soared aloft and went up some more. Once it touched 38. Before the end of the boom I had closed my connection with

it, unloading at about 35, and thereby clearing more than a million and a half. So that, after paying off the loan and meeting all other expenses, I find myself a million ahead of the game. Now will you be best man at my wedding to the lovely blonde?"

"With the greatest pleasure in life," I responded. "But, Smedley," I queried, struck by an afterthought, "suppose that stock had happened to go down instead of up, and you had lost your money—your friends' money—?"

"Why consider such a very unpleasant hypothesis?" he demanded, with a shrug. "However, in that now impossible case I greatly fear little S. A. S. would have been reluctantly obliged to do the vanishing act."

"Well, and another thing: what do you expect Mr. Kneggie will say when he learns how you have been making free with his name and reputation?"

"I'm no seventh son of a seventh son to be gifted with second sight,"

he replied easily, "though I might venture to prophesy that the old boy will be mad enough to take Mark Twain's advice and swear. But I saved his life, he mustn't forget that," continued the scamp, with a somical assumption of virtue. "But for S. A. Smedley there'd be no Alan Kneggie in this beautiful world now, and I'll tell him so unless he swallows his wrath and forgives me."

"One more question: how about that 'simple condition' you paraded in your unblushing advertisement—wasn't that rather—er—well—rather—?"

"My boy," Smedley broke in emphatically, "that condition embodied the crux of the whole thing, it touched the vital point. It was that the poor and worthy person eligible to receive the million dollars must have been christened 'Sintram Ananias Smedley,' and, curiously enough, I was the sole applicant of 'em all who had been—so I collared the million, see?"





ST. NICHOLLS, FUMES, BELGIUM

From the Etching by Frank Brangwyn,  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# A COMEDY OF THE CAMPUS

A MISADVENTURE IN HIGH (BROW) LIFE

BY EDITH G. BAYNE



BEING engaged to a terribly Highbrow person is a very strenuous experience. You've no idea—until you've tried it! Of course, Arthur and I love each other very much and aren't really happy away from each other, and we're going to be married at high noon on June first—providing the dear boy doesn't forget to go to the church. But we've had quite a few—I was going to say quarrels—already, (let's call them misunderstandings) and we're both beginning to get a line on each other's main faults, which is a very good thing to do *before* the ceremony, don't you think?

Arthur's chief fault is absent-mindedness. Mine is impatience. Out of these have arisen all our little differences. But I take three-quarters of the blame to myself because in view of Arthur's genius all things should be forgiven him. Let me introduce him properly. He is Professor Arthur Wiley Benson, the youngest don in the University and he has been around the world twice, once on a lecture tour. He has written five books. (They are said to be very clever books. (They must be. I can't understand a word of them.) He is just twenty-five and good-looking in spite of all he knows. He is a fine athlete, and he lives with his mother, whom he adores, and who, of course, idolizes him.

Although he is aware that my intellect is of the circumscribed variety and that at best I have only a one-

cylinder, single-action brain, he never patronizes me. He likes me in spite of the fact that I don't know a logarithm from a load of T.N.T. But sometimes he forgets and bores and embarrasses me by asking me to attend some stifling old lecture or other with him, and then of course I do my best to *appear* intelligent and not fall into a coma. Arthur's idea of a real treat is to go and hear Professor Walsingham-Crowe on Friday afternoons in the Physics Building.

Well, to begin at the beginning, we had had one of our little misunderstandings. I had wept and accused him of not loving me any more because he had failed to keep an appointment with me at a downtown tearoom. The poor dear had forgotten of course. He wasn't really accountable. He had got into a conversation with some interesting (to him) old fossil and they had spent all afternoon arguing some abstruse point in Mediaeval Archaeology.

You can understand then how glad I was—though not letting on, right away—when last Friday the telephone in my little apartment rang and it was Arthur at the other end of the wire—after ten whole days of silence! I had carried my paint-brush to the 'phone and I stood there making dabs and splotches all over the wall and never knowing!

"Have you heard The Origin of the Later Palaeolithic-Period Ichthytherio as related to Metaphysical Phenomena?" he inquired eagerly.

"Related to *whom*?" I asked politely, by heart doing a shimmy of joy and preventing my hearing aright. He repeated it.

"It's said to be wonderful," he added with such enthusiasm in his tone that the telephone hiccupped and vibrated against the ear.

"I guess I haven't got that on my phonograph," I said regretfully. "Is it a double-disc?"

"No, no. It's not a record. It's a lecture," he explained patiently. "By Professor Walsingham-Crowe, dear. Unfortunately I have lectures right up till nearly four or I'd go and get you. But meet me in the Physics Building at four. You'll never regret it!"

In uttering the last he was a fibber, though an unconscious one. But I mustn't get ahead of my story!

"At four, you say?" I countered, an eye on my unfinished sepia on the easel.

"Yes. Will you come?"

I wanted to tell him that I'd go and sit under the Crack of Doom with him, I was so glad to hear his voice once more. But I thought it more politic to hesitate a little. After all I too am a busy person in my way.

"Will you be *absolutely prompt*?" I asked coolly.

Never had I failed him yet, and he knew it.

"Oh *absolutely*, little Model of Punctuality," he answered. "And listen, dear, I think I'm to have the opportunity of a world-trip with the Professor, and in due time a certain Chair I've been hankering for. Then," very low tone here, "we can marry. It all depends on the good impression I make. And you can help wonderfully."

"How?" I asked doubtfully.

"By also making a good impression," he laughed back. "Now, take a car—"

"Thanks. We know our way about."

"I know you'll enjoy it."

"It sounds awfully fascinating," I fibbed. "Do you mean I'm to meet

the Professor?"—I had never even seen him.

"Rather!"

This was a compliment indeed!

"I'll be there," I assured him confidently.

"Mind you be prompt yourself! If you're not, I'm going to have a *great big laugh on you*," Arthur declared, lapsing into colloquialism, which indicated that he was feeling about as happy as I was.

Well, there were worse things to meet than professors; editors for instance—though my own editor is a perfect dear. I went back to my work and sketched feverishly for an hour or so, then bundled it all away and began to sing, as I dressed. Big Ben tolled quarter-of-four as I put on my black velvet tam.

A word or two about myself. My name is Mary Langley and I'm only a grubby little illustrator, employed on one of the city papers. I wish I could call myself an artist, but I was brought up with a strict regard for the truth. The editor won't hear to my trying to do anything sensible or or big or 'arty'. He says my mission in life is to make people chuckle. He persists in calling my stuff humor, and he pays me a pretty good salary for my daily 'strip'. Now and then I sell a magazine cover, but I'll never be anything really great, which is just as well I suppose, in view of my having to live the rest of my life with Arthur.

At five minutes before the appointed time I dropped from the car and started across the campus. I had always come by way of the park before and I felt a little "turned round" for a moment. Three long streams of pilgrims were wending their way toward the Halls of Higher Education and I chose the thickest one and followed on. I felt instinctively that it would lead to the lecture to which I was bound. My only wonder was that half of the city wasn't pressing in—storming the portals as it were—but only a few score people seemed interested in the Palæo—whatever it was!

But in the hall there was a fair crowd and a stern old gentleman in a gown, with a long ruler in his hand was pointing out something on a map. I looked around for Arthur, concluded that he had been detained at a lecture, and dropped into a seat between a tall, thin, sad-looking man with longish hair and a woman who wore owl glasses and a man's hat.

"Now, Ireland—" began the stern old don in his droning voice.

I gave a start. Turning to the neighbor on my right I asked in a whisper:

"Is this the lecture on Palæo—"

"Sh-h!" she said sternly.

Whispering in church was nothing to this, evidently! I listened some more. Then I inquired of my left-hand neighbor if this were the lecture on Palæo—etc.

"Oh, no. That's in the *Physics*," he replied in a whisper and with a look of pity for my ignorance.

I waited to see if they were going to sing a hymn or anything so I might make my escape comparatively unnoticed, but they didn't. So I had to get up and squeeze past seven people, and my shoe squeaked atrociously all the way back to the foyer.

I asked my way of three people outside and at length arrived at an impressive-looking building with "*Physics*" in bold letters over the front. There were several entrances and I said "eeny, meeny, miny mo" and selected the right-hand one. I was ushered to a seat quite near the front. There was a lantern-slide of a monkey on the screen, and it was so much like my favorite movie theatre I settled right down contentedly in the semi-darkness and hoped for at least a mild thrill or two. Arthur wasn't to be seen, but I supposed he must be behind me somewhere. Up at the front a distinguished-looking man in a gown, and a severe-looking woman-don, began singly and in unison to dissect that monkey and open up his brains for our benefit. It was very sordid and shuddery and you could see eyes

glistening with intense interest everywhere around.

What had a monkey to do with the Palæo—Palæolithic-Period (that was it!) and the Ichthy—and so on? That was my first puzzled thought. But then it occurred to me that it all had something to do with the Stone Age and cavemen, when we were all a lot of monkeys more or less! "Sure wasn't it a monkey we were all descended from?" as old Danny Donovan, our porter down at the office, says.

Suddenly there was a sacrilegious snore just behind me and I turned to see a young man with his head lolling over on the seat-back and his mouth wide open.

"He was out late to a dance last night," a girl next him whispered by way of explanation, and with a little giggle.

"*Requiescat in pace!*" I murmured—and wished I could too!" A lecture without Arthur beside me was a profitless thing anyway. I yawned and blinked and at length turned around and whispered to the girl whose escort was "in the arms of Murphy":

"I thought Professor Walsingham-Crowe had a very fine delivery. He sounds as hoarse as—as the last half of his name!"

"That's Professor Homer Dunn," said the girl, looking at me in surprise.

"Oh!" I said blankly, "What's *he* here for? I thought—"

"He's lecturing on the Anthropoid Ape," she said, taking her pencil from her ear to catch a note on the fly, as it were.

"Then where *am* I anyway? Isn't this the *Physics*?" I demanded in a loud whisper.

"You're in the Annex," she replied. "I guess you took the wrong turning at the stairs."

So out again into the open air, after having stirred up quite a little commotion by rising abruptly and knocking three hats from as many laps and

then stumbling twice in the dark on the steps in my haste. The two professors looked disconcerted, annoyed, even hurt, I fancied, and I was the humble cause of holding up the autopsy on the monkey fully three-and-a-half minutes.

I didn't even try to find the right building now. In the first place I was *mad* and *disgusted* and in the second place it was five o'clock. So I started to walk slowly down the campus toward the car-line, formulating in my mind a nice smooth excuse to give Arthur. I would tell him that I hadn't been able to come! . . . No, he'd read the fib in my eyes. Besides he might have caught a glimpse of me somewhere. I'd tell him that I chose the monkey lecture purposely . . . No, that would hardly do either. He'd accuse me of not keeping my promise. Better tell him the truth. It wasn't such a strain on the memory!

Just as I turned the corner by the Museum I saw a rather forlorn little old gentleman approaching. He was a lonely figure against the vast background of park and huge stone walls, and with a fellow-feeling for him, I suppose, I must have smiled a little. He had a white beard and was a trifle stooped. This effect was heightened by the way he bent over, tapping carefully with his cane and peering about on the ground. He smiled vaguely at me and I stooped.

"Have you lost anything?" I asked.

"Yes, my glasses," he replied. "They are in their case. Do you see anything of the sort about?"

I spied them directly.

"Thank you, my dear," he said gratefully, as he clutched the precious case. "I'm lost without them. I should have put them on directly I left the Physics Building. You see I have an indoor pair and an outdoor pair, the former for reading.

"Were you at the lecture by Professor Walsingham-Crowe?" I asked. "Is it still going on?"

Perhaps I could even yet make it and provide myself with a Perfect

Alibi by slipping into a back seat before they reached the doxology!

"I was," replied the old man. "It is over now. I have just come from it."

"Oh dear!" I sighed between disappointment and relief. And then the first thing I knew I was telling the old man all bout my misadventures in the Halls of Learning.

He was very attentive and very sympathetic. He nodded and half-smiled and said:

"Sometimes I get lost myself."

Then somehow I just naturally told about Arthur and a little about our hopes and plans and a *tiny* bit about our misunderstandings. He was so benign and fatherly and he seemed to like me.

"I know of the young man," he said decisively, with a nod. "He's a splendid fellow. Great future before him. I've heard them say. My best wishes to you both, young lady."

I fairly glowed at this. Nobody can imagine how I love to hear Arthur praised.

"I hope," he went on, "that you'll be able to find the Physics Building *next* time."—and pointed it out to me. It was just behind us.

"There ain't gonna be no next time!" I asserted with vigor. "I didn't want to go in the first place. I feel like a fish out of water anyway among all these learned people. I never feel that it's blood that runs in their veins—excepting Arthur's, of course!—and between you and me I don't believe they get any real joy out of life. They develop their minds often at the expense of—of other sides of their nature."

"Well, well, perhaps you're right," he admitted, with a sigh.

"Now take yourself," I went on. "You have a *heart*. You're a low-brow like me. I'll wager you didn't enjoy that lecture yourself particularly!"

"Right," he admitted promptly. "I found it nerve-racking. I fancy I'm getting too old. I'll be obliged to resign one of these days."



"I think I see Arthur coming now!" I cried joyfully. "Stay a moment and meet him, won't you? You're sure to like each other!"

"I feel it in all my bones!" the dear old chap declared warmly.

Together we watched the tall figure of the youngest don in the University as he came swinging down toward us under the tender budding maples. In his eyes as he looked at me I read laughter ill-suppressed. He was very apparently going to "rub it in" with no sparing hand!

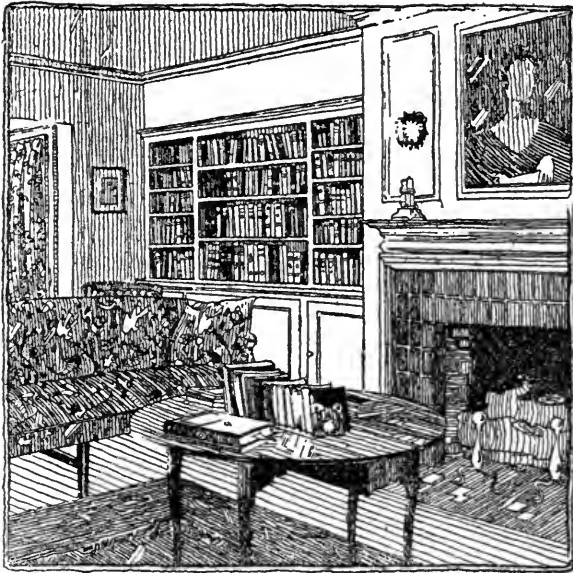
"Oh drat the old lecture!" I murmured as I felt a blush rising. "I'll *never* hear the end of it!"

"Well, well, you didn't miss much, perhaps," observed the little old man

with a smile. "It was a very short and sketchy one. I'm past my best, I fear. This young man will make a very able successor and the Chair is his whenever he wants it."

"Has she been trying to make a good impression on you?" said Arthur as he seized a hand of mine and squeezed it till it hurt. "I gave her full instructions to do so before she set out to-day."

"She's made a very *bad* impression on me, I fear!" the little old man declared, pinching my cheek. "Run away and hunt a preacher quickly, you two, before I decide to cut you out, young man. I may be resigning the Chair, but I feel just as young as ever I did and don't you forget it!"



# UNDER THE WHEELS

BY KATHLEEN BLACKBURN



WOMAN, so it has been said, should never give the whole of her heart to the man she loves. There should always be a little piece of it in reserve, a something to draw upon in the event of matrimony, and the dead certainty that matrimony entails.

Terry Everitt was standing in front of her dressing-table, arranging a veil with stylish black spots over a very stylish black hat. There were two vivid spots of color on each of her cheeks, and her eyes had that dark and unnaturally bright appearance that sometimes comes when tears have drained themselves dry, and there are no more to shed. Her breast was still heaving from overwrought emotions. There was a tiger there, the tiger of a woman's love that has been hurt and baffled and flung back upon itself, and made to suffer the pangs of disillusionment. That day she was hating Harold. But Harold didn't care whether she hated, or whether she loved, or what she did. Harold had always been so absolutely sure of her affections, and he had, moreover, the blunderingly masculine way of letting her know that is like a blister on a wound. Perhaps that was the principal root of all the trouble.

But, of course, there were other things, many other things. There were Harold's father and mother, for instance. Terry had known beforehand that the necessity for a double house would be one of the conditions of her marriage, but then she hadn't cared. If it was Harold's wish that

he should not be parted from his parents she was willing to make the sacrifice. Then she was going to be his wife. Even Harold's relations were not able to frighten her from him. A man's relations, on the female side, usually have clear-seeing eyes, and Harold's cousins and his aunts did not hesitate to give a plain, unvarnished catalogue of Harold's faults.

"So you're Harold's young lady!" Aunt Charlotte had said—Aunt Charlotte of the large nose and ferret-like eyes. "H'm, Well, I don't envy you, that's all. Harold's a spoilt young cub. Those two silly old parents of his just ruined him, and it's his wife will have to take the consequences. There, now, don't say I didn't warn you!"

These words of Aunt Charlotte's came back to Terry now as she stood in front of the mirror and tied on her veil. At the time she had resented them fiercely. Now—oh, well, she had only been married five months, and there wasn't a single day that Harold didn't do something, or leave something undone, that hurt her feelings. She hated her life. It was such a dull, useless, humdrum sort of life, and there was no liberty and no freedom about it. Harold in the city all day, and Harold's two old parents always, always there. Harold was the kind of man who simply adored his parents and didn't want to be separated from them. Of course, it was all right for him to be fond of them and all that. A son should be fond of his parents in a normal sort of way, but Harold—Well, his Aunt Charlotte

and the others had always said that he had no business to have married, and now it seemed that they were right.

Terry finished dressing, lifting aside her veil at the last moment to powder the end of her pretty little nose, and went downstairs. She had made up her mind to go up to town and see the shops and do some shopping. She felt she would have to relax in some way, or go mad. But first of all there was Harold's mother to be considered. Mrs. Everitt was one of those ponderously handsome women of middle age whose personal appearance was still her first consideration. She stood vigorously on her rights, and bitterly resented being "pushed aside" by a younger generation.

"Going up to London again?" she exclaimed in an injured tone as Terry appeared. "Well, I never! You do run about a lot!"

"Do you think so?" Terry replied, fidgetting with her bracelet watch and longing to be off. "I—I had some shopping to do and—"

"Shopping!" cried Mrs. Everitt, pricking up her ears at the magic word. "Just wait a moment, and I'll go with you. I have some shopping, too, and—"

"Oh, but there isn't time! There really isn't! I must catch the 10.10!" Terry was in an agony of dread. She wouldn't take her mother-in-law to London. Why should she? Besides, she had tried it once, and returned home with a bad headache and every nerve on edge.

But now it was Mrs. Everitt's turn to be on her dignity. "Oh, very well!" she answered, stiffening. "I might have known—"

But Terry did not wait for the rest. "I really must go," she exclaimed, and made a bolt.

The train service in England — speaking of conditions before the war — is, as everyone knows, of a gratifying British regularity. So half an hour from the time she left the house, Terry found herself steaming through

the vast covered roof of Victoria Station, and in one moment more the platform was black with people. Good heavens! what a relief it was to be just one of a crowd! To have got away, to be free!

She followed the stream through the station and out to the front, across the road where the beautiful tall policeman at the half-way place controls the never-ending line of taxis, and up Buckingham Palace Road. She would go to Gorrings's first and look at one of those smart blue silk blouses they had been advertising, and then to Selfridge's, the big American store. She would probably have luncheon at Selfridge's. She was beginning to feel better already, almost cheerful, in fact. What ducky little neckties, and only a shilling! She really must—

She was standing gazing through the window at Gorrings's, and was just on the point of going in, when a voice behind her arrested her attention.

"Is it possible?"

Terry whirled round to meet the eyes of an old friend. Eyes, at the moment, very much alive and sparkling with pleasure.

"It's ages since I've seen you. How are you?" said Dicky Compton, and held out his hand.

"It is ages," she replied, feeling her hand in his big, powerful one with a little sense of pleasure and gratification. In those old days Dicky had been so fearfully in love with her.

"Yes, ages," he repeated, looking down at her, his rather handsome, clean-shaven face under his brown fedora, giving no uncertainty as to his pleasure.

Terry hadn't seen him since her marriage, and to tell the truth she had scarcely given him a thought, either. But now she caught herself wondering why she couldn't have cared for him instead of for Harold. He could have given her a much better time. They had played together in private theatricals, and they had so many

tastes in common. Then, he had just been Dicky Compton the clever amateur with a predilection for art and a detestation for business. Now, he was Richard Compton, the actor, with his name on the bill-boards for the Haymarket, and his career practically assured.

All these thoughts were running through Terry's mind as she raised her eyes and let him see that she had not quite forgotten the art of coquetry. Why not? She was reckless, and a reckless woman is not given to counting the cost.

Of course, he took the cue. How could he help it? He invited her to lunch at a "jolly little place" he knew where they could be as quiet as they liked. It was hard luck that there was a "rotten rehearsal" at four, but there's to be a little time before.

Dicky Compton had always had the art of just doing and saying the right thing and of taking the best out of life. It was a comfortable way, and as Terry alighted from the taxi and into the warm, richly-appointed restaurant with all the luxury of modern contrivances—its lights and flowers, its soft-mannered waiters and fashionable crowds, the very soul of her grew warm and less lean. Dicky himself was just the same. He had the same interested manner of just being interested, of noticing what she had on and how she looked. His very, "Now, tell me all about yourself," was so like Dicky. It opened up the way to confidences if she cared to give them. It showed that he still had her welfare at heart. But Terry did not tell him much, if anything. She had made her choice with her eyes wide open, and every woman has her own proper sense of pride. But, of course, he guessed a good deal. Words are one thing and atmosphere another, and Dicky had that sensitiveness to impressions that is part of the artistic make-up. He didn't say much either. He just looked a few things, and then of course there was the lingering clasp of his fingers on hers, and his half-

wistful, "You'll let me see you again some time, won't you?"

"He's sorry for me," Terry said to herself as soon as she was alone, and she didn't know whether the delicate and unexpressed sympathy brought pleasure or pain. Her mind was in a whirl. One moment she felt recklessly disposed to carry on the flirtation to its limit, the next found her just wistfully longing for Harold and Harold's love.

The family, including Harold, were at tea when she got back, a tea which at the Everitt house was a substantial prelude to a more substantial dinner. They all looked up as she entered, while Harold with his mouth full of buttered toast, exclaimed, "Hello, old girl! Been to town! Why didn't you take mother along with you? She wanted to go."

Terry gave an inarticulate exclamation and turned away. She didn't want any tea, tea would have choked her just then. It was always the same with Harold. Harold's concern was always for his parents, for his father or his mother or some one else, never for her. Oh, she hated him. She hated her life. She wished, she just wished, she had never married him. That night she cried herself to sleep.

She awoke the next morning with the old aggrieved feeling still uppermost in her mind, and Harold's boorish, teasing ways of rallying her as "Grumpy" and "Silly old girl" only aggravated her all the more. He had no notion of what a woman's heart is crying out for in a man: he never, never would. Starvation and disillusionment, those two disintegrating forces in the sum of human happiness were working havoc in her soul. Her chance meeting with her old lover gave her a venthole for her recklessness. He was the peg upon which she hung her injured feelings.

Dicky Compton may not have been consciously aware of this. She had told him nothing in actual words. But he felt he did not require words to guess that she was unhappy. The

artist in him had made him sensitive to impressions, and his love had caught at the straw that was held out to him. Destiny, so it seemed, had thrown her in his way, and it was only in human nature that he should reach out for what the gods had flung at him. Tickets for the Haymarket, notes and flowers followed as a natural sequence. The French say it is the first step that counts. The rest follows as a matter of course. Thus it came about that the girl, drawn on by her despair, the man by his love, reached the very brink of their passion. There was only the final plunge to be taken, and, with a nature like Dicky's that could not be long delayed. Dicky was an ardent lover, and besides in the world in which he belonged, marriage is not always counted as a final consummation. And so, and so—well, anyone could guess the end.

She and Harold, so she told herself, had drifted so far apart that she did not care; she never could care again; he hadn't the power to hurt her any more. Dicky did the rest. His inducements were of the seductive kind. Was he not ready to sacrifice everything for her sake? To throw up his engagement at the Haymarket? To fly anywhere she liked, and carve out his fortune anew. The morning dawned at last, the final morning, and like one in a dream Terry joined hands with destiny. She was to meet Dicky Compton at Charing Cross Station at five that afternoon; they would embark for Paris the same night.

No one at her home suspected anything. How could they? Besides, they were not the suspecting kind. Breakfast passed in the usual Everitt manner. There was the usual talk about the food, and the rest was mainly concerning the weather. Harold grumbled at both until it was time to go, and then, as always, like a dutiful boy kissed his father and mother good-bye.

"I'm off," he said, and looked towards Terry.

Terry hesitated. Should she go to the door with him as she had been in the habit of doing? Or should she—

"Hurry up!" he exclaimed impatiently, and Terry followed him out.

"Brush me off, old girl," he said in his whimsical, peremptory way, and handed her a whisk.

Her fingers trembled as she complied. It seemed so strange that it should be the last time, the very, very last time. Of course, his suit did not really need brushing, but it was a habit of his to want it done. It was one of those rough heather-brown tweeds that Englishmen wear so much and his boots were brown. She remembered, oh, so distinctly afterward about his boots.

"There, that'll do," he exclaimed: "I'm in a hurry". Then he gave her a great bear hug of a kiss and banged himself noisily out of the house.

A few hours later, Terry was herself in London. She had tried an ineffectual lunch at an A.B.C. store, and had done a little necessary shopping. She had not dared take a bag or any kind of luggage away from the house for fear of being discovered. As the afternoon wore on she grew feverish with excitement, and her head was light from fasting. She had really eaten nothing at all that day. The very thought of food seemed to choke her. There was such a little, little space of time between now and the thing she intended to do, and every minute made it shorter.

On Regent Street the traffic was terrific. An endless stream of motor-buses, taxis and delivery wagons, with here and there a foot passenger threading his way in and out through that sea of danger with stoical British confidence. Terry was standing on the curb waiting for the taxi she had signalled to, when her eye caught and was held by the figure of a man in a heather-brown tweed suit and brown boots making his way towards her through the very heart of that awful human whirlpool. She looked again, and her heart gave a great leap. It

was Harold. But she hadn't time to even collect her thoughts when the thing happened. An instant's miscalculation perhaps, and he was down. The traffic rolled on. A motor-truck, going swiftly, passed over his head, crushing it to a pulp.

In a vivid series of flashes Terry witnessed the whole horror, then a great darkness swooped down upon her and she knew no more.

When she opened her eyes her surroundings were strange. She was lying flat on her back in a strange room. There was a strange taste in her mouth and a strange face bending over her. For a few uncalculating minutes she was just stupefied, numb. She stared at the stranger, who stared back at her, while a voice which seemed to come from some great unknown distance, put some question or other to her.

With the stupendous effort she made to answer, recollection came back. She remembered. The scene, as she had witnessed it, rose before her, and forced her faculties into action again. She struggled to a sitting position, thanked the man, a chemist, who had acted the good Samaritan and made herself stand up. Her one thought was to go home, home to Harold's parents. They would be wondering why he had not returned. Her mind could get no further than that, and, strangely enough, she had forgotten Dicky Compton and his part in that day's sequence of events as completely as though he had never existed.

She struggled to the door, and the stranger, a youngish man with a sympathetic eye, began giving her a detailed history of the accident and its effect upon herself, of how a policeman had carried her to the back of the shop where restoratives had been administered that had soon "fetched her round".

"Some ladies ain't got no nerves for the sight of blood and the like," he added parenthetically. "It bowls them right over."

But Terry only heard him vaguely, as one in a dream, and his voice was a thousand miles away. The thing that was most impressed upon her mind was the recollection of Harold's brown boots. She had seen them so distinctly just before the accident. The sympathetic young man had suggested that she should rest a "bit longer" but finally acceding to her request for a taxi, carefully helped her into it. He was certainly a very kind young man, but about as important to the object of his attention as a persistent fly might have been, and like that fly he was not even thanked.

To travel from London to the suburbs in a taxi does not really take very long, but it might have been years. There were five steps leading up to the white brick house set far back from the street where Harold and Harold's old parents lived, and though white stone steps are not usually regarded as an insuperable difficulty, they seemed so that day, and Terry found herself obliged to lean up against the door for support before ringing.

Alice the maid who opened the door stared strangely. "Why—why, Mrs. Harold," she stammered.

"Are they in?" Terry heard herself saying.

"Yes, Mrs. Harold, they are at tea. Excuse me, ma'am, but are you ill?"

Terry did not answer. She only walked or, at least, her legs seemed to carry her somehow down the hall to the dining-room. The door was shut. She opened it, then stood as though rooted to the spot.

There was the same old family party — father mother and son — gathered about the same old family dining-table. The Everitts not being fashionable folk, kept their drawing-room for state occasions only. Mrs. Everitt was pouring tea. "Dear me, Terry," she exclaimed in that high and penetrating voice of hers, "how queer you look! And your hat's all crooked. What ever have you been doing to yourself?"

Then a familiar voice rang out. "Never mind, old girl! Come and have a cup of tea." If any one else ever teased Terry, Harold invariably took her part. That was part and parcel of the contradictoriness of his disposition. Now, as she was passing his chair he put out his arm and drew her down on his knee. "Poor old girl! Did they say she was looking queer!" he added caressingly.

That was too much for Terry. She just buried her face against the sleeve of the rough brown tweed and sobbed out loud. Some time she would tell them about the poor unfortunate man who had looked so like her Harold, but all she wanted now was to cry her heart out against his sleeve. Perhaps that is all a wife, a wife who really loves her husband, ever does want.

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## SIMPLES

By F. D. CALL

I HAVE a closet where old simples lie  
In scented dusk behind a secret door,  
Simples I gathered for my healing store  
From fields and hills beneath a sunny sky;  
Or in old forests when the moon was high,  
But most beside the sea, where white gulls soar  
Above gray headlands, and the ocean's roar  
Mingles as distant music with their cry.

And from these simples, by my magic craft  
I brew a potion, dark with mystery,  
That brings again, when I have drunk the draught,  
Those wondrous days beside the chanting sea,  
Gray sands, blue waters and the joy that laughed  
Across the waves and in the heart of me.

# THE GRASS WITHERETH

BY ADRIAN MACDONALD



WHEN you think of the little town of Woodville, your mind naturally drifts back to those undisturbed days before the war. Just why it should be so, you may find difficulty in explaining. Is it because mention of Woodville takes you back still further, to the Arcadian days of your childhood? Or is it that you are unable to think of Woodville as existing in the same blatant decade as jazz, and Bolshevism, and profiteering? Whatever the reason, on hearing the pleasant sound of the name, there steals into your mind a sense of remote, unruffled tranquillity — of peace lulling the souls of men into quietness and contentment.

In Woodville nothing was ever done with precipitation. For forty years the members of the council talked, and talked, about the erection of a new town hall; but the final decision was never taken, and the old, white frame building was left through the seasons to serve as best it might. You could rent it for three dollars an evening unheated — or five dollars, at a temperature of eighty-six degrees — if you thought of holding a bazaar, or a bachelor's ball, or a political meeting. Every spring, moreover, saw a portentous ruffling of feathers amongst these same talkative councillors on account of a little stream which, hidden under block pavements, sidewalks and jumbled buildings, went rambling through the centre of the community. Usually harmless enough, this little river grew, in the season of melting snows, to surprising proportions, and

flooded cellars, and yards, and even the main thoroughfare itself. The town fathers, of course, were so unjust as to lay the whole blame for the creek's untoward action against its natural perversity — upon Colonel Bascom they heaped the greater part of the responsibility. On his farm, about a mile below the town, there stood an ancient stone mill, whose walls were slowly crumbling into the river's course; and this, as everyone knew, was the obstruction which caused the flooding. Every spring, when the freshet was impending, the mayor placed in the daily paper a formal notice, pointing out to the truculent colonel his delinquency, and threatening action on the part of the municipality, if he did not immediately take steps to have the obstacle removed. But never was the offender known to take the slightest notice of the warning, and never did the town prosecute.

Even jokes were perennial in Woodville. You may remember how Timmy Kelly always celebrated St. Patrick's Day with a big green rosette in his buttonhole, and the glow of conviviality and fervent patriotism on his face; and how every year, as sure as the sun, the boys would surreptitiously pin a large orange ribbon to his coat tail. Lucky were they who were around when Timmy made the discovery!

In this little city they put on an extra street car every Wednesday, bearing all down one side the inscription, "To the Baseball Grounds". Within its straggling borders did the



principal of its largest school bring up a family of seven on a salary of nine hundred and fifty dollars a year; and there did the corporation lawyer lead a gay and dissipated life upon one thousand. And as you strolled down the main street in June — June was the month of this story—past the department store, the bank with the columned portico, the post-office, your nostrils caught the sweet, evanescent odour of lilacs, mingling with the dank mustiness of the wetted pavement, and in between the buildings your eye found restful glimpses of green bushes and pretty flowers.

A supercilious person might think, perhaps, that nothing worth putting into a story ever occurred in a town so slow, and quiet, and uneventful; but in this he would be quite wrong. The drama of life was played in Woodville day by day just as in larger metropolises, and when gossips gathered at a street corner, or in a back parlor, or at the barber's, there was never a dearth of things to be discussed. One or other of the inhabitants was always providing food for intriguing conversation: this one would be married, that other would die, and still another would get born—and is there not in the time, the place, the manner of these great adventures enough to keep ready gossips and story tellers going for a twelvemonth? But that was not all that happened in Woodville. It came to every man in his day to occupy his peak of prominence, to hold the public eye, to incite the public curiosity. With Judge Samson it was the day on which he gave sentence in the community's only murder trial; with Alf Wilson it was after his wife's cousin's brother-in-law had made his fortune in oil; with Jimmie Weddell it was when he superintended his rich aunt's funeral; with Will Purvis it was on a certain warm, sunny day in the early part of June.

In the minds of his fellow townsmen Will had, on this day, suddenly become the object of burning curiosity. What was his attitude towards the outcome of things? What were his

thoughts? How was he going to act? Many conclaves gathered to ponder and surmise on the whole affair; and inquisitive passersby would gaze askance at the Purvis's store with the vague hope of receiving there an answer to their questions.

Finally one of Will's acquaintances—Jim Crawford it was—entered the store with the half-formed notion of buying something.

Will was there sure enough, among his ties, and his collars, and his other oddments of haberdashery, as fussy and business-like as if no great event were impending. How did he manage his self-control? His dress was slightly primmer than usual, his little black mustache had been given an extra waxed twist, his sparse hair had been arranged with special care over the marble baldness, but otherwise he showed no signs of preparation.

Upon entering Jim nodded to Will, and then paused to survey himself in a mirror. He pulled sharply at the lapels of his coat, screwed his head about to make his coat collar fit more closely, tightened up his tie, worked it into place, attempted to flatten out the ancient creases, and then went up to the showcase behind which Will was patiently waiting.

"Blamed if I don't think I need a new necktie," he proclaimed with decision. "This here one looks seedy, if you ask me; pretty near too stringy to cover my collar button. Let's have a look at what you've got."

"Necktie? Yes, yes, certainly," returned Will, rubbing his stubby hands with professional expectancy. "Any preference in colour? Something smart, natty, up-to-date? There—" he twisted a gaudy rag about his fingers in imitation of a four-in-hand knot—"how does that strike you?"

"Well say now, that is quite smart, ain't it?" agreed Jim Crawford, as he gazed at the startling blotch of colour with the air of a connoisseur. "Something new that?"

"Latest thing. All the rage when I was in 'the city' a year ago—everybody wearing them. I said to myself

then, that I'd put in a line first chance I got, and there—there you are."

"Dashed if I don't fancy that . . . But say now, how do you s'pose the woman would act if I was to blow in with a thing like that on? Some color, you know."

"Color, yes—a little loud perhaps. But if you want to be dressy, you must keep up with the style. Now a tie like that, with socks to match."

"Here, hold on a minute. I don't want a divorce suit on my hands. Why the missis'd hear me coming a mile off with an outfit like that on, and would shut the door in my face. Haven't you got something more—more—something not quite so—so—so very—"

"Something more conservative? Yes, yes, certainly. I suppose a man in your position—here's a line now, not too dashing, just neat, dressy. You could wear a tie like this out of an evening, to church, or to—to—to any place."

Jim was quick to notice the catch in the other's voice. It was the first sign he had perceived of any unprofessional emotion. What had Will been going to say?

The quieter tie was more to Jim's liking than the bar sinister of futurism which had been displayed first, yet even it did not fully satisfy his cravings for the beautiful. In the hope of finding something exactly to his taste, every tie in the shop was brought out and examined; but at the end of half an hour Jim "guessed he wouldn't have a tie to-day. He'd wait until the new fall styles came in."

Once the prospect of a sale was definitely over, the two men dropped the conventional relationship of customer and salesman, and became merely friends.

"This is awful fine weather we're having," Jim went on conversationally, "makes a fella feel young, don't it?"

As Will nodded a curt agreement, his eyes began to blink with unusual rapidity.

"I didn't expect to find you at the store at all to-day," Jim continued. "Not long now is it?"

Will glanced at his watch. "No, not long now."

"Mighty fine girl, Millie."

"Yes."

"Look here, Will, I'm not the curious sort — what's your business is your business—but we've known each other since we were kids. Have you and Millie been engaged long?"

Will thoughtfully put away several boxes of neckwear before he answered. Finally he said, "No offence meant, Jim; I know you're not curious, but there are some things—"

"That's all right, not another word. If a fella wants to keep his business to himself, well, no one can blame him, least of all me."

Then Will's reserve broke down and he became confidential. "Jim," he said, "I've never told anyone before—I suppose you'll be the only person in Woodville who knows the truth." [As a matter of fact the whole affair was public property.] "Yes, Millie and I have been engaged for quite a long while. It wasn't what I'd have liked — I never knew a finer girl than Millie, nor a prettier one. But—well, I was just on a salary here, and not a very big one at that. Father's a bit queer, you know, likes to keep things in his own hands—never would give me an interest in the firm. But I thought, if I waited round long enough he'd be getting out, and the business would be mine. Millie was willing, and we just waited. . . . But that's over now." Then after a pause he continued more briskly, "Well, Jim, I don't like to leave you, but I must be getting up to the house—wouldn't do if I was late, you know."

When Jim Crawford had left, Will stood for some minutes before the looking-glass deftly arranging his habiliments: his coat collar had to be slightly adjusted, his silk handkerchief looked neater when pulled out about an inch farther, a speck of dust required brushing off his shoulder, the creases needed to be shaken out of

his trousers, and his patent leather shoes were the better of a quick rub.

In all this prinking Will showed no more emotion than he had displayed in preparing for less important occasions hundreds of times before; and when he was ready for departure, he gave the store into the care of his wry, crabbed old father, with as little apparent concern as if he had just been going out to get the evening papers. He was, as a matter of fact, rather put out when the old man called after him a warning not to forget the letters he had taken to post. Why should he forget them?

In the street he got to thinking. Millie pervaded all his thoughts—on this occasion how could it have been otherwise? Every detail of the place, every house, store, tree, post, vehicle of the little old town suggested her name to his ears. The atmosphere of her presence appeared to be everywhere, beautifying prosaic things; the sound of her voice seemed to be all about, whispering like the ubiquitous echo of falling water amongst hills, calling like the half heard notes of a bird in the summer woods. Despite the show of indifference that he had so far maintained, Will had never felt like this before. Something had dropped away from his eyes and he could see.

This town of Woodville, these lawns and gardens, these homes big and little, had known him and Millie always: it was about these sleepy streets that they had played as children; it was down these shaded avenues that they had strolled after love had come to them; the whole romance of their lives was entwined with the place, as a vine entangles itself about an ancient trellis.

Like a boy who has found a new tale, Will was turning over again the pages of that roseate epic which is edited and printed by memory. The gap which the hours and the days had hastened to put between him and yesterday was wiped out. What is a month, two months, a year at such a time? He realized that after to-day

one of the milestones of his life, probably the biggest, would be passed; he would be entering upon a new stage in his career; and as he thought of this, glimpses of those miles he had left behind came crowding into his mind. Scenes which had faded like old prints in a photograph album, and were dim, and yellow, and strange once more took on color and the glow of life.

One incident in particular kept haunting his memory — an incident that had happened on another June day as bright and fair as the present one. He and Millie—he could not forget how pretty she looked that day—had paddled down the winding little stream in search of a quiet spot for a picnic. Yes, and they found it too, though in a manner that was unexpected. Woodville's only river was one of those many navigable waterways that the Admiralty—negligent body!—had failed to chart; and although there were a hundred shoals and hidden rocks (hidden at least from eyes distracted by something more lovely) not a single buoy had been placed to mark the course. Little wonder he and Millie were shipwrecked! Just after they had glided into one of the most picturesque reaches of the river, their canoe suddenly struck upon a submerged boulder, and began to fill with water. What a romantic situation! What need for presence of mind! There they were more than twenty feet from the nearest land, in fully eighteen inches of water, stuck fast and sinking. Gallantly he sacrificed his white trousers for her sake. By sitting as far back as possible, he drew the water to his end of the boat, while Millie removed her shoes and stockings, and waded ashore. To balance the sinking craft all the while, was no easy task, for, like any gentleman, he properly kept his eyes averted until her exclamations assured him that she had reached safety. Then, dragging the water-logged boat after him, holding aloft the lunch basket, he splashed out into the water and followed her.

They had their picnic: Millie, with a pretty show of boldness, dried her feet with his handkerchief; and then he, becoming intimate and bold too, whispered things to her, which resulted in glowing mutual promises. Next day, to be sure, he told her about his finances; but she was brave and happy, and consented to wait.

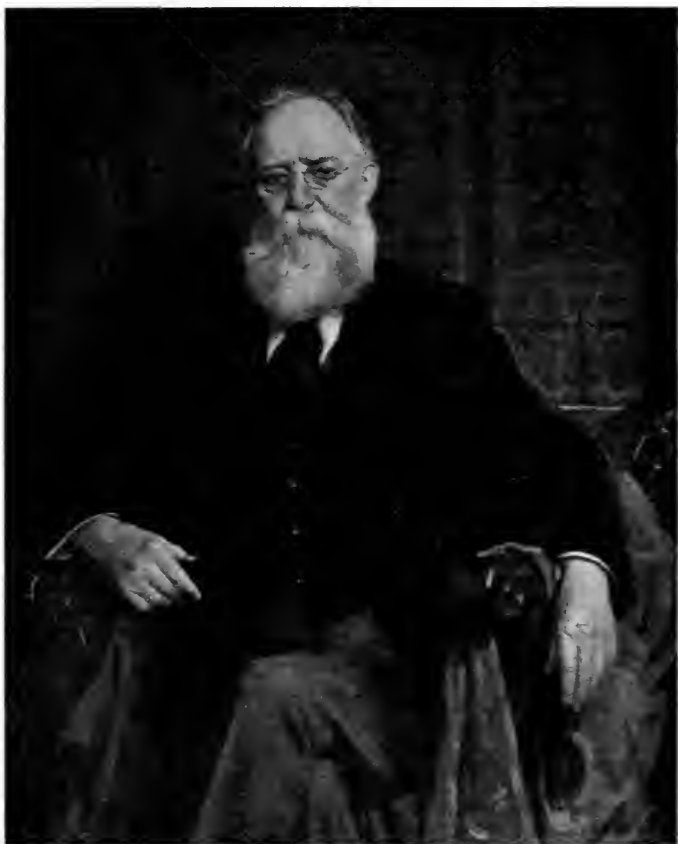
His memories of that day were as clear as if it had been yesterday, yet when he came in sight of the cottage that was her home, he began to count—to count the years that she had waited. Could it have been thirty years?

He entered the house, and found that after all he was late. Already

the minister had begun the service, and his monotonous voice could be heard intoning, "The voice said, 'Cry' . . ."

The people who stood or sat about, recognizing Will's right to be amongst the closer mourners, quietly gave him a place. There lay Millie amongst the flowers no longer young and fair, but stout, and matronly, and placid. For a moment there floated through Will's mind a vision of their life as it might have been, of their home, their children; but the vision soon faded into one of neckties, collars, belts and men's ready-to-wear, and, as if in a dream, he listened to the minister's voice repeating the words, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth . . ."





SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O.

From the Painting by E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A.

Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# JAMES LAUGHLIN HUGHES, LL. D.

PATRIOT, PREACHER, PEDAGOGUE, POET

BY LORNE PIERCE

"To build up a life which should be everywhere in touch with God, with physical nature, and with humanity at large."—*Froebel*.



AMONG the very greatest benefactors of mankind I would put the literary critic, the conscientious reviewer and the publisher's reader. No one knows, except the "next of kin", what battles are fought by them day after day to spare the long-suffering public. The public do not understand and therefore fail to appreciate. The writers do understand and therefore do not appreciate. However, it frequently happens that through a partially ungovernable series of circumstances, many a worthy writer never receives the recognition he rightly should enjoy. Of course history has a happy fashion of adjusting discrepancies, but often long, too long, after grave injustice has been done. I am firmly, entirely, of the opinion that a great injustice has been done a distinguished Canadian citizen, author and educator, who for fifty years has been one of the greatest spiritual forces in the Dominion of Canada. I refer to James Laughlin Hughes. I propose that he be given an honourable place among the "Makers of Canada" as one of the fashioners of its life and literature. As the intention of this article is to be descriptive rather than critical, it will be sufficient to portray the background and the

broad outlines of the life of Dr. Hughes.

James Laughlin Hughes was born in the county of Durham, Ontario, February 20th, 1846. It is interesting to know what streams of ancestry met in the future man, and in his illustrious brother, the late Lieutenant-General Sir Sam Hughes. On the father's side he derived Welsh and Irish blood. From his mother he inherited more Irish blood and an equal amount of French. The Celt, the cavalier, the romanticist, the idealist, the crusader and warrior, those spirits which have endowed an unending stream of dreamers, poets, pioneers, reformers and fiery prophets, Sinai and Ulysses men, these gathered at his cradle to enrich him.

Besides these racial strains both his parents were descended from fighting stock. His maternal grandfather fought as an artillery officer under Wellington at Waterloo. On the French side with Napoleon fought a father and three sons. The father and two sons were slain on the field of battle. The third died in a British hospital. His sister had come over from France to be near him and nurse him, and after his death the colonel of the grandfather's regiment took her as a governess to his children. The colonel's young officer met her, wooed

her and married her. This young French nurse became the maternal grandmother of Dr. James L. Hughes. Thus it happened that to romantic blood there was added romance, and to romance fighting quality.

The father of Dr. Hughes was a tremendously virile man. On more than one occasion his moral indignation found forceful expression in his show of strength, as, for example, when he threw the school teacher bodily out-of-doors, when he had wrongfully punished his son, the future Chief Inspector of Schools. On another occasion he deliberately dragged a much larger man off his mount when leading a procession in a local celebration of the victory of Sebastopol, a man whom he thought had no business being there. And Dr. Hughes is something of a fighter, too. He has won his way to the top by using opposition as the fish does the contrary current. Most of his life has been spent moving just a few years ahead of his day and generation, just far enough ahead to be misunderstood. His pugnacity had to be the other half of his idealism. Men thought him some hare-brained Don Quixote forever riding a hobby horse and charging windmills. Time has vindicated most, if not all, his "fads". But more of this later; the main thing to remember here is that the blood of the idealist and of the warrior flowed in his veins. When he saw and felt a truth nothing else mattered. He ever was, in consequence, a dangerous foe.

The Hughes home in Durham county stood for the finest traditions of spiritual, intellectual and social earnestness. Temperance was championed there from the first, and that at a time when it was a somewhat costly thing to withstand such an entrenched "inalienable right". It was instilled into the minds of the growing children from the very first, that every citizen should share the common heritage, enjoy equal liberties and assume equal responsibilities. Dr. Hughes never outgrew those prin-

ciples inculcated in infancy, namely, social sympathy and social responsibility. The non-partisan love of truth and liberty which he inherited from his parents has become one of the most characteristic things about his life. The very year in which he was made Grand Master of the Orange Grand Lodge he brought terrible denunciation upon himself because he demanded that, in a special instance then before the country, the Roman Catholic should receive the same justice as the Orangemen demanded for themselves. This was the natural sequence of the rigorous religious training of his youth. It was a part of the very fibre of his mind and has determined all that he ever did or wrote. The Hebrews called their prophets men of God. The same title, man of God, may with justice be applied to him. This quality gave his own life unity and meaning, and imparted to his work both force and direction. It is the basis of his philosophy of education: "If the child's power is used in creative self-activity for right purposes, it will lift the child progressively towards the Divine."

It is impossible to try to account for James L. Hughes. He simply will not fit into any syllogism however snug. To most people who have come up against his stern will he is a mystery and a wonder but nevertheless a palpable fact. While this is true it is possible to stand back far enough and, only in this manner, discover those traits and tendencies which meet in the man. He has too long been regarded as a rather disquieting tradition. This article is an attempt to reveal and interpret the spiritual origins which made the life as we know it inevitable, and then to rapidly sketch some features of his life as the natural and tangible proof of the existence and operation of this spirit.

Next to his natural endowment of idealism and fighting spirit, and the lessons of industry, independence, social sympathy and fidelity to truth which he learned from his Puritan





JAMES LAUGHLIN HUGHES, LL. D.

parents there ought to be placed his debt to the soil. From it he learned certain lessons which determined the whole nature of his philosophy of education, which made him confident in the method of the Divine, and which prepared him for his subsequent contribution to the swelling chorus of

Canadian song. It will always be an interesting feature of criticism to discover the genesis of an author's standards of thought and life, to lay bare certain thoughts and emotions with which he begins life, and then discover in how far he remains true to them, how far he finds it necessary to

modify them, and where they take him.

It has been said that Dr. Hughes commenced life as a farmer's son. He loved farming and vowed to make it his life work. This resolve was partly due to his passionate love of nature. He worshipped flowers and ferns and the starry heavens. Once he took a Dominion prize for a collection of ferns. Once, too, in the Sunday School he received a merit award and chose a book on astronomy. Later he helped to organize the Toronto Astronomical Society, a branch of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada. The scenes along the Trent River haunted him through life. Not only nature's beauty but nature's method became a part of his own inner consciousness. On no other grounds can we explain his marvellous advances in the science of pedagogy. He was not a product of the universities. He attended no public schools, and yet instinctively he moved rapidly along the true and inevitable and ultimately the recognized course. As he saw God in all things so also did he see growth everywhere. The method of nature was nurture, and his whole contribution to psychology and methods of modern pedagogy might be reduced to that one word. For almost half a century James L. Hughes has moved in crowds, some were openly hostile, some were patronizingly friendly, but the great majority were not even remotely aware of his meaning. Few can appreciate the loneliness of a life like that. But his wild dreams have become the orthodoxies of to-day, and his fads and frills the sane, desirable and even indispensable necessities. Of no one can it be said with more truth, "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her".

The youth Hughes gave early promise of the adult. His life was packed when most lads were dreaming their dreams. Possessing a vigorous, well-knit six-foot body at the age of seventeen, and possessing also the genius as well as the taste for leadership, it

was but natural that he should find opportunities to exercise his talents. He was never intended to be a docile follower. He would lead, and lead he always has, and always will. He has the personality, the presence and the pugnacity in such a measure that he had no other alternative. They have called him tyrant and dictator and maybe he was. Yet he saw the truth so clearly, felt it so strongly, and desired it so completely that he cut out all red tape and diplomacy and struck straight for it. That he always won, if not at the first attempt then the next or the next, and that he nearly always proved right, this was all he cared for. To do this a man must be something of a seer. There is no honor in imitation. And he must be something of an egoist, an egoist in the sense that he is conscious of his own powers, believes in himself, trusts himself, and knows that he can make others conscious of their own strength, and "guide them in the discovery and development of their strongest and highest individual powers". And finally he must be a warrior, and there in no honor in being a warrior unless there is something to fight for. Idealist, egoist and happy warrior, these were the outstanding characteristics of James Laughlin Hughes as the crowded events of his long life have proved.

It is hard to see how he could have done more. In his tender boyhood he was leader of sports, champion of all the local spelling matches, winner of debates, chief reciter of Sunday School anniversaries, naturalist, collector and a host of others, a sort of infant Teufelsdröckh, professor of things in general. He passed his Second Class Teacher's at the ripe age of twelve, and shortly afterward, collaborating with a colleague of the same age, edited *The Luminary*, in the Solina Lodge of Good Templars, the first of its kind in Canada. He wrote reams of rhyme for this magazine, and contributed poems on several occasions to the *Montreal Witness*.

His father had been induced by the Inspector of Schools to take charge of a nearby school, and feeling that duty demanded it he moved away from the farm forever. But the boy James loved the land, and continued on for two years until he too was persuaded to take charge of a local school for the winter term. His success was so immediate and so complete, and he was so fascinated with his work that he never returned to the farm. Proceeding to the Normal School to qualify for his life work, he secured his First Class Certificate, and on his twenty-first birthday took his first school as a qualified teacher. In 1867 he was invited to teach in the Toronto Model School in affiliation with the Normal School from which he had so recently been graduated. One and a half years after leaving the farm to experiment as an untrained teacher he had become a trainer of teachers. In a short time he became Principal of the Model School and in 1874 received his appointment as inspector of Schools for Toronto. Seats in Parliament, editorships and other honors were offered him as his ability became known, but for forty years he remained at his post as Chief Inspector of Schools and the results have justified his sacrifice. Few men in the Dominion have an equal right to be called a "Maker of Canada".

A man is known by the company he keeps. A fascinating chapter might be written on the friends of Dr. Hughes. Simply to give a bare catalogue of their names would take more space than we have at our disposal. It will not be out of place however to mention a few just to show how cosmopolitan he was, how varied his interests, and in what universal esteem he was regarded by leaders in every walk of life. Of his earlier and lasting friendships we recall Bishop Vincent, the originator of the Chautauqua; Miss Elizabeth Peabody, sister-in-law of Horace Mann and Nathaniel Hawthorne; Anne Page, famous kindergarten; Henry Barnard and John

Kraus. Then there is a long, long list: Robert G. Ingersol, Julia Ward Howe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Talmage, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Sir Oliver Lodge, Jane Hume Clapperton, Rev. Morley Punshon, Miss Elizabeth P. Hughes, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Claude Montefiore, Frances Willard, Sir John A. Macdonald, etc. To have met and known intimately most of the important men and women of the last fifty years, in our own and other countries, is not merely an achievement to be envied by a less ambitious and fortunate man, but a post graduate course of the first importance. Not only has he been inspired wholesale by others, but he himself has a genius for kindling the spirits of men. In this capacity he has been accorded ample opportunity for the exercising of his ability. The secret of part of his success has been his ability to discover and then inspire individuals upon whom he wished to place responsibilities. And what he has done with separate men he has been able to accomplish in a similar manner with crowds. Four times he addressed the Superintendents' Association of the United States on the kindergarten and saw, largely through his own initiative, that work grow from a unanimously unpopular fad to an equally unanimously accepted principle. Dr. Hughes has lectured on different phases of the Froebelian philosophy in 132 towns and cities of the United States and in some two hundred towns and cities of the British Isles and Canada.

We shall have to be content again with another catalogue, namely that of his achievements; to do anything else would mean writing a weighty volume. From an astoundingly lengthy list we cull the following interesting data. In the forty years in which Dr. Hughes was Chief Inspector of Schools for Toronto he became a unique figure in the educational world. He was the parent and patron of the Public School Cadet Corps.

Under his inspectorate Toronto was the second city in the world to make the kindergarten a part of the public school system. He abolished corporal punishment in his schools, introduced domestic science, manual training and home gardening. The child should learn without fear, and learn how to do by doing. Dr. Hughes is one of the pioneers in educational psychology, and is one of the best known Public School educators of America. He was President of the Elementary Department in the World's Congress on Education in Chicago, 1893, the same year in which Mrs. Hughes was head of the Kindergarten Department. Always being fond of play, and having been a member of the world's champion lacrosse team, it was but natural that he should have elevated play to its proper place in the Public School curriculum while he was also revolutionizing primary education itself, child psychology and giving to the world an entirely new system of phonetics. One of his great achievements has been the successful parties of Canadian educators he has conducted through the British Isles and Europe. Dr. Hughes is a cosmopolite, but he is also a staunch Britisher, and the part he has played in promoting a better understanding between Canada and the Mother Country by means of his excursions, and through his years of activity in the British Empire Teachers' Association, no one can ever estimate. He is of a famous family of

patriots. The test of his own loyalty came when he proudly offered his accomplished son Chester, who lies asleep "over there".

One of the most amazing features of his crowded life has been the amount of writing he has done. This article has featured the catalogue idea twice already. It was resorted to in the last extremity of utter hopelessness. We dare not embark on an encyclopædia! Somehow there must be *multum in parvo*. And again we feel the temptation becoming too strong and insistent. "The Teacher Before the Class", "Mistakes in Teaching", "How to Secure and Retain Attention", "The Old Training and the New", "Adult and Child", "Froebel's Educational Laws", "Dickens as an Educator", besides the best edited volume of the poems of Burns in our language, and four volumes of poems, "Rainbows on War Clouds", "The Child's Paradise", "Love Memories", and "Songs of Gladness and Growth". These are not all. And when you add a score of works which he has edited you have a life's work in itself.

Patriot, preacher, pedagogue, poet, now one, now another, now all together, so he has lived his packed life, and poured into the life about him his richest gifts. In none of his characters do we claim for him perfection, but friend and foe will some day write his epitaph and it will be: "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee—because thou hast loved much."



# MINE HOST—THE MENNONITE

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



ONE morning last autumn we left Winnipeg by a C.P.R. train to Morden with the avowed intention of visiting among the Mennonites of that section and getting acquainted with them and seeing their community life from the inside.

On arriving in Morden we were somewhat at a loss to find ourselves far away from the typical Mennonite village to which we had been recommended by a young teacher in a "new-Canadian" school in another part of the Province.

When we had asked her about the Mennonites, their habits and customs, she had told us as much as she knew of their quaint ways and at the end added: "They have their faults no doubt, and many of their customs are strange, but I shall never forget how kind they were to us children when our mother died."

I had treasured this in my memory because if these were a people ready to go out to children, I had no doubt but they would show the same milk of human kindness toward—visitors.

In Morden the mayor kindly lent us a time-yellowed chart of "The Old Mennonite Reserve", and steering by this we left Morden in the early afternoon on a branch line of railroad running south. It was an obliging sort of coach-train and set us down some six miles out of town at a grain ele-

vator. The boys "running" the elevator got out their Ford and drove us over to Ostervick, which was our destination.

Thus the day, begun in Winnipeg, found us in the late afternoon driving down a tree-lined Mennonite village street with the prairie-wind scattering golden autumn leaves in the car and under our wheels.

A Mennonite village here is the most perfect bit of camouflage in the world. It is located in a wood and as no house is visible it differs in no respect from any of the bluffs in sight, until you come right upon it. Even in the wood the houses are all set back from the street and a little tree-lined lane leads back into the yards. Nothing can surpass the privacy thus obtained for each family. We turned in at the lane leading to David de Fehr's house and when we presented the teacher's letter of introduction David and his wife laughed at our venture, looked us over, looked at each other, and agreed to take us in.

This, briefly, was the manner of our reception into a Mennonite home with the opportunity of seeing at close hand the life in a Mennonite village on the Old Reserve.

I think the first surprise came to us, after the idyllic situation of the village, in the large, substantial houses. The most of them were painted, usually white, and all having Dutch shutters painted a deft blue.



Ostervick—the Main Street

Most of the houses are long one-storey affairs with shingled roofs and are not unlike "Cape Cod houses" of the early type. The de Fehr house was a new two-storey cottage with the characteristic Dutch shutters at the downstairs windows. It joined the barn by a separate room where water is pumped up for the stock in the winter. We visited a number of houses, drove through other villages and were at Morden and Winkler, but I saw only one house that might be said to be *in* the barn, after the manner of the old-time farm-houses in France. Although more or less all the houses appeared to be connected with the

barn so that you could step out of one into the other without going out-of-doors. At Mr. de Fehr's, a fair white door led into the barn from a room with pumpkin-yellow floors which looked as if they had just been painted—as they look down in Quebec. There was by way of furniture in the room, which might be called the winter-kitchen, two lounges, a table, two or three chairs and a rocker in which David de Fehr sat to read his mail, including the different newspapers to which he subscribes.

In addition to this room on the first floor is a large parlor, a smaller room used as an office, and the family



Another view of the Main Street, Ostervick

bedroom. There were three bedrooms upstairs. In our room, in addition to the bed with its heavy homemade all-wool comforters, a large Russian chest with large black iron handles, occupied one side.

I spoke of the room on the ground floor as a winter-kitchen, because the summer-kitchen is a dear little white cabin in the yard, under the Manitoba maples. Outside-kitchens for summer use is a Mennonite custom which went at once to our hearts, having seen so many in the West Indies and the South.

The little summer-kitchen here was

a house of magic from the cooking angle. There Mrs. de Fehr prepared all her long list of Mennonite dishes, and at her large stove with her kitchen apron about her, she was the typical housewife—an example to her sisters scattered far and wide all over Canada.

Every Mennonite gate had its family group at night standing inside or sitting on the fence to watch the cows come home. Evidently it is an event of which in all these years they've never grown tired. And a little variety creeps into it every night as to how the cows will carry their tails,





A Mennonite farm-yard

for on this hangs the weather for the next twenty-four hours according to Mennonite lore. "If the cows run with their tails straight out behind them when they come home in the evening", it is a sign of rain, and if they come with their tails down it is a sign of fair weather. The manner of their going in the morning doesn't count apparently, probably because the cows are then too sleepy to more than know that their tails are behind them.

The Mennonites, though primarily grain-growers, are generally interested in stock. They keep horses, cows, pigs, chickens, geese. A few own automobiles but these are not

"old kirk" folk. The de Fehrs are old church people, and were to us even more interesting on that account, as we can feel that our visit was with the real old-timers. The old church folk have little points of dress which aim at simplicity. Men of the old church do not wear a tie or a white collar, and the married women wear black caps. Otherwise the house-life seemed little different from any other prosperous farmer's, believing in the simple, old-time rural life. One aim of Mennonite life, it seems, is to keep their people loyal to the soil. And this is a fundamental thing in these days of farm-need.





A Mennonite thatched barn

Madam de Fehr is a great spinner. Indeed, in the winter the spinning wheel fills in much of the time in every home. But in summer there's the cooking and the horses and other live stock to attend to. The Mennonite women in all the villages lend a hand with the horses, grooming them and getting them harnessed, ready to go in the wagon or to draw plough or harvester. We had not noted this work so much among other foreign women. The women work very capably and easily with the horses and it doesn't seem hard work to them.

But the women are at their best in the little kitchen, before the door

of which the wind was strewing the golden leaves when we went for afternoon—no not tea—coffee!

It is a Mennonite custom to have coffee and bread-and-butter and perhaps jam every afternoon at four o'clock.

The men leave off ploughing and come in from the fields for their cup of this refreshing hot coffee. Mr. de Fehr said the Mennonites think coffee very stimulating and good for a man that works.

I fear that all our Canadian farmers are not so well looked after by their wives in the cold autumn afternoons at the ploughing!



The Outdoor Oven of the Mennonites

The coffee is ground fresh in the little mill over the stove at every making—a pointer for any who wish to adopt this coffee custom.

At dusk the cows come home—two hundred and twenty-two of them—in the village of Ostervick. Supper is at seven. And that night while we were at table—the herdsman came to make his report to Mr. de Fehr, who this year holds the office of head overseer of all the herd. The holder of this office is elected for one year. He keeps the books, knows just how many cows each villager has, and pays the herdsman—out of the several kinds of grain—so much of each and the

money—that each owner pays per head. The arrival of the herdsman disclosed the fact that the cows are assembled each morning at the blowing of a horn after six o'clock. We were up betimes that first morning and every morning after to watch a scene of old-world life which we believe can be witnessed nowhere else in Canada.

The piper starts from one end of the village blowing the horn or bugle as he goes down the whole length of the village street—carpeted at that time with the golden autumn leaves! When he had passed the entire length he turned around, and the cows came



Manure drying, to be used as fuel

out of the first gate, the second, the third, as fast as the rats followed the piper of Hamelin.

Our gate happened to be near the centre of the village so we had a box-seat at this strange performance.

Of course before the cows come out of each picturesque lane it means that an army of milkmaids have been up betimes getting the cows milked and ready to come up on the stage at the psychological moment of the herder's arrival at that point. It spoke well for the girls that few cows were late.

Unless one has witnessed this strange foreign sight and heard the bugler coming on with the bugle in

one hand and cracking his heavy whip with the other, driving those two hundred beasts to pasture, you cannot imagine how dramatic an event it is.

But I think perhaps that, except as the early morning is always the hour of charm and witchery, the manner of the herd's arrival home in the evening though different is equally as dramatic. For then the cows come in a hurry to be milked.

All the Mennonite women are good cooks. Some of them still hold to the out-of-door ovens as do the *habitants* of Quebec. For heating these ovens the women cleverly make us of the straw-pile, and well for the homemade

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bread and pies that find their way in and out of these ovens!

Marking the progress of this people, in many of the yards stand the log houses of the pioneers, mute witnesses of the wilderness life to which these people came nearly fifty years ago.

We noticed that Mr. de Fehr often looked with apparent affection upon the trees in his yard. So one day we commented on them, their sizes, etc.

"They were planted?" we inquired.

"Yes," he said, "my mother planted them. She brought them from the mountain in her apron. We boys went with her to get them. Each of my brothers had a bundle of them—I had a little bundle too."

What a picture he conjured up! Can't you see that old peasant-woman from Berdiansk with her saplings and her boys—saplings, too? And the mountain? We could just see the outline of it against the distant horizon. That will give you some idea of the journey she made and the distance she brought her load.

As we looked at the arboreal beauty of Ostervick, to which she had contributed, we found it in our hearts to wish that every woman-settler in the West would direct some of her energy to tree-planting and tree-culture. And I wondered what this dead-and-gone mother could have given her son for remembrance one-half so precious?

Speaking of trees, the Mennonites are fond of flowers, too—hollyhocks being especially popular. But I did not notice that they kept bees in quantity as do the Doukhobors. The Mennonites are not vegetarians like the "Douks" but eat meat of all kinds and fish. Macaroni, homemade, is a staple dish, also noodle soup. But *plenm-moase*, a sort of pudding-soup made of stewed fruit, prunes, raisins, etc., thickened with flour, seems to be the national dish. And their cottage-cheese dumplings served with cream and melted butter, made a dish fit for a king. There were other good things to eat, chickens, eggs, fried crab-

apples, etc. The Mennonites may be a plainly dressed people, but they certainly live well as to food. They say "silent grace" before and after meals.

Smoke-houses stand in many yards and we saw one Dutch windmill for grinding grain. At Winkler there is a fine flour mill.

In one house we saw a quaint old clock brought over from Russia. It had no case, merely a large face with sprays of pink roses, and long brass weights. In the same house the chairs were newly painted in art combinations of black and lemon yellow.

Among the Mennonites we were everywhere struck by their thrift. Indeed in thinking of them, my memory flies back to those substantial well-built, well-kept-up farm-houses. "Real vineyard houses"—long, low, shingled, with sides painted white against which the clean delft blue shutters made a Dutch picture. Especially do I recall one freshly painted home which in addition to white sides and blue shutters boasted a terra-cotta band at the base of the sides, lemon-yellow balcony and steps, with apple-green railing above white bannisters with green centres. And this dignified, yet gay, little house with the real air of charm about it sits well back in a wide lawn of its own, with a wide lane leading into the backyard and stable and out to the wide tree-lined highway, which passing straight through the length of the village, is this little rural settlement's only street.

The day we left Ostervick it blew a slight prairie gale, but after lunch, the wind abating, Mr. de Fehr and his wife put the horses "to" and drove us nine miles to Winkler. The wind was still high, however, and the dust like smoke, so we were very thankful to accept the kerchiefs which Mrs. de Fehr lent us to tie over our heads, and in the picture of all in the wagon it is very difficult to distinguish between Mennonite hostess and the guests now thoroughly won over to the "plotok".

# ROCKY PASTURES\*

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD



HERE is a charm in a lonely rock-strewn pasture not excelled—not equalled for some of us—by the more obvious beauty of rich meadows and velvet lawns.

From childhood days I remember the fascination of one such field. I was so small then that the rocks loomed high, like houses and towers and castles, places of retreat when the wind came up from the sea and bent the trees all one way, towards me. How they terrified me when they leaned nearer and nearer, those trees that I loved so when they were still or only whispering in a gentle breeze. I remember rushing from them in a wild, wild panic (those long green arms outstretched to grasp me) with the one idea of reaching my father, always a sure refuge from the terrors that beset a small, imaginative child.

There was another field I greatly loved in those early days, which merged gradually into the forest. There the rocks were not so large, but they were very richly tapestried with moss and lichen. Among them grew kalmia-bushes with their wonderful pink blooms, surely among the loveliest and least sung of flowers. I marvel that they have not won more honor, both in poetry and prose, for not only are they lovely in themselves but they are blessed also with a musical, appealing name.

Then there was a field back of Fred-erickton. One came to it through a

winding path among evergreen-trees—a wealth of them—and there one drew in deep breaths of invigorating air, and sniffed fresh scents of fir and fern and bracken. That rocky pasture was, I think, pleasantest in late autumn, when the ferns that grew so thickly among the gray rocks had all turned reddish-brown—a marvellously rich warm mass of color they made. The air there was a real “elixir vitae”; the roofs of the little city sleeping below gave a pleasant promise of shelter and warmth. From their tall spire the Cathedral chimes came to us faintly with a message of divine beauty. It was good to walk there, a little cold; to watch the chill sunlight fade and the dusk come on; to think with happy anticipation, as we turned toward home, of the lighted windows awaiting us, the warm hearth, and the coziness of the evening meal. Then, too, how good at night, just before sleep touched you, to see with closed eyes the chilly hill-side, the gray rocks, the masses of russet fern.

There is another rocky pasture my mental acquisition of which is very recent. It is in the beautiful Kingsmere district, back from the Gatineau. Very high it is, with massive boulders here and there as well as smaller rocks that serve for seats. The moment I saw it that little field seemed to have some special significance for me. It was a height of land. Short grass covered it; here and there were stately spreading trees; an old road

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\*The first of a series of little outdoor sketches.

wound through it to some disused mica mines, and silvery particles of mica still powdered the road like fairy stars. Raspberry bushes grew thickly among the rocks, and the dark red berries were in their prime. Raspberry-red is to me the color of summer—that restful shade that calls to mind old gardens, drowsy nodding roses, deep shadows on the grass, and bird-notes of full-throated content. So much a color can mean—or a few notes of music, or the perfume of a flower.

What was the secret of that rocky pasture's spell? By daylight and by

moonlight we found our feet turning there, as the feet of those who go home. That day was not complete in which we did not visit it. It was surely a country of inspiration, a height from which one could see far, a borderland of Dream.

I cannot picture it to my mind under a covering of snow—but so it must sleep when the dark winds are unleashed and winter rules the Kingsmere Country. But friendly thoughts go out to it, and spring makes ready an ever new enchantment. Our rocky pasture waits, watched over by the steadfast stars.

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## PREMONITIONS

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

TO-DAY the west wind lightly blew across the harvest grain,  
'Twas warm and gracious, yet there seemed a hint of sad refrain;  
"Tis summer yet, but autumn comes across the purple plain".

The roses in the garden ways were late and pale and fair,  
What time you plucked them with a smile to weave them in your hair;  
"We shiver at your touch, fair maid, the frost is in the air".

O lady mine, we will not grieve though summer be a-wing,  
Though passing roses droop and fade and birds forget to sing,  
There lingers in your golden hair the sunshine of the spring!

There is no autumn for our love, hand clasped in hand we go,  
The hastening winter on our hearts no icy chill can throw,  
'Tis summer with us all the way whatever wind may blow!

# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## 1

There are three political leaders before the country and there are wide and acute differences of opinion as to the validity of the arguments which they advance and the policies which they represent. But fortunately in the integrity of all three the people have confidence. Few persons could be convinced that any one of the three would engage in a doubtful transaction or use public office improperly for his private advantage. As much can be said of every leader of a national party in Canada since Confederation. Sir John Macdonald was fiercely attacked but no one now questions his personal honesty. There never was a more incorruptible public man than Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. As much can be said for Sir John Thompson and Sir Mackenzie Bowell. It is inconceivable that Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Sir Robert Borden could have been tempted to use public position for private profit. Is it not also true that there is less trickery and bribery in elections? So there is far less interference by corporations in political affairs. It is still fashionable to denounce "plutocracy" and "Big Business" but generally in this kind of fury there is nothing but wind and sheet lightning. It would be difficult now to force a genuine "gerrymander" through Parliament. We passed through four years of war without any legacy of serious scandal. Democratic government in Canada as elsewhere may have developed new faults and follies, there is much of feeble, trivial and emotional appeal from many platforms, there is often signal want of candor and courage in political debate; but the coarser forms of corruption have not persisted and there are few men in public life who are not clean-handed. We seem to be growing in grace even if it is not so certain that we are growing in wisdom.

## II

It takes a great deal of faith to believe that the liquor traffic will ever be effectively "prohibited" or satisfactorily "regulated." A British Labour deputa- tion which has just made an investigation of conditions under prohibition in the United States has published a report which gives no comfort to British prohibitionists. In Canada, too, the law is freely evaded but at least in Ontario evasion is not so general and flagrant as in the neighboring country, if the statements of the British Commission are to be accepted as impartial and unprejudiced. It is a pity the Commission did not also investigate the system of public control established in Quebec and in British Columbia. Partisans of this system contend that there is less drunkenness than under licence or prohibition. According to figures which have been published from June 15th to September 15th, 1917, under license there were 344 convictions for drunkenness and other offences in Vancouver while from June 15th to September 15th, 1920, under prohibition there were 592 convictions, and for

the like period in 1921, under the Liquor Control Act, there were only 269 convictions. If the figures are favorable to government control it cannot be admitted that ideal conditions have yet been established. Moreover in the enforcement of liquor legislation so much depends upon the activity of officials and the state of public feeling that comparative figures often have little value.

Any resident of British Columbia can get a permit for twelve months for \$5 or for an individual purchase for fifty cents. Tourists can get a permit for sixty days for \$5 and this provision seems to be regarded with favor by many Americans and possibly is not neglected by Canadians from the arid Provinces who find occasion to go to British Columbia. Imprisonment for six months and a fine of \$3,000 with no option has effectively discouraged private stills and made bootlegging a precarious occupation. It is stated that only five out of twenty-five or thirty wholesale houses which flourished when trade between the Provinces was permitted remain in business and these are engaged chiefly in importing liquor in bond and reshipping to Mexico and other countries. The wholesale houses which continue in business pay an annual licence fee of \$3,000. There are between thirty and forty Government stores in the Province at which liquor can be obtained. At some of these stores the daily receipts are estimated at \$3,500 or \$4,000. It is believed, although official figures are not available, that for the first six months the Government's profits under the new system of liquor control may reach \$1,000,000.

There is nothing to prevent exportation of liquor from British Columbia and naturally great quantities are smuggled into the States of Washington, Oregon and California. Shipments are made by land and sea and even by aeroplane. It is explained by a Vancouver correspondent of the *London Times* that in the Gulf of Georgia there are many islands with secluded harbors which afford a refuge for the smugglers. Liquor which can be purchased in British Columbia at from \$3.50 to \$4 a bottle sells in the American States at from \$10 to \$15 a bottle. It is recognized that while export from the Canadian Province is permitted this traffic cannot be suppressed by any regulations which can be devised or any force of preventive officers that can be organized.

According to *The Times* correspondent the Act in its practical working has falsified the predictions alike of moderationists and prohibitionists. It has not "robbed the workingman of his glass of ale," nor has it increased drunkenness. It is manifest, however, that no such measure will ever satisfy prohibitionists. Nor are hotel keepers reconciled to all details of the legislation. It is understood that they will again appeal to the Legislature for the right now enjoyed by clubs to serve wine and beer at meals. There is apprehension, however, that if hotels are allowed to do this restaurants and cabarets would demand a similar privilege. Hotel keepers also complain that the regulation which permits liquor to be consumed in bedrooms leads to abuses, and in other minor respects experience has shown where the regulations may be wisely relaxed or where the Act needs to be strengthened. The Provincial Government demands the right to collect ten per cent. on all liquor not purchased from its agents but it seems to be admitted that there is little private importation and that liquor can be got almost as cheaply through the Government stores as by private importation through the wholesale houses.

### III

It is doubtful if Mr. Lloyd George will be able to attend the International Conference on Disarmament. British domestic problems are so perplexing and so urgent that he cannot leave the United Kingdom even for a Conference so



vital as that which meets at Washington in November. It is significant of the position which Mr. Lloyd George holds in the Old Country that he is not permitted even for a few weeks to put into other hands the direction of its affairs. It must also be recognized that the Conference will lose something of its distinction and authority if the Prime Minister of Great Britain is not able to attend. There is no other man in the public life of England who carries such weight in other countries and probably no one who could so acceptably represent the British people in the United States.

There is a lesson for Canada and for the Empire in the position in which Mr. Lloyd George finds himself. To the statesmen of the Dominions their domestic affairs are as important as are those of the United Kingdom to British statesmen. For years, however, Dominion Prime Ministers and their colleagues have left their own countries and spent months at London in conference upon the general problems of the Empire. A few newspapers in Canada have been denouncing Mr. Hughes and Mr. Massey because they are unwilling to come to Washington from the Antipodes although Mr. Lloyd George may not make the journey from England. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Massey have just returned to their own countries from the Conference of Premiers at the Imperial Capital. It is extraordinary that they should be expected almost upon the day they landed in their own Dominions to embark again for the long voyage to Washington in order to attend a Conference which may be prolonged. On the other hand it is vital that the Dominions should be represented at the Conference if it is to make wise decisions upon questions which must greatly and permanently affect Canada and the Australasian nations. There seems to be no good reason why the Conference should not have been delayed. It must have been apparent that the Premiers of New Zealand and Australia could not easily attend. It was perhaps not so well known that political conditions in Canada were unstable although it must have been manifest that a general election was imminent. As it is none of the Dominion Prime Ministers are likely to be among the delegates to the Conference nor is the British Prime Minister certain to attend. Under these circumstances it will be difficult for the British Empire to speak with complete unity or even with its full authority.

Another lesson to be learned from the position of Mr. Lloyd George is that in the future Dominion Premiers and Ministers must not be required to spend such a great part of their time in London to the neglect of the affairs of their own countries. At the moment we face in Canada a degree of political confusion and uncertainty which has had no parallel since Confederation and, whether we admit it or not, this situation was brought about in great measure by the long absences of Canadian political leaders at London and Versailles. What was necessary in time of war cannot be so necessary in time of peace. Some more definite machinery of co-operation between the Dominions and the Mother Country must be created or there must be fewer Imperial Conferences. If it is so difficult for Mr. Lloyd George to leave England for a few weeks it cannot be easy and it certainly is unwise for the political leaders of the Dominions to spend from two to four months of each year in London, even though they are engaged upon the problems of Empire.

#### IV

Unemployment has become a desperate problem in Great Britain and the United States and is only less serious in Canada. Even the leaders of organized labor now freely admit that the situation in the Mother Country was greatly aggravated by the long strike of coal miners. They are now making speeches which would come naturally from the mouths of employers and capitalists.

At a meeting of South Wales miners a few days ago Mr. Frank Hodges, who succeeded Mr. Robert Smillie as leader of the miners, said :

"We must face the hard fact that coal must be sold at a price that will attract the buyers of the world. That can only be done—not by reducing the wages of the men—but by the miners putting their backs into production and by the managerial mind effecting internal economies in the mines. I hope the ruinous gospel once preached in Wales of getting the maximum wages for the minimum of effort will cease. That doctrine has so affected the revolution in Russia that the industrials have had to be militarized in order to secure anything like a degree of efficiency in industry. A doctrine such as this acts like a boomerang. So long as we have the present system we must, through organization, get the maximum out of it."

Mr. J. R. Clyne, who represented British Labor in the Cabinet, gives like advice to British workmen while Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, President of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, declares that if the leaders of the trade union movement had been wise when the war ended they would have made a good compromise with employers to secure industrial peace but unfortunately they lacked the moral courage to preach what they actually believed. He said he had been told by leaders of the Miners' Federation that one of the most colossal blunders Labor had ever made was the stoppage of work in the coal mines. "There are," he added, "many who want turmoil from end to end of the country. How that is going to help the workers I cannot understand. Such ideas are those of fools and madmen which in no way reflect the real feeling of the workers." Mr. J. H. Thomas, another authoritative leader of British Labour has said:—"The idea that a mere general strike is going to find work for people already out is ludicrous. The idea that a social upheaval is a cure is equally fallacious. In neither of these directions lies a solution of the unemployment problem." He added, "Do not forget that the nation is greater than any one section."

This is good teaching, but unfortunately there are leaders of labor who profit by unrest and agitation, just as there still are employers who deny what have come to be called "the human rights of Labor" and have a great responsibility for the attitude in labour which they so roundly denounce. It needed a stern lesson to teach an element in British Labor that deliberate persistence in methods designed to reduce production could have only disastrous consequences. In Great Britain the unions have often been arbitrary and have employed many devices to lower output and deprive employers of the full advantages of labour-saving machinery, greater efficiency and better organization.

No doubt in many cases the unions were actuated by humane considerations and the efficient deliberately sacrificed the higher wages which they could have obtained in order to help the inefficient and "make work" for those who might otherwise have been unemployed. The result, however, was to reduce production and impair the competitive power of British industries. Great Britain lives by foreign trade, and before the war she had a foothold in all the world's markets. But the war, even though the fact may not be generally recognized, increased the manufacturing efficiency of all countries and vitally disturbed old commercial and industrial connections. Moreover nearly all countries have become more rigidly protectionist, perhaps not so much out of preference for higher duties, but in order to provide employment and conserve natural resources during the years of reconstruction. British industries, therefore, face more severe competition in more restricted markets with exchange conditions that are infinitely perplexing and it is of supreme consequence that British employers and British workers should co-operate to increase and cheapen production and relax regulations which under pre-war conditions were less mischievous and destructive.

## V

According to *The British Labour Gazette*, 84,000,000 days have been lost during this year by industrial disputes in Great Britain. In all 1,680,000 workers were involved. Since the first of the year changes in rates of wages have equalled a net reduction of nearly \$18,000,000 in the weekly wages of 6,000,000 workers, while there has been a net increase of \$350,000 in the wages of 320,000 workers. In a speech at Dundee, Mr. Winston Churchill thus described the situation in Great Britain:

"People have expressed disappointment that the Government have had to slow down their housing, education, and other social schemes. No Government of which I have ever had experience started its career with more ardent hopes and resolves of making better conditions and of creating a new Britain after the Great War than we did. I am sure that is true. But if we have been forced to put on the brake, if we have not been able to realize all those hopes up to the present time, I put this question to responsible leaders—if any such there be who have the power to lead, who have the power and courage to lead—who have the courage to declare their own opinions—I put this question to them: Are you quite sure that it is all our fault that these conditions have arisen? This continued state of labor unrest has aggravated a situation already difficult enough. Let me give you some figures; I see that there were actually three times as many days lost by strikes in 1918 and 1919 as there were in the two years preceding the Great War—1913 and 1914. But more remarkable than that, in this present year, by the end of August, there had been more than eight times as many days lost in wages by workpeople through strikes and consequences of strikes affecting other industries than in 1913. In 1913 there were 11,000,000 days lost by strikes, and in the present year up to August there have been 84,000,000 days lost as a result of strikes, when the need for trade revival, for pulling together and working together, was never so great."

In other countries attention has been concentrated upon the coal strike in Great Britain and the endeavor to involve the railway unions in the struggle of the miners while other phases in the relations between employers and workers have been comparatively neglected. Three years ago there was general discussion of Whitley Councils as a solvent of industrial conflict. Since we have heard less of this system of consultation and co-operation. There are, however, seventy-two branches of industry now operating Whitley Councils in Great Britain and still other industries under joint councils modified and amended to suit particular conditions. It is estimated that there are 17,000,000 skilled and unskilled workers in England. Eighty-five per cent. of these workers are organized. More than 7,000,000 are adult workers of whom 4,000,000 are under the Whitley system of industrial representation. The model Council consists of thirty-three representatives of employers, all of whom must be members of Employers' Associations, and thirty-three representatives of employees, all of whom must belong to labor unions. These joint councils consider wages, hours of labor, working conditions, methods of production, proposals to increase efficiency, how to "utilize to the fullest extent the practical knowledge and experience of the work people and secure that such knowledge may receive consideration", and all questions which may arise from time to time in the conduct of the industry and affecting the relations between the organized employers and the organized workers.

The value of this system of joint representation was demonstrated in the wool textile industry in which 250,000 workers are engaged in England and Scotland. In order to enable the factories to compete with like industries in other countries the employers suggested a reduction of twenty-two per cent. from the high peak of war wages. This proposal was considered by the joint councils of the wool and allied textile trade of England and Scotland and a reduction of sixteen per cent. agreed upon. In many other industries the Whitley Councils have been effective in preventing strikes and lockouts and

maintaining good relations between employers and the unions. There is no direct interference with management but all other problems affecting industries under the Whitley system are made the common concern of employers and workers and thus no grievance can become serious before it receives attention. It may be too much to suggest that Whitley Councils are adapted to all industries or that they are applicable to all countries, but at least they seem to have advantages which do not lie in compulsory arbitration or in direct governmental control. Industrial peace has not been secured by boards of conciliation or arbitration. Collective bargaining through official labor leaders is resisted by many employers. Systems of profit-sharing which thrive in seasons of prosperity often fail in seasons of adversity. In a study of the career of Lord Leverhulme it is explained that a preacher at Oxford offered to disclose a name for a new soap which would increase the sale tremendously on these terms:—"You shall find all the capital for the works, and look after the business and take one-third of the profits for your soapworks management. I will take one-third for the name, and the third share shall be given to the Lord, without whose help your efforts and mine are of no avail." In answer to the proposal Leverhulme said:—"We ought to understand about this more clearly. I rather gather from your letter that your basis of claim is the fact that without the Lord's help we are neither of us any use, so the Lord is really to be our senior partner. Have you got the Lord's permission to say that His share shall only be one-third? Then who is going to draw the Lord's share? Are you going to draw it as well as your own?"

There are few joint councils of the Whitley pattern in the United States and few in Canada. At the Industrial Conference in Ottawa two years ago a resolution in favor of industrial councils was adopted, but the employers would not accept the condition, which is the basis of the system in Great Britain, that all workers represented in such councils should be unionized and only unionists be eligible for election to the joint committees. The employers, however, readily agreed not to oppose the organization of unions nor to make union membership a disqualification for election to industrial councils. There are a score or more of industrial councils in Canada and many in the United States even in industries in which the "open shop" is maintained. Generally the leaders of organized labor regard the movement with suspicion as designed to destroy their authority and disrupt the Labor movement. There is less opposition from Labour leaders in Canada where the "closed shop" is more common and happier relations exist between employers and workers. It is the fact, whatever may be its permanent significance, that in all industries in which industrial councils have been established there is less conflict, a steady growth of mutual confidence between employers and employees, and a human relation, approaching that of the family, upon which alone the industrial fabric can be firmly, securely and finally established. Just in degree as we approach the family relation we shall discern more clearly what is the fair share of labor and what the fair share of capital and get closer to the solution of the supreme problem of industry, and indeed the supreme problem of civilization—continuous employment for all willing workers at wages which will give a generous subsistence and upon conditions which will make life worth living.

## VI

There are now three political parties, each of which will have strong representation in the next Parliament. Primarily, however the fact may be disclaimed, the agrarian party is the product of a class movement. The whole appeal of its leaders is to farmers. No other class has had any voice in the

preparation of its platform. Its literature recognizes and emphasizes the agricultural interest. The right of farmers to organize for political action need not be challenged but it cannot be admitted that any class or group should have excessive representation in the House of Commons.

Before Confederation there was a stern battle for representation by population. But "Rep by Pop" has never been established in this country. In the adjustment of the constituencies there has been a denial of the elementary principle of democracy. One voter in the townships has double the political power of a voter in the cities. Indeed in cases the unit of representation in the centres of population is three times as great as the unit in the country. Ten thousand electors in a rural district have a voting strength in Parliament equal to that of twenty or thirty thousand in an industrial community.

In other days there was some justification, or at least some excuse, for this striking inequality. It was held that area as well as population should be considered since a rural member through considerations of distance could not have such an intimate relation with his constituents as could a city member unless the unit of representation in the country was made very much lower than in the urban centres. There may still be some force in this argument in the back counties of Quebec, of Northern Ontario, and of British Columbia, or of certain great areas in the Prairie Provinces. But with the wide circulation of newspapers, extension of postal services, the telegraph and the telephone, distances have been greatly abridged and the people of the country have at least as complete and accurate knowledge of public affairs as have those who live in towns and cities.

Moreover the problems of the cities become ever more difficult and complex. The strain of representing a city division is far greater than that which the country member endures. It is actually less easy to establish personal relations with all elements of the people and give adequate attention to local conditions and interests. The problems of the country are common; those of the cities are as numerous as they are confusing and conflicting. Besides we begin to have a balance between industry and agriculture which should be fairly recognized in all future adjustments of parliamentary representation.

The argument for representation by population becomes doubly strong if any element in the country organizes as a separate group or party. If Labor unites for political action it should not have a greater proportionate representation in Parliament than Agriculture. If farmers enter into politics as a class it is unjust that they should have representation far in excess of that possessed by the people of the towns and cities. But as the electoral divisions are now constituted forty per cent. of the voters could impose their views upon sixty per cent. In other words a minority in favor of the Farmers' platform could force their programme upon the majority who might believe that the tariff should still be based upon the principle of protection.

The fact that the counties have had a representation in Parliament substantially double that of the urban communities hardly supports a too common contention that Parliament has been "organized" against the agricultural interest. But, aside altogether from such differences as may exist at the moment between organized farmers and unorganized townspeople, any sound conception of democracy requires that any future adjustment of constituencies should establish Representation by Population, which we have never had in this country, which perhaps we should have had long ago, and which at least should be no longer delayed. Otherwise we will have an unrepresentative Parliament, denial of the first principle of popular government and possibly control of public policy by an actual minority of the people.

## VII

From the 19th to the 26th of November will be "Book Week" in Canada. The movement has been organized by the Canadian Authors' Association and the object is to enlarge the public knowledge of native literature and incidentally, if not chiefly, to secure greater support for Canadian publications. As has often been said, writing is a precarious pursuit in Canada and even the publication of newspapers is seldom the road to fortune. There is a reason why so many Canadian authors go to the United States or to Great Britain. They go to get a market and a reasonable return for their genius and labor. All of us must live and to live by writing in Canada unless one has a regular connection with a newspaper or some established publication, is a hard struggle.

There are, however, many books to be written, for which leisure is required, to which one must devote labor and research and for which the return is pitifully inadequate. Such books get little circulation among Canadians and practically no circulation in other countries. The fault does not lie with publishers. It is not even certain that the Canadian people should be severely censured. There are only eight or nine millions of people in this country and probably they buy books as freely as those of other countries. There is reason to think, however, that if we had a better knowledge of Canadian books we would think better of Canadian literature. During these last weeks three or four books have been published which should be ready widely. Skelton's *Galt* and *Laurier*, Sir John Macdonald's *Letters*, so finely edited by Sir Joseph Pope, and George Ham's *Reminiscences* should be read by all Canadians who are interested in the history of their country. Such publications as *The Canadian Magazine*, *The Canadian Historical Review*, *Maclean's Magazine*, *Queen's Quarterly*, the new and admirable *Dalhousie Review*, *The Canadian Bookman*, and other like publications should have generous public support. One may not make a plea of poverty in behalf of these publications nor does one suggest that they should be better than they are. All one means to suggest is that a good deal of poorer material is bought by the thousands, and that the common appeal to buy things "made in Canada" has peculiar force in its application to Canadian books, magazines and periodicals. These publications will certainly grow better from year to year if their revenues are enlarged, and they will be able to take at better prices the best that Canadian writers can produce.

The truth is that no finer patriotism is displayed by any class in Canada than is displayed by its writers, and patriotism should not be the only thing that reaps no reward. Those who are inaugurating "Book Week" with so much energy and public spirit should be sustained and encouraged. The movement has a commercial as well as a national side. Publishing is an industry which supports many workers and in which much money is invested. The industry will expand if Canadians adopt a more liberal attitude towards native books and publications. So we shall have more and better writing in Canada if now and again we give the preference to work done by our own people and to the publications which discuss our own problems, the character of our own institutions and the facts of our own history. It is certain that "Book Week" will discover to Canadians that their own writers have done much of which they do not need to be ashamed, and probably they will realize more clearly that those who write and those who publish are making a contribution of great and enduring value to Canada.

# THE CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

AN UNSOLVED LITERARY PROBLEM

BY T. B. McCORKINDALE



THE Canadian Boat Song has been truly described by Lord Rosebery as one of the most exquisite poems that has ever been written about the Scottish exile. Moreover, its haunting beauty appeals not only to those of fastidious taste, but to the man in the street. Especially has the wail of the second verse appealed to the heart. It has been quoted by many writers, and by public speakers of all kinds, yet in almost every case incorrectly. Lord Rosebery alone of all speakers and writers using it confessed he did think he could quote it with accuracy. The whole poem should read as follows:

Listen to me, as where ye heard our father  
Sing long ago the song of other shores—  
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather  
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars:

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods  
are grand;  
But we are exiles from our father's land.

From the lone sheiling of the misty island  
Mountains divide us, and the waste of  
seas—

Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is  
Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:

Fair these broad meads, etc.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy haunted  
valley—

Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the  
small clear stream,  
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,  
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones  
gleam:

Fair these broad meads, etc.

When the bold kindred, in the time long-  
vanished,  
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the  
Keep—  
No seer foretold the children would be  
banished,  
That a degenerate Lord might boast his  
sheep:

Fair these broad meads, etc.

Come foreign rage—let Discord boast in  
slaughter!

O then for clansmen true, and stern  
claymore—

The hearts that would have given their  
blood like water,

Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic shore:

Fair these broad meads—these heavy woods  
are grand;

But we are exiles from our father's land.

The author of this haunting song is unknown; its authorship a problem that has yet to be solved. It has been attributed, not without reason in every case, to the twelfth Earl of Eglington, the Sodger Hugh of Burns; to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; to John Galt; to Lockhart; to "Christopher North"; and even to Longfellow, and no doubt to others.

It seems to have appeared first of all in the famous "Noctes". In *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, 1839, the famous brotherhood, whilst sending the bottle round, are engaged in discussing things in general, when their conversation is turned to the depopulation of the Highlands, and the shepherd remarks that he hears that the cotters of the Duke of Hamilton are all, "man and mither's son", about to leave the Island of Horan, where-

upon Christopher North says: "By the bye, I have a letter this morning from a friend of mine now in Upper Canada. He has rowed down the Saint Lawrence lately, for several days on end, by a set of strapping fellows, all born in that country, and yet hardly one of them could speak a word of any tongue but the Gaelic. They sung heaps of our old Highland oar-songs, he says, and capitally well, in the true Highland fashion; and they had others of their own, Gaelic too, some of which my friend noted down, both words and music. He has sent me a translation of one of their ditties. Shall I try how it will croon? Then appears the famous Canadian Boat Song ("Noctes", XLVI). It is a very natural thing to say that the friend in Upper Canada was a mere literary fiction, and that Wilson himself is the author of the song. But the writer in *The Scotsman* shows that the question of authorship cannot be so easily settled, for he tells us that some years ago a member of the Blackwood firm ransacked its archives to discover, if possible, some clue to the authorship of the poem. He failed in his search; but he found that not Wilson but Lockhart was the writer of the "Noctes" No. XLVI. and that an article in the same number of this Magazine, on the Condition of Upper Canada, signed by a penname Cabot, was written by John Galt. We have now three great names, Wilson, Lockhart, Galt, and we are prepared to ask, Did Lockhart, the author of this particular "Nocte", write the poem? Or did Wilson write, handing it to Lockhart to be included in the "Noctes"?

But how does the name of Sodger Hugh come to be associated with it? In this way. Donald Campbell inserted it in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* of 1849, of which he was editor, with the following story of its origin:

"The late Earl of Eglinton, a distinguished member of a family not destitute of Celtic blood, and which

has ever been illustrious for chivalrous honor and patriotic feelings and principles, had a high opinion of the loyalty and bravery of the Canadian Highlanders, and left the following translation of one of their boat songs among his papers, set to music by his own hand." Now this Earl of Eglinton died in 1819, two years before it appeared in *Blackwood's*. If he was the author, where was the manuscript all that time? Was he, and not Galt, Christopher North's friend in Upper Canada, and did North keep it by him for a whole decade without making use of it? The suggestion in the last part of this question is a preposterous one. But now a new difficulty arises. Lockhart and Wilson were both living in 1849; and must have seen *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* for that year, in which the authorship of the song is attributed to the Earl of Eglinton, and both leave Donald Campbell's story uncontradicted. Lockhart does not claim the poem; Wilson does not claim the poem; nor does it appear as Wilson's in the authoritative edition of his works edited by Professor Ferrier, his son-in-law. Campbell says in *Tait's* that words and music are by the Earl of Eglinton. But no copy of either words or music has been discovered in the Eglinton papers. The late Mr. Lucas Mackay of Sterling, Scotland, a man of no mean literary ability, in a prefatory note to a musical setting of the song by his sister, adopts the Galt theory of its origin, but he disclaims any special information. Moreover MacLeod used to say that he knew the poem was by Professor Wilson's brother Tom. And it has also been claimed for Longfellow by a near relative of the poet. To those interested in questions of the Higher Criticism no more interesting field for speculation could be offered than this "document". As a higher critic we should attribute it to Wilson and label it "W". But why did he not claim it; or why did Ferrier not claim it for him?



# THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

## THE GRAVEYARD

WHAT could be more appropriate, or even more enjoyable, on a summer Sunday afternoon than a sociable meditation in the graveyard. I write "sociable" because, except in graveyards, one always meditates alone. But in graveyards, especially when they are homely and old-fashioned, there is the uncanny sensation of other spirits being present.

But why uncanny?

With us it should not have been so. For we knew all who lay there beneath the mounds—Bill Patrick, with his wooden leg; Joe Butson, with his one eye; Lucy Lawson, with her false teeth; Norah Norris, with her black alpaca; Charlie Smale, with his hare lip; and others, two score or more, who had been with us in this life, who had laughed with us and wept with us, whose suns and moons had been ours, upon whom the same rains had fallen, who had disputed with us the very location of the very fragment of earth whence, some day, as we are prone to believe, their bones, reanimated, will issue and cleave the firmament.

But why uncanny?

Joe Ham used to say that he felt just as much at home in the graveyard as in the gravel-pit. The blacksmith used to boast that he was no more afraid to walk amongst the marble slabs, even at dead of night, than to put a shoe on Lord Had-dow. But deep down in our own hearts, where we hide our confessions, we nourished something different. For every graveyard, no matter where found, has its own disquieting tradition, its own store of unearthly sounds and ghostly spectres.

And if we knew all who lay there, we knew also all that they had been, for there were not any secrets on this side of the grave. We knew the shapes of their headstones, the dimensions of their monuments, the variety of flowers that

*Meditation  
in the  
Graveyard*

*There were  
not any  
Secrets*

*Sweet  
William and  
Mignonette*

bloomed above them. Some had sweet William and others mignonette. Some had old man and others creeping Charlie. Some had daisies and myrtle, with here and there the honeysuckle and the weeping willow. And all, without slight or discrimination, had that irony of the graveyard, live-forever.

And if we knew them all and their surroundings, we knew also the epitaphs beneath the brief records of their lives.

"Lord, she was thine,"

the wagonmaker ordered to be engraved on his wife's headstone, because, no doubt, he realized that she never had been his. But the engraver miscalculated the space, with the result that he hadn't enough room for the last letter—"e". So that when the slab was fixed in its place, we read:

"Lord she was thin."

And when, weeks after he had paid the bill, the wagonmaker saw what a difference one letter can make, he smiled pathetically, even retrospectively, and remarked that while the meaning of the inscription was literally true, it had not been his intention to record the fact as an item of history.

But why uncanny?

It is simply because we cannot get it into our heads that when a man dies he is dead. In broad daylight we had no misgivings, and it was then that we visited the graveyard. About four o'clock of a Sunday afternoon, a time when many of the villagers were dozing serenely on horsehair sofas, old Charlie, Joe Ham, and the farrier used to walk leisurely up the hill, pipes in hand, enter the graveyard, which was only a quarter of a mile away, and sit down upon the grass and live-forever, in the shade of the catalpa tree, beside Bob Oliver's grave.

Bob used to be crony with these three, and they were quite guileless enough to feel that, though silent, he was there with them in spirit, thinking as they thought, dreaming as they dreamed, seeing as they saw. And yet they felt that now he knew infinitely more than they. But they were the executors of his estate, and they had observed all the conditions of the will. Thus it was with some sense of satisfaction that they sat, Sunday after Sunday, looking at the gravestone and reading this inscription:

"Within this grave do lie,  
Back to back, my wife and I.  
When the last trump the air shall fill,  
If she gets up, I'll lie still."

*Sunday  
after  
Sunday*

Joe Ham always used to read the lines aloud, and then he would add, as if it were a fresh thought coming to him for the first time,

*Joe read the  
lines aloud*

"He needn't worry: he's so dashed deaf he won't hear the trump anyway."

Then they would recollect all the amusing epitaphs they ever had heard or read, and once in a while someone else would join the group and tell something new. But, new or old, old Charlie never failed to repeat an epitaph which, he said, he had read on a stone down somewhere near Boston:

"Here lies the body of Susan Lowder,  
Who burst while drinking a sedlitz powder;  
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,  
She should have waited till it effervesced."

That never failed to remind Joe of one he had seen on the tombstone of a namesake of his at Hollis, New Hampshire:

"Here lies old Caleb Ham,  
By trade a bum.  
When he died the devil cried,  
'Come, Caleb, Come.'"

There was another that Joe sometimes quoted, but he couldn't recall where he had seen it:

"ALPHA WHITE  
Weight 309 lbs.

Open wide, ye Golden Gates,  
That lead to the heavenly shore;  
Our father suffered in passing through,  
And mother weighs much more."

Weight, without thought of passage through the Golden Gates, was a matter of some concern in those days. When Tom Fagen died, for instance, they couldn't buy a coffin large enough to hold his body. So that one had to be made for it—not so very long, but very wide and very deep. For Tom had a tremendous girth. Like another Tom of similar bulk, he used to drink a panful of sour milk without taking his lips from the brim. And when the day of his funeral came, and the hearse arrived from Mitchell, it was all they could do to get the coffin inside. Then when they did get it placed and were well on the way to the graveyard, it slipped to one side and overbalanced the whole conveyance into the ditch.

The farrier used to tell about it, for he had attended the funeral, and he never failed to remark that no doubt the jolt prepared Tom for the harder jolt he would receive when he came face to face with St. Peter.

*A Still  
Harder Jolt*

*Seven**Come Eleven*

Tom had a family of eleven. The farrier always referred to that fact, saying also that seven and eleven were lucky numbers and adding that Tom's children should have these lines, as he had seen them somewhere, engraved on their father's tombstone:

"Our papa dear has gone to heaven  
To make arrangements for eleven."

Or, as the farrier said, they might have copied an epitaph to be found in Plymouth, Massachusetts:

"Here under this sod and under these trees  
Is buried the body of Solomon Pease.  
And here in this hole lies only his pod:  
His soul is shelled out and gone up to God."

The farrier, puffing at his pipe and always imagining he could see a siren's form on the side of the hill, would quote epitaphs by the score, and of many he could mention the original location. For instance, this one from Stone, Vermont:

"Grim death took little Jerry,  
The son of Joseph and Serena Howells,  
Seven days he wrestled with dysentery,  
And then he perished in his little bowels."

And this equally unsavory one from Melrose, Massachusetts:

"When I am dead and in my grave  
And all my bones are rotten,  
If this you see, remember me,  
Nor let me be forgotten."

More original is this one, which the farrier said he had seen in a little cemetery somewhere in New York State:

"Underneath this pile of stones  
Lies all that's left of Sally Jones.  
Her name was Lord, it was not Jones,  
But Jones was used to rhyme with stones."

"Lord," however, did not daunt another rhymester who wrote an epitaph for Susan Ford. Susan died before her name became famous. Nor had she any opportunity properly to appreciate good back springs. Nevertheless Joe Ham could recall her epitaph, and we requote it here, not so much for its beauty of thought as to show that where one rhymester failed another succeeded:

"Here lies the body of Susan Ford,  
We hope her soul is with the Lord;  
But if for hell she's changed this life,  
Better be there than J. Ford's wife."

*Susan Ford's  
Epitaph*

Overhearing the word Susan, the new parson, passing the group sitting on the grass, said that it reminded him of the well-known epitaph written by Thomas Moore at the urgent request of Susan Blake:

*Susan's  
Urgent  
Request*

"Good Susan Blake in royal state  
Arrived at last at heaven's gate."

One would not suppose that it required any great mental effort to produce that couplet; but some years afterward, when the poet had a disagreement with the aged lady, he changed the couplet into a quatrain by adding these lines:

"But Peter met her with a club  
And knocked her back to Beelzebub."

Joe, not being a real connoisseur of epitaphs, had not much to offer that we could accept as being authentic. Of that the farrier constantly complained. And to show his contempt for the spurious, he would quote this epitaph which he declared he had seen in a cemetery at Hollis, New Hampshire:

"Here lies Cynthia, Steven's wife;  
She lived six years in calm and strife;  
Death came at last and set her free,  
I was glad and so was she."

And if you would cross over into Vermont you would find at Burlington these touching lines:

"Here lies the wife of brother Thomas,  
Whom tyrant death has torn from us,  
Her husband never shed a tear  
Until his wife was buried here.  
And then he made a fearful rout,  
For fear she might find her way out!"

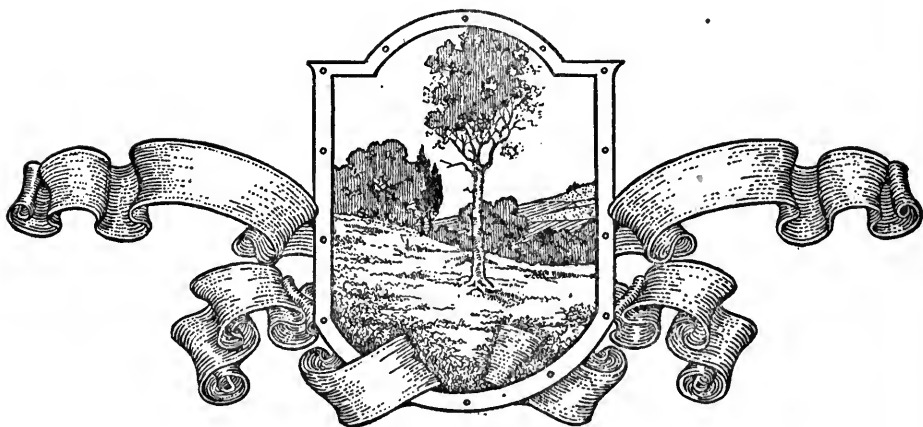
We had unfortunately, apart from the one over the wagon-maker's wife's grave, no arresting epitaphs. Our fondness was for the simple and unaffected, and as most of our tombstones were ready-made, or at least semi-ready, requiring only the names and the dates to complete them, we did not find it necessary to strive for anything startling or original. "Gone to her reward", "Not dead, but gone before", "Heaven is our home", "At Peace" were about as far as we dared go. We counted more on the number of vehicles in the funeral procession and on the abundance of floral tributes. To be able to say that by the time the hearse reached the graveyard the last buggy had not turned the corner a mile and a quarter away was proof of the high regard in which the deceased was

*Proof of the  
High Regard*

*We could  
see Drake's  
Bush*

held throughout the whole community. But these things did not mean so much to the farrier. For the farrier dearly relished a comical epitaph, and he would go miles out of his way to read one. He loved also, as, I fear, we all loved, to sit there in our own graveyard, with broad flat leaves 'spreading cool above us and soft green grass beneath. We loved to look over the graves and down the hillside into the meadow, where the old elm towered above the tamaracs and crows gathered from some carrion feast. We could look down on the creek as it found its way amongst the willows, and perhaps there was just a suspicion that on Sunday the suckers were at their best. We could see the sawmill, like a great lump of burnt umber, lying silent behind its barrier of logs. Then there were the farmsteads beyond with their orchards and barns and fattening cattle. On the left hand, again across the meadow, we could see Drake's bush, with great gray boles of beeches standing out against a purple gloom.

Gloomy, mayhap, but still for us it all went into the making of our sum and substance. We could look at the scene as it appeared to us then, knowing that it showed the handiwork of pioneers and we were in sympathy with it, just as we were in sympathy with the graveyard, for in a kind of vague way we knew that it was of us and we were of it; and we knew also, but in no vague or uncertain way, that some day, for some of us soon for others late, we would be laid in that sunlit spot, called back to mother earth.







THE GIFT SHOP

From the Painting by  
Robert Logan





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## THE FEAST OF THE NATIVITY

CHRISTMAS (YULETIDE): ITS HISTORY AND CUSTOMS

BY F. B. M. COLLIER



CHRISTMAS (Yuletide or the Feast of the Nativity) presents to us — does it not? — the most outstanding and the most important season of the whole year. Springtime brings its yearly treasures in the fresh buoyancy of our step, the quicker beating of the pulse, the revelation of a new earth, with its gentle breeze-swept woodlands, its jubilant bird songs, its gay and dainty flowers. Summertime with its months of playtime, its holidays, its lazy hours, its sunshine, its countless treats National May and July days, Thanksgiving time or Easter, we hail and celebrate in turn; but after all they are only a sort of preparatory practice for the great and wonderful Christmas festival. No sooner has one slipped away than children and adults begin to talk

about what they will do "next Christmas".

It is indeed first of all and pre-eminently a Christian feast and observance, and despite the countless worldly excrescences fastened upon it, is cherished throughout the earth by Christian civilization as the most hopeful, joy-giving and glorious possession within the realm of community life. And in spite of all the sin of man, the heresy and atheism of intellect, the misanthropy and pessimism of unregeneracy as each Christmas comes and goes, however laden it be with toil and poverty and distress, for the season at least once again the Christ child comes amongst us, and a radiant, thrilling, spiritual ecstasy grips hearth and market-place alike. Burdens seem less unbearable, sorrows are softened and soothed by the universal goodwill, and the distant

notes of the Angel Chorus on the Hills of Bethlehem lift gloom and discouragement and despair from many a heart attuned to listen in secret.

And so cherished is this day of days in the annals of humanity that it would seem almost sacrilegious to suggest that not always from the beginning has the Divine Birthday been thus devoutly kept. And yet strange to say that far as the early Christians surpassed us in practical piety, purity of principle, and acts of worship, the Feast of the Nativity of the Messiah was not fixed by the Church until about the fifth century. The shadow of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection no doubt engulfed the emotions of the Apostolic Age, and it was sometime before the Divine Birth began to loom with equal significance upon the early Church. To Telesphorus, Bishop of Rome, who died A.D. 138, is sometimes attributed the institution of Christmas (Christ's Mass). The first mention of the 25th of December as a Christian observance is perhaps found in Theophilus of Antioch (171-183 A.D.) when referring to the Gauls. Hippolytus in his commentary on Daniel says Jesus was born on Wednesday, 25th December, in the forty-second year of Augustus. Whilst a Latin chronographer speaks of Christ being born on Friday, 25th December, the fifteenth day of the new moon in the consulate of Caesar and Paulus.

However, somewhere about the fourth century the definite and universal day of the 25th of December was set apart for the feast, subsequent to an investigation by Cyril of Jerusalem, the Eastern Church having hitherto been celebrating sometime in April or May. And at last Christmas form being a movable or an optional feast practically attained its status as a fixed day in the Church calendar; and this largely owing to the urgency of Western Christians. And as early as 400 A.D. an imperial rescript recognizes Christmas as one of the three great festivals, and orders all theatres closed.

Christianity has always possessed a unique power of absorbing rather than combating the religious instincts of men, and this extraordinary and mystical power is peculiarly exemplified in the season and habit of Christmas observance. About A.D. 273 Aurelian instituted the celebration of the birth of the unconquered Sun on the 25th December, in the winter solstice. And the 25th of December was honored at the court of Constantine, an early Roman governor of Great Britain, whose wife Helena was a Christian, and whose son became the first Christian Emperor of Rome. So Yuletide which originally celebrated the "return of the burning sun" was observed in Pagan Britain with brimming wassail bowl and lighted Yule log, with Druid sanctuary swathed in mistletoe and holly and has poured the riches of its imagery into its sacred substitute the Festival of "Christ's Mass". Until, as a sort of climax to the transformation, we have in later years the solemn ceremony of carrying mistletoe to the High Altar of York Minster on Christmas Eve when, "a public and universal liberty and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people" is proclaimed.

For Christianity was never iconoclastic in method. It took the people just as they were and merely shed light and gladness and knowledge on the impulses, energies and imaginations of mankind, giving their struggles, their inventions, their aspirations and their festivities a loftier and sublimer significance. The old groping after God in the heathen worship of the visible sun in the heavens by Romans, Gauls and Celts was transformed into the glorious adoration of the Saviour of mankind, the spiritual Light of the World ascended into Heaven.

And no matter how sordid and prosaic one be, at Christmas time one is sure in some forgotten moment to creep back to that first historic Day in the little village of Nazareth. The sweetest song we have ever heard is

the visionary chanting of the heavenly voices to the shepherds on the chilly eastern hillside "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace Good-will toward Men". The most thrilling tale we have ever read is the story of the Magi following the Star, and how many times throughout childhood have we risen in the middle of the night, our hearts beating in a quivering panic of awe, to look for the appearing of the Star of Bethlehem that some more than timorous scientist had scheduled for an appearance.

"Once in Royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed—",

is a magic picture whose exquisite lure and attraction not all the cares and cares of earth, nor the machinations of Hell can snatch from the vision of man.

And the marvellous happenings of that first Christmas time have been immortalized through twenty centuries of time by a million tricks and ingenuities of man in the effort to reproduce at least a glimmering of that first Holy Radiance attending the Birth of the promised Emmanuel. St. Luke's story of the Virgin and Joseph becomes to a Christian almost an intellectual necessity at Christmas time. Lew Wallace's pen picture given in *Ben Hur* of the heavenly voices saluting the watching shepherds is a delicious treat to the spiritual imagination, and Dickens's "Christmas Carol" sheds once more upon our dull and homely lives the gladsome comfort of the heavenly visitation.

And as you study the various centuries from the past to the present in Europe and England it is marvellous to behold how curiously and vitally the features of that first Christmas Drama have caught and fired the imagination of many habits and many tongues until every thought and impulse of man, and every social usage at Christmas time has become subservient to the dominating idea of the Birth in the City of Judah.

From its earliest celebration the Church has called upon its children

to worship the King in the earliest of her services the Holy Communion or Mass of Christ, but apart from that her message has been "Peace on Earth, Good will to Men", and to each tribe and clime and people has been left the manner of announcing the Glad Tidings. And every state and nation, and every citizen and individual has lavished upon Christmas their ingenious and multifarious devices for expressing their appreciation.

Every episode attending the Birth of the infant Jesus has become a subtle magic of inspiration to the genius of succeeding generations until the whole story has become embedded in the art of the world. Painting, sculpture, music, poetry and prose have dedicated some of their choicest work to this religious theme. The Annunciation, the Lowly Inn, The Madonna and Child, the luminous Star have served again and again as food for the master's chisel or brush. Some of our choicest melodies have been written for Christmas hymns, carols and anthems. Handel paid his tribute to the Nativity in his great work of the "Messiah". Tennyson marks the assuagement of his sorrow by the records of his Christmas Eves in "In Memoriam". Dickens's Christmas stories rank in the front rank of favorite classic compositions. And the Christmas celebration in Pickwick has become immortal. Whilst Milton, Crashaw, Southwell, Ben Johnson, Geo. Herbert, Charles Wesley and Herrick, with many others, have left us a veritable treasury of Christmas poetry. Florence Barclay names one of her sweetest stories "Following the Star", "The Christmas Carol", by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is one of the choicest short stories offered the new world in modern times. Everybody loves to boast that he knows the "Song of Gaspar", "Belthaszaar", and "Melchior", "We three kings of Orient Are", and anyone who doesn't know and love that cherished nursery epic "Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house" must of a surety hail from the cannibal isles.

The lilt of carols and secular songs written for the Christmas season catches the fire of a child's enthusiasm like nothing else on earth, and the melody stays in his soul till the last day of his life.

The rites and customs adorning this season throughout the ages are by far the most picturesque and delightful that have graced a holy day or a holiday. In the early days on the Continent the Church was really the nucleus of all celebrations. When the common people ceased to understand Latin, Carols were introduced, and clergy and families conducted a sort of religious revelry of dancing and singing in the churches between the nocturnal Eucharists. Men, women and children, with lighted tapers in their hands and accompanied by violins, tambourines, guitars and organs, carolled in nave and aisle, sometimes in family groups, and often times assisted by the clergy. As this dance and song filled the intervals between the proper church Offices, in France and Italy the serving of a collation called *Reveillon* became essential to sustain the midnight fatigue. In the year 589, however, dancing in the churches was forbidden by the Council of Toledo and the only relic of the custom is the dance about the lectern in the old Cathedral of Seville allowed three times a year. Dramas, mysteries and moral plays were likewise a prominent feature of the season, and recourse to mime and mask were very popular. The use of the Christmas tree can be traced back to the Romans and the lighting of the Yule log (in France called the *La buche de Noel*), was adopted from the pagans, and holds its place as one of the oldest social ceremonies.

St. Francis is said to have originated the idea of the Christmas Creche, one of the most unique Continental rites which survives in the Church of Rome to-day. Lifelike and wonderful lay figures representing Saint Joseph, the Holy Virgin and Babe

marvellously arranged with that humble manger birthplace as a setting (and including usually, dumb brutes nearby, the Magi of the east, and other appropriate representations) was one of the most appealing methods adopted to satisfy the religious cravings of the faithful.

To-day in Rome the "Persepio" is one of the most pronounced features marking the Christmas ritual. In the *Ara Coeli* the Santissimo Bambino represents the Saviour in the elaborate grotto occupying one side of the Church. And the spectacle which lasts until Epiphany attracts dense crowds, many pious visitations, and occasions an elaborate series of quaint ceremonials. Calabrian minstrels descended upon Rome and Naples at Christmas saluting the Holy shrines of the Virgin, for does not Raphael's "Nativity" depict a shepherd at the Inn door playing on the ancient bagpipes. These "pifferari" who were hired by so much for each full "novena" played before the Madonna shrine of private householders, have been known to continue their pilgrimages over a period of thirty years and the practise "to have been" handed down from father to son. On Christmas Eve (at Ave Marie) Rome ushers in the great Festa with the peal of her thousand bells from her many belfries. The churches are resplendent with illuminations, lighted tapers, scarlet trappings and glittering sacred imagery. Again at midnight the bells chime a full-throated melodious chorus and midnight Mass begins in the churches. After Mass on Christmas morning the Corso is thronged with festive crowds in a wealth of gala attire, and fine jewellery and the constant greeting of "Buona Festa" is heard. Everywhere may be heard the song of "*Arancie! arancie dolci!*"<sup>1</sup> of the tempting offer of "*Sigari! sigari dolci! sigari scelti!*"<sup>2</sup> Whilst everyone with the smallest coin to his name indulges in the purchase of the two essential Christmas sweets, *torone* and

<sup>1</sup> Oranges, sweet oranges!

<sup>2</sup> Cigars! fine cigars! choice cigars!

*pan giallo*, which are piled in great heaps in the shops for days before the feast. In Germany a Christmas masquerader called Knecht Rupert in white robes, high buskins and flaxen wig travelled from house to house distributing gifts. All through the old land parish churches ring their chimes of rejoicing on Christmas Eve and Hebel dedicated his poem "Christ Baum" to a celebration of the rites and ceremonies of Christmas Eve. The northern parts of the Continent and protestant Germany call the season the children's festival, and on Christmas Eve parents add awe to the occasion by addressing grave homilies to their children upon the subject of their conduct.

But it was England (Merrie England) that outshone the world in a glorious abandon of rejoicing to honor The Child Jesus. The Englishman's instinctive love for Christmas has always been pertinaciously centred in the Church and the home, and with this accurate and fundamental understanding of the Festival's significance, he has proceeded to adorn the season with a variety of picturesque ritual and ceremony that belies his universal reputation for prosy stolidity. He has made the very mention of holly and mistletoe and evergreen suggest the spirit of Christmas. And they have attained a sort of essential decorative status at Christmas. Possibly in deference to the humble religious cravings of his ancestors, perhaps too with a poetic desire to include inanimate nature in his rejoicings these graceful shrubs with their harvest of red and white berries run riot in church and home at Yuletide. Even the church calendars were marked "*templa exornantur*" for the Eve of the Nativity. And there was an old superstition that sylvan spirits flocked to the evergreens at night and as the decorations remained until Candlemas it was possible these sprites might be thus preserved from the inimical effects of the nipping weather. In the olden days feasting

was as marked a function of the period as it is to-day, and was infinitely more elaborate. The great Yule log was cut, born home, and lighted in the huge fireplace, and kept burning also till Candlemas, and the pungent odor of ivy, rosemary and laurel must have delighted the nostrils of our forefathers during the long weeks until the second of February.

The Christmas revels, which were sometimes called the feast of fools and of asses, began at one time on the eve of All Hallows, and extended till Candlemas. The nobles appointed a "lord of misrule" or an "abbot of unreason" whose domain embraced the whole period of revelry, and every day was a holiday until Twelfth Night. The last memorable appointment of this mimic governor was in the year 1627. This lengthy masquerade of merriment was sometimes called the "December liberties" and took the form of a jolly burlesque of the serious. Gaiety and nonsense held sway to the accompaniment of music, dancing, conjuring, riddles, hot cockles, fool plough, snapdragons, forfeits and pageantry whilst the was-sail bowl and steaming punch contributed to the universal good cheer.

The larders were stocked with provisions—hens, capons, ducks, geese, turkeys, mutton, pork, beef, pudding, pies, nuts, sugar, honey, plums, and pastry—until an Italian proverb says "he has more business than English ovens at Christmas". A soused boar's head was born to the principal feast table in the Hall on a silver platter by a procession of gayly costumed minstrels blowing upon quaint instruments of music, and this great ceremony of feasting is wonderfully portrayed in a picture by D. Maclise, R.A., entitled "Merry Xmas in the Baron's Hall" now hanging in the National Gallery, Dublin

"On Xmas Eve the bells were rung,  
On Xmas Eve the Mass was sung,  
That only night in all the year  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear

Then opened wide the Baron's hall  
 To vassal, tenant, serf and all.  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside  
 And ceremony doffed his pride.  
 The heir with roses in his shoes  
 That night might village partner choose  
 All hailed with uncontrolled delight  
 And general voice, the happy night,  
 That to the cottage as the crown  
 Brought tidings of salvation down.  
 England was Merrie England when  
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale  
 'Twas Xmas told the merriest tale  
 A Christmas gambol oft would cheer  
 A poor man's heart through half the year".

About this season, too, cluster many quaint figures, many extraordinary superstitions—Knecht Rupert Robin Goodfellow, St. Nicholas and our own beloved Santa Claus. A Swedish tradition preserved in the history of the Archbishop of Upsal tells how the men in the icy north change to wolves at Christmas, and, selecting a general meeting-place, howl so ferociously against humanity in general that the nearby inhabitants suffer torments far surpassing the menace of actual wolves. Our own English tradition is a gentler fancy. It was a mediaeval idea that an ox and an ass were present at the nativity as set forth in very ancient prints, and in a sixteenth century poem called "Sannazaro". And so it was maintained that as each Christmas came around the oxen knelt in their stalls before midnight, and do so yet but at the anniversary of old Christmas instead. It is an ancient and pious story adored and beloved and secretly believed by child and parent alike. In connection with the "Santissimo Bambino" which is used in the "Persepio" spectacle at Christmas there is a charming legend. The wooden image was fashioned from a tree on the Mount of Olives by a Franciscan pilgrim. And whilst the latter slept with his handiwork beside him St. Luke painted the sacred carving. And according to the popular belief the reverently guarded relic possesses miraculous powers of healing and benediction.

In Scotland, in the fifteenth century, the Holy Days of Yule began

the seventh day before the Feast and extended to the Epiphany or Up-halie Day. On the eighteenth of December Yule Girth was proclaimed and until Up-halie Day no prosecution or punishment of even the worst of crimes could take place.

And even at the present day Christmas is surrounded by a wealth of social and sacred observance. It is old England's day of family reunions and the young and old still revel in forfeits, dances, mistletoe liberties, masquerades, pantomimes, fairy operettas, skating, coasting, turkeys, geese, mince pies, plum pudding, and roast beef. Queen Victoria was responsible for the introduction of the Christmas tree into England and the decking of the tree on Christmas Eve is a ceremony dear to the hearts of all children all over the Empire. In 1846 J. C. Horsley, R.A., designed the first Christmas card at the invitation or suggestion of Sir Henry Cole. Drury Lane theatre has become known throughout the dominions largely through its production of the Christmas pantomime, when London children revel in the fairy dreamland and renew their acquaintance with Harlequin and Columbine.

With Christmas, too, is grouped a coterie of other days. Boxing Day, Twelfth Night, Candlemas, St. Stephens, The Holy Innocents and Epiphany. Boxing Day comes the day after Christmas, and is devoted to that honorable, honored and efficient class of old country people so essential to the well being of themselves and their employees—servants. The name Boxing Day is curiously derived from the ancient custom of placing boxes in the church on Christmas day which were removed and opened for distribution the day after by the priests. No nation in all the world perhaps clings so tenaciously to Christmas as the memorial of the Holy Family, and in full unison with this ideal is her dedication of Boxing Day to the pleasure of that estimable craft of workers—domestic servants; the one class who can proffer the

maximum contribution to the perpetuity of homes in the nation.

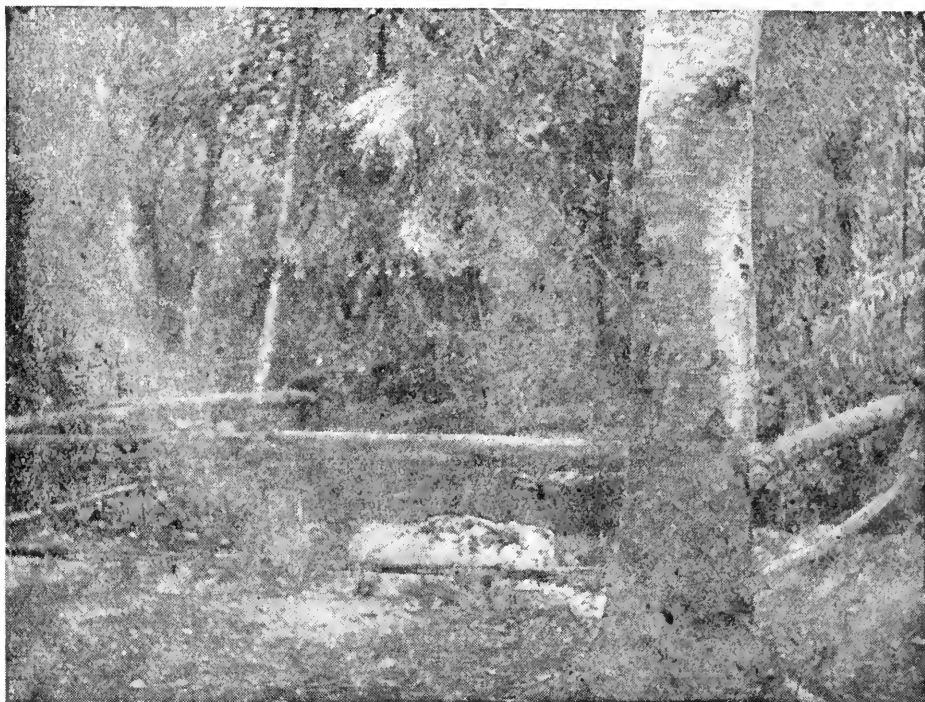
And so through all the storm and stress of political and religious upheavals the Christ Child's Birthday remains to us. In 1644 the English Puritans forbade both merriment and religious services, foolishly claiming it to be a heathen festival, and relegated it to the status of a fast, but Charles the Second wisely reversed the order. All the towers of Europe ring out their joyous message of "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men". The Church of Rome gave special permission for three masses upon this day. The Greek and Roman branches of the Church lavish much love on the devotions incident to the Holy Crecche. Everywhere the altars and sanctuaries of the Anglican Branch offer their incense of berry and evergreen. Every year Cambridge and Oxford deck their windows and chapels with their exclusive and distinctive garlands of laurel alone. Every shop window dons its Christmas dressing and riots in an orgy of colors, candles, tableaux and ornamentation. Devoted Anglicans pour into their celebrations of the Holy Eucharist even before daylight until the noon hour, and sometimes sufficient clergy cannot be had to act as celebrants upon this momentous occasion in the Church's year. Always

there is one service of morning prayer or choral celebration and choir and people decorate and practise for weeks before in order that the Birth in Bethlehem of Judea may be fittingly proclaimed in theme and melody. Families, churches, schools and divers societies engineer countless banquets and treats that far and wide all classes and kindreds shall share the ancient glad tidings born to earth by the white-winged choir of Heaven of

"Peace on earth, Goodwill toward Men".

Housewives begin baking for the great event weeks, even months, ahead. And children and adults alike start to purchase their friendly gifts many moons before. People blossom into reckless spendthrifts at Christmas who have been veritable Scrooges all the year round. There is a general glad desire to spend and be spent for others despite all the pessimistic scorn of cynics and the lectures of croakers and reformers. And Christmas, it is hoped, will continue to be the lavish outpouring of worldly treasures for the benefit of our neighbors, for we brought nothing into this world and we can take nothing out, save the spiritual growth we tacitly profess in Christmas worship and which is only brought to fruition by our charity, our generosity and our beneficence to our fellowmen.

It came upon the midnight clear  
That glorious song of old  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold;  
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men  
From Heaven's all-gracious King,  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.  
O ye beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow.  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing.  
O! rest beside the weary road  
And hear the angels sing.



The grave of Pauline Johnson, at Vancouver, British Columbia

## AT THE GRAVE OF PAULINE JOHNSON

By GORDON STACE SMITH

TWO native stones placed side by side,  
No epitaph nor formal guide  
To tell the pilgrim what they mean,  
But just the one sweet word "Pauline",  
Which kindred spirits daily shower  
With sea-shell, willow, fern or flower,  
While neighbor trees and wooden rails  
With carved initials, tell the tales  
Of thousands whom your songs have stirred.  
Below, half hidden and half heard,  
The glad sea rolls, and ships ply keen—  
While you are sleeping, loved Pauline!





Fisherman's Cottage, West Dover, Nova Scotia

# SEA-COAST HOMES OF OUR MARITIME PROVINCES

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON

**N**O call sounded by the pipes of this new era is more insistent than that of the Canadian sea-coast. One sometimes wonders if as a people we fully realize what an important gift Heaven bestowed in giving to Canada a coastline so magnificent as that which the constant sword-play of land and sea traces from St. John, New Brunswick to the Newfoundland-Labrador boundary — fully realize how much it means?

The map of Eastern Canada is “a

study in charts” worthy of our closest attention. It is here we “ring up” the outside world.

To get the real “lay of the land”—the true spirit of its big human interest story—we must not be stay-at-homes, mere map-students only, but followers of the piper leading through New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island and Quebec, by the “long-shore” road. We must be able to say, “These are our Maritime Provinces” and say it with pleasurable personal as well as deep national sense.



South Bay, Ingonish, Cape Breton

Whoever first used the name "Maritime" for this vast stretch of country, certainly knew what he was talking about. We like to think him not only poet but seer, looking into the crystal of the future and seeing the now-dawning day when the tide of Canadian thought and effort again "sets" to the sea, in a mighty purpose to make Canada—The "Maritime" Nation of the West.

The open-door to an understanding of the sea coast life, to its enthusiasms, its joys, its sorrows and its toil, is by way of the little sea-coast homes edging the 'long-shore road in out-of-the-way coves and harbors, remote from towns, cities and the big sea-ports. These little houses are as a voice in the land; as soon as one heaves in sight by a turn of the road or a dip of the land we instantly feel its personality. Its dimensions may be small, roof low, windows few, door narrow—all these things are overlooked because they all fit in with the whole, to make a sweet, lovable little place, where we might easily fancy ourselves living

happily—the big world far away, the horizon of our wants satisfied by the vision and tang of the gray sea, and the fishboat putting out in the early morning, to come again with the sinews of the evening meal. There are many ways of approaching these sea-coast homes but the preferable way is—afoot. The man or woman who takes to the open road and puts up where he can when dusk comes down over land and sea is the voyager likely to have the best adventures and to be the one to make the most discoveries. He discovers primarily that many tongues are heard in these little sea-coast homes — English, Gaelic, Breton and Acadian-French, and should he go far north enough, some "Huskie". He will even find little colonies of Jersey Islanders in the midst of the English-Gaelic-French stretch. Even so, the traveller coming to any of these sea-side doors in the evening light will never have to beg a place to lay his head. Hospitality is part of the unwritten code of these parts. An additional mouth



Within sight of home, Sambro, Nova Scotia

to feed brings about absolutely no confusion. It matters not which language the housewife speaks. You may not be able to employ her Gaelic or she your English, but her heart is kind and friendly and the sea has taught her to be cosmopolitan. Her door is ajar to visitors; a small mat-

ter like languages will never close it. There are many common grounds on which to meet and always "sign" language and a little latent ability on both sides to "act out" any situation going beyond the combined vocabularies adds spice. Indeed I think the "acting out" one of the chief charms



The Well-sweep, St. Margaret's Bay, Nova Scotia

particularly in the little "French" homes.

The interiors of the little sea-coast cottages in which we have frequently found ourselves guests not one but many summers, are in every way as individual and winning as their exteriors are attractive. All the furniture is hand made, with odd "bits" here and there salvaged from wrecks, or which have otherwise "washed in with the tide". It is fitting that as the house is homemade it shelters homemade things. On the floors are round, plaited rag rugs—pretty spots of color but not so brilliant or so highly prized as the rough, hooked rug showing large patterns designed from nearby objects or some treasured association—the family cat, the dog, the flowers from the wee garden. In some of the French shore homes both the plaited and hooked rug give way to the *Catalon*. Having duly examined and admired those on the floor Madame takes the visitor up into the garret to see the ponderous loom that

holds another in the making. Scattered about are her wools spun and dyed and perhaps previously sheared by herself. Catalons furnish material enough for hours of conversation and if the visitor is fortunate to be a guest under Madame's roof the chest of floor rugs and homespun couverts may be opened to view. Some of these couverts may be old, the work of Madame's or M'sieu's mother. Oh, many are the stories woven into the couverts of the Magdalen Islands and the Gulf of St. Lawrence shores from Quebec to Chericamp. A story in detail more than one summer long.

In the Gaelic homes conversation is made easy if the visitor is interested in old-time China figures. The Gaelic woman warms to you at once if you notice her "Highland Laddie" in kilties or the wee "lambie," or the faithful sheep-dog that stands upon the shelf. These all have a story too. Some of these China pieces are very rich and handsome both in the quality of China and in color, to say nothing



Homes built on the Shingle at Havre Hubert, Magdalen Islands

of design — “Mary and her little Lamb”, “The Sailor Bay”, “The Lovers”, “A Victorian Lady”, in hooped skirt, poked bonnet and blue shawl, etc.

A few of these figures are heirlooms. Others were bought by their present

owner from some travelling salesman chancing into the glen half a century ago, when she was young.

Sometimes “the figure” came from a wreck and was salvaged by the skipper in his little fishboat. Fragile figures that survived the fury of the



Peggy's Cove, near Halifax, Nova Scotia

storm which smashed the great ship, which carried them, to kindling.

This tale of wrecks brings into the story of the little sea-coast homes the men whose handiwork the houses are. The vikings of the Maritime Provinces are home-builders!

In their turn wrecks and brave men introduce another type of little home common enough to these parts, a necessity in fact to these parts but unknown to inland Canada—the lighthouse keeper's little nest. With which goes the white tower with its lamp connected with the house on isolated headlands and far away on the point, by itself, in others. A chart of the eastern coastline reveals hundreds of such lighthouses; and for every lighthouse, followers of the piper know, there is a little cottage tucked away somewhere.

Great camaraderie exists between the unpainted, weathered, shingled cottage of the fisherman and the home of the man whose light and bell guides home through the fog the little dory to its place. The one is more fixed up than the other having the government behind it in the matter of paint, but both know what it is to crouch for shelter among the boulders. In time of storm "the holdings is what

counts", as Big John puts it. There is just one thing that the sea-coast folk fear above the storms of winter, and that is—fire. There being no fire-department in these parts every householder takes precaution by putting a ladder across the roof from eave to ridgepole alongside the chimney. This fire "prophylactic" is a fixture built-in with the house and looks like some "idea" in the architecture so universal is it.

In the long miles it is noticeable that groups of these sea-coast, one- or two-roomed homes usually cluster together around some little harbour. These are companionably drawn together by the little sheet of water affording an anchorage or safe dry-dock in shelving shores for the little fish boats—breadwinners of the family.

Peggy's Cove on St. Margaret's Bay between French Village and Sambro on the south-western shore of Nova Scotia is such a little rocky haven—looking like a miniature Newfoundland. The road fringes the shore eighteen miles after one leaves the railroad at French Village and one may make it afoot and getting tired beg a lift in a passing ox-cart or one may engage passage with the mail-driver.



On Boutillier's Point, Nova Scotia

The mail-driver is an institution in all these out-of-the-way regions, and one may cover most of the distance as a passenger in his cart.

Many a little home we look into away "Down North" from Inverness to Grand Etang on the one side of Cape Breton, and from English Town to Dingwall on the other, whose open door we have been able to make with the mail-driver or the little coastal steamer's assistance or by driving ourselves in a hired team part way, and walking part way, regular pilgrims, staves in hand. But there are thousands of little homes along shores where no roads go except that over the sea. One is rewarded for "making" any of these, over the cliffs, carving out a road for oneself if it be possible, if not by taking to the boat. In fact one soon likes these most isolated homes best. Their originality and their strength appeal to the pioneer latent in us all. And here dwell the men and their families who have held "the line" keeping alive the great fishing industry of Canada. Here dwell in truth our much to be admired cod-fish aristocracy. In fact in all these little homes reside men in whose blood "United Empire Loyalist" is indelibly tattooed. These are people who accept

the hardships of life with composure, relying less on outside supports than we of the cities. No stores are here to run to for supplies. The doctor comes not at all or only in summer. In the Magdalen Islands there is no communication except by telegraph from Christmas time till the following spring. Here one winter it became desirable to get "a mail" to the mainland. The men interested prepared a large cask, made it watertight, put the letters inside and headed it up. They gave it ballast and a little sail and consigned it to a strip of open sea, first painting on it a request to the finder to forward "the mail" to the nearest post-office.

Those letters reached their destination.

The Magdaleners are fisher-folk in the main though of course in Havre Aubert and Grindstone there are a number of business and a sprinkling of professional men. The homes here in these remote islands being French have the French touch of thrift well developed. Paint is here in most instances, and though the islands are bare of trees a little garden is generally managed with the aid of a fence made of bits of wood culled from sea-drift.

These real little homes may only be a mile or a half mile inland among the smoothly rounded Damoiselles—a little unhandy to the boats—not that the visitor could detect this fine point of the mackerel fishing, so the Frenchmen of Havre Aubert have built themselves a little row of summer cottages right on the shingle, so close to the waters of the Gulf on each side that they can almost step out of the boat into the front door, did it not happen to be on the second floor for safety from the waves in time of storm.

Such a cottage has the double value of allowing greater despatch of the fishing and saving the wear and tear on the "all the year 'round" home. We wonder it has never occurred to the coastal fishermen of other parts to have a summer home as well as a winter home.

Doubtless the new era will bring many changes and improvements into all this region of Canada. The new roads, the autos, the modern builder, the agriculturist, the large number

of summer tourists, the shipbuilding, the improved methods of fishing, improved drinking water systems, direct and indirect foreign trade, library and lecture centres, expansion in railroads all radiating from and meeting again in Halifax—Queen of the Maritime cities—holding in her hand the fate, among other things, of these little homes, will all come soon. But we hope the day will never come when these little gray cottages will disappear from our Canadian landscape. We hope sincerely that in their case it will not be necessary to destroy in order to build. That if their location is the one thing needed to conduct the fishing quickly they may be saved to form the fishing-season homes of our fishermen, an extension of the plan now followed out by the Magdalen Islanders, while a snugger situation may be chosen for the up-to-date winter home so well merited by those harvesting Canada's fish and those other deep-sea voyagers carrying our ships and trade into foreign ports.

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## ACQUIESCENCE

By A. CLARE GIFFIN

THIS is the end! The songs that made our day—

Clasped hands, hushed laughter, short words, sweet to say—

End now with love, and each of us, alone,

Looks with changed eyes upon a world unknown.

*I cannot bear it!* Oh, my only friend,

Is this the end?

Is this the end? Is there no way to hold

The dear familiar outward things of old—

Love's body—though love's soul be gone away?

I have no heart to bury love to-day!

And yet, most sure, past help or hope to mend,

This is the end!





TURKEY FOR CHRISTMAS

From the Painting by  
Arthur Wright



# THE GOING BACK

BY MRS. DIGBY OSWALD



THE HONORABLE MRS. RALPH TENNANT came out from the bungalow into the sunshine of the step. The Indian gardener was watering the pink carnations, which grew luxuriantly. She leant, a dainty white gowned figure, against the railing, watching him. The morning sun was in her copper-colored hair. Her blue eyes looked bluer than ever against her delicate white skin—white notwithstanding three years of African dust and heat. "Only a week more of Africa," she said to herself. "How perfectly thankful I should have been this time last year, to know that the regiment was under orders for home in a week. I've hated the time out here. It's absurd to say an Englishman gets used to the life, and loves it. It's unbearable, the discomfort of it all, and the climate which I suppose really accounts for everything; the laziness, the heat, the dust and the mosquitoes, the general slackness, and the dullness.

"Oh, yes, and my own discontent, for after hating it all so much, instead of rejoicing at going home, I'm wishing we were not. Goodness knows why . . . and then, as the 'reason why' referred to, she buried her little nose into a cluster of her favorite carnations. Oh! how good you smell, clean and fresh, after your sousing of water. You'll have to be left behind, and I shall miss you more than all the rest of Africa put together . . . you and Jack.

"I'm going to miss Jack horribly, and I suppose I ought not to. Yet,

after all, it's noly natural that I should. Somehow ever since the first few months, Ralph and I have been slipping further and further away from each other. It's so awfully different from what it used to be. I believe it's that which made me hate Africa so, the way we've left off doing things together and liking the same sort of things, until now I believe I positively bore him, and he's only too glad to get away from the house. I wouldn't have thought Hilda Lethbridge was the sort of woman he would have been friends with, yet they are tremendous friends. If only I'd had a child it would never have been so lonely, as it is I don't know what I should have done without Jack's friendship. He has been the most cheering. I wonder . . ."

A white clad servant bringing her a note ended her wonderings. She broke the seal. The writing was strong and neat. She read:

Dear Mrs. Tennant:

Will you come for a ride this evening, if you are doing nothing else. I will be round by five o'clock if that suits you. It ought to be cool then. Do come.

Yours,

JACK RYDER.

Jack Ryder and the Honorable Mrs. Tennant had ridden several miles from the town, and were walking their horses along a narrow Kaffir track on one of the high hills, uncultivated except for a few mealie crops. It was very beautiful, the vast stretch of country which lay before them. Nearer the coast and the misty haze of the ocean. In the other direction were purple-headed moun-

tains. The air was heavy and the clouds hung low.

"We shall have a storm before long," the man said, turning in his saddle to look behind at the threatening clouds. "I believe we ought to go back."

"Not yet. I don't mind getting wet, and I may as well see a farewell African storm."

"I believe you are half sorry to go."

"So I've been finding out all the morning. It's ridiculous after the fuss I've made the three years we've been out."

"You've had a bad time, but it might be worse. Can I say something to you, Mrs. Tennant? It's about Ralph."

"Yes, of course; what is it?"

"He is gambling frightfully. Can't you do something to prevent it?"

"Nothing," she said, with a sharp little click of her white teeth. Jack Ryder thought she was angry and meant the matter to end. He was a well made, good looking man of thirty. Most of his days were spent in farming. He owned prosperous farms in several parts of Natal and had been friends with the Tennants since the regiment came out three years ago. It was Jack Ryder who had saved Major Tennant over and over again from the necessity of sending in his papers through his reckless gambling. He had lent him several thousand pounds, though no one suspected it, and Major Tennant's wife least of all.

Instead of anger he saw that her blue eyes were full of tears.

"I'm a fool; I began by trying, and I went on; but now it's hopeless. You don't understand. You couldn't. Let us gallop, shall we?" and the next minute he was following her flying lead. At the mouth of a steep gorge their panting horses came to a standstill, and a vivid flash of lightning played around them.

"Let's get off and watch the storm from here. I feel in the mood and we're bound to get wet."

There were no tears in her eyes, he noticed as, in obedience to her mood,

he helped her down. They sat on the soft veldt and sniffed at the cool breeze smelling of rain not far off.

"It's useless, because Ralph doesn't care for me any longer. It is very rarely a woman can prevent a man gambling, and never unless he cares, so I'm powerless. I don't know why I am talking like this, because I think it is despicable for a woman to talk to anyone, even a friend, about her husband."

"And impertinent of a man to say what I am going to say. Are you sure, Mrs. Tennant, that Ralph doesn't care, as you call it? I fancy he does."

"That is because you don't know. Our life together has been wretched lately, worse and worse. Oh! why am I talking like this to you?"

"Because I'm the one person who knew it already and can understand."

"If you know so much, tell us to whom my husband owes money. It is a large sum I know. I am wretched thinking of it, wondering who it is. If I knew the man's name it would be easier."

"Perhaps Ralph does not want you to know."

"He refuses to tell me. I believe you know. Tell me," she said pleadingly.

"I know that the man would be grieved if you worried over it. He was very pleased to be able to help Ralph. He can well afford it." His eyes dropped under the searching scrutiny of the glance of the blue ones which were upon him, but he had seen the scarlet color cover the white neck and cheeks.

"I know who the man is. To think I never guessed until now. It is Mr. Ryder to whom Ralph is indebted. I think I wish it were anyone else in the world," she said passionately.

"That subject is a forbidden topic, if you will grant me that much."

"Of course, if you wish, but . . ."

"No buts, Mrs. Tennant."

"I had better be silent."

"No talk, please."

"What about?"

"Yourself."

"Anything but that, I suppose."

"And why not. Are you awfully unhappy about things?"

"Horribly; it all seems too empty . . . the future I mean. We are young, and we shall go on living for years, I suppose," she said wearily.

"Don't you think things will grow better once you get home."

"I used to; but now, Oh, I've given up hope altogether."

"Were you in love with Ralph when you married him?"

"I worshipped him almost, I think. We were very happy at first. I was nineteen when we were married. It all seems years ago, and really it is not quite five."

"You will be happy again. Twenty-four is too young to have finished with happiness."

"I wish I had finished with life," she said desperately.

The storm had burst round them, the rain had come and the lightning was blindly vivid.

"Lady, you must not say that," Jack Ryder said in a low, firm voice. "It can't be as bad as all that . . . the misery," he said softly.

"Oh! Jack! Don't be kind to me. Be angry. Shake me; anything but sympathy."

The despair on her young face, the misery in her look broke through the control for months Jack Ryder had built up between them. As he watched her quivering mouth, and his ears rang with her words, he felt like the storm which raged round him.

"Listen, Elice; I must speak. God knows if I am right or wrong. You are unhappy, child. You feel that you can bear it no longer. Will you leave Ralph . . . leave all the life that has made you feel this? Will you come to me? Will you? I love you, God knows how dearly." He spoke in a voice which was reverent and thrilled with a deep passion. "I have loved you for months, though I have hidden it because I wanted before everything not to add trouble to your life, and Ralph is my friend. But if

you can bear it no more . . . if you do not love Ralph . . . come to me. You can trust me; I love you. Will you come?"

"To be loved! Oh! Jack. It would be worth it all . . . Africa, the heat, the dust and the mosquitoes . . . if one had love," she said with a sob.

"You will come, lady?" he asked eagerly, pleadingly.

"Would it be a sin to come, even if it meant to be happy, instead of wretched," she said dreamily. "Would it, Jack?"

They looked into each other's eyes. The man's face was lit with a great love . . . a great yearning.

"It would be called a sin, dear," he said.

"And you would love me even if I sinned, Jack?"

"I should not call it that. I understand."

"I will come," she said beneath her breath.

"Beloved, my beloved!" He held out his arms to draw her into them. Never again should she be unhappy. He would love her with his very life. He kissed her madly, till her white cheeks grew scarlet. She was his, though all these months he had striven to hide his love. He held her in his arms. Life had never held such bliss for him before. His heart beat madly and his blood rushed madly through his veins. He was delirious with joy, with love. Then his heart beat less rapidly, the blood ran slowly in his veins, and the knowledge of what it would mean for her forced itself into his mind, and he saw that, whatever he who loved might think, the world would judge differently. No, it would never be right; could never be right; and yet, how could he tell her so. He had gained his heart's desire; surely it was not necessary to fling it from him because conscience whispered that she would have sinned. He was silent, and his mind was in a tumult. Hundreds of men found life unbearable, and took the love which was offered them, but for Elice to do this. He hesitated no longer.

"Elice. I was wrong. You must forgive me. I was mad to suggest such an idea to you. I won't ask you to forget, but I love you. I shall love you always and always, and because I love you so well I am able to send you back. You will go back to Ralph, dear, things won't be too hard."

"I can't Jack. Take me with you. It is too hard to go back."

A flash of lightning rent the sky and leapt into the air beside them. Elice covered her eyes with her hands instinctively, but she was too dazed to be frightened. A smell of something burnt and singed brought back her senses, and her hands fell from her face. A few inches away something black and unrecognizable lay upon the veldt.

Under the stars Elice Tennant rode home. The storm was over, and the night air was fragrant with the wet veldt grass, and the sweet, heavy scent of the yellow thorn. She rode away slowly, and she thought deeply. Behind she was leaving the something black and unrecognizable, which only a few hours before had been Jack; and Jack had loved her. She felt so very near happiness when he had told her. She desired to be loved with all her

young heart. It was love which made life endurable. She was going back to Ralph. The way seemed very long and very lonely.

\*

As she turned up the drive to the Bungalow, she was surprised to see Ralph on the stoop. He heard her horse's footsteps, and came to meet her.

"You are awfully late, Elice."

"Yes, I expected you would be at the club."

"I meant to go round, of course, but I felt anxious. I thought something had happened."

"To me?"

"Of course. I am glad we are going home, Elice. This is a beastly place. We'll do better at home. I say, you're wet, old girl. Were you out in the storm?"

A queer little lump rose in her throat as he helped her to dismount. For the moment she forgot the bad news she had to tell him. Somehow it was like the old days to-night. Had Jack been right after all.

A thrill of hope ran through her as they went up the steps to the bungalow. An hour ago to go back seemed impossible. Already it seemed possible.

## THE SHIPS OF SAINT JOHN

By BLISS CARMAN

WHERE are the ships I used to know,  
That came to port on the Fundy tide  
Half a century ago,  
In beauty and stately pride?

In they would come past the beacon light,  
With the sun on gleaming sail and spar,  
Folding their wings like birds in flight  
From countries strange and far.

Schooner and brig and barkantine,  
I watched them slow as the sails were furled,  
And wondered what cities they must have seen  
On the other side of the world.

Frenchman and Britisher and Dane,  
Yankee, Spaniard and Portugee,  
And many a home ship back again  
With her stories of the sea.

Calm and victorious, at rest  
From the relentless rough sea-play,  
The wild duck on the river's breast  
Was not more sure than they.

The creatures of a passing race,  
The dark spruce forests made them strong,  
The sea's lore gave them magic grace,  
The great winds taught them song.

And God endowed them each with life—  
His blessing on the craftsman's skill—  
To meet the blind unreasoned strife  
And dare the risk of ill.

Not mere insensate wood and paint  
Obedient to the helm's command,  
But often restive as a saint  
Beneath the Heavenly hand.

All the beauty and mystery  
Of life were there, adventure bold,  
Youth, and the glamor of the sea  
And all its sorrows old.

And many a time I saw them go  
Out on the flood at morning brave,  
As the little tugs had them in tow,  
And the sunlight danced on the wave.

There all day long you could hear the sound  
Of the caulking iron, the ship's bronze bell,  
And the clank of the capstan going round  
As the great tides rose and fell.

The sailors' songs, the Captain's shout,  
The boatswain's whistle piping shrill,  
And the roar as the anchor chain runs out,—  
I often hear them still.

I can see them still, the sun on their gear,  
The shining streak as the hulls careen,  
And the flag at the peak unfurling,—clear  
As a picture on a screen.

The fog still hangs on the long tide-rips,  
The gulls go wavering to and fro,  
But where are all the beautiful ships  
I knew so long ago?

# KING HIGH BURKE

BY SAMUEL POTTS



WHY are yuh all so fired careful with that pack, Slim?"

All eyes drifted over to Slim Blakley's bunk. We had just finished a game of poker that had been disastrous for me.

Ever since Slim blew into the Willow Creek outfit, we had noticed him pack a deck of cards around with him in an old tobacco sack. He had made us all curious of its value the way he freezed onto it. Our curiosity was aroused to such an extent that we tried by fair means and foul to get a peep at the pasteboards he took such dang good care of.

Slim was sitting in his bunk with the pack in his hand lookin' at it with a queer grin that always came over his face when he handled it.

"Aw come on, Slim, don't be a clam, what's the mystery?" Buck Johnson pleaded with him to loosen up.

"Say!"

We cocked our ears forward like a pinto that sees a bag of oats.

"Secin' that yer so darned curious, I'll tell yuh why I'm kind of careful with these 'ere cards. Ever hear of King High Burke?"

"Did we know Texas wuz in the U. S. A? There's not a puncher who's pounded leather on the pan-handle who hasn't heard of the jasper. Most of the border towns had a regular independent celebration when they heard he'd cashed in."

"Let's see," Slim paused, tapping the pack on the bed thoughtfully. "Yeuh, it's about ten years ago since

Red and I pounded leather for the Two Star outfit down in the Turco country. One day the old man told Red and me to head for town and bring Smithers out. He wuz one of those packin'-house fellers that bought all the beef the Two Star could produce, and 'Remember,' he hollers, as we wur pullin' out, 'leave the hard stuff alone and stick around that station like a fly in a glue pot until he shows up'."

"Don't worry none," Red advised, wavin' his hat to him with a grin that brought a string of fire words out of the old gizer that scorched the tails of our pintos.

"When Red and I rode into Yellow Gulch we met the population movin' out. Red cursed them for a bunch of pikers, when he got wise that King High Burke was headin' for town.

"When the citizens of a town got word that Burke was headin' their way, they looked like they'd got news of a good strike. When the migration stopped there wus usually only a few hard nuts left, and King High Burke started to crack them as soon as he showed up.

"Have yuh seen Burke kill?" one solemn-faced owl asked Red, who had roped him as he flashed past like all the fiends of the lower regions wur after him.

"I've seen a lot of men die through a chunk of lead hittin' them," Red informed him casually as he turned him loose.

"Mebbe when yuh see Burke kill, this 'ere town won't be so attractive to yuh."



"Meanin' what?" says Red, his hand goin' down for his gun.

"Nothin'," he grunts, and beats it.

"Yuh fellers heard that Burke was liable to hit this town any minute?" the bartender asked when we walked into the Rainbow.

"Wa-l-l,' Red drawls, 'Slim and I met about three-quarters of the population travelin' like they wur in a hurry when we wur comin' in. The way that bunch of short-horns wur stampedin' this feller Burke must be worse than a whole ton of dynamite when he goes off.'

"Are yuh lucky with cards?" he comes back at him.

"Naw," Red admits, sorrowful like. 'I never wus lucky with the pasteboards. The most I ever held wus a tight, and I lost my whole month's pay; the other feller had fours.'

"That's too bad," the thirst-easer says. 'The boys tell me that Burke gets the drop on his man and then makes him cut cards to see which of them will cash in their chips. Ace is high, but no one has cut that ace. Mebbe yer partner's lucky with them.'

"I wus goin' to tell that jasjer I was born on the thirteenth when someone grabbed Red and me on the shoulder. Red's gun leaped out as we swung around and stared at Billy Edwards, foreman of the Red Spring outfit. To see Red fan a gun gave yuh something to think about. He wus several seconds faster than grease lightning."

"That's a nervous gun arm yuh-ve got," Billy grins at him. 'What are yuh mavericks doin' around here?'

"Billy was a heap curious for news, so we ambled over to one of the tables. 'Have yuh heard Burke is headin' for town?' I asked as we sat down.

"Never mind that hummer, Billy scowls. 'Let's have the news since yuh and Red breezed out of Red Springs.'

"We wusn't waggin' our chins five minutes before the doors wur kicked open, and in walks King High Burke. He comes up the room with a swagger like the peacock the teacher had over in Ohio. One of the Bar O fellers

wus havin' a heavy lung-washer at the bar."

"How did you know it was King High Burke?" asked Shorty Leeson, butting in.

Slim glared at Shorty.

"How did we know it wus King High Burke, yuh knock-kneed, spotted face, misfit runt of a jack rabbit? Say, when a jasper has got a name-plate like that, he walks into a saloon with the sign written all over him."

"Alright, alright, can't a feller ask a question," Shorty muttered.

"Shur, sensible ones, not the telegraphic flashes of a deceased mind."

We roared at the blank look of surprise on Shorty's face. The brayin' stopped, then Slim began to talk again.

"This Burke feller," he said, "ordered two shots of liquor. 'Trot out the best yuh've got in the house,' he says, 'or——'. He threw a pack of cards on the bar; the same which meant the barkeeper could cut his life short if he tired of this vale of sorrows. Yuh would have thought that Yellow Gulch wuz flowin' with little streams of whiskey, and a feller didn't have to work for a livin' the way that poison-slinger set those drinks up.

"Burke's measley glims fastened on the Bar O feller when he left the bar. 'Hi, yuh,' he roars, 'didn't yuh hear me order drinks?'

"It wus worth a month's pay to see the look on Burke's face when that feller said careless like, 'Didn't yuh get me?'

"Red laughed kind of sarcastic. Burke shot a look over our way which might have killed him, but that hummer just grinned."

"Yeuh, I've got 'em," he snarls, 'but when I drinks I like company, so step lively. When I say drink, people drink; it's better for their health'. Burke edges away from the bar and they stood eyein' each other.

"The Bar O feller made for his gun; that wus just as far as he got. Burke had him covered before his hand

touched the butt. He looks at him the way a cat looks at a mouse, before he gives the snap that turns it into a quick lunch.

"See that pack?" noddin' his dome at the cards on the bar, with a grin on his face that showed a set of molars that looked like the tusks of a wolf. 'I always like to give a feller a chance, seein' that I'm several seconds faster than anything that wears boots or packs a gun.'

"I yanked Red into the chair by the slack of his pants, as he climbed onto his feet with murder in his eyes. Red always snapped up anything that meant fight the way a hen gobbles corn.

"I'm willin' to take a chance and settle this 'ere argument with the cards, what do yuh say?"

"The way Burke laughed would have made a jack rabbit tackle a lion. There wasn't a man by the look of their faces who wouldn't have plugged him."

"What did he do?" Shorty demanded. "Did he take him up?"

Slim, who wuz searchin' his pockets, stared at him.

"Ain't a feller allowed to smoke?" he snapped. "If yer all-fired anxious to hear what happened yuh'd roll a pill for a feller. I can't set here and just talk."

We vied with each other in supplyin' the weeds. Slim lit one and placed the others beside him, so that there would be no further interruptions. A look of contentment spread over his face as he emitted a cloud of smoke. He paused for a moment watchin' it drift roofwards. We'd a hunch he was back in the Rainbow. That queer look that always comes into a feller's eyes when his thoughts wonder wuz in Slim's, so we didn't disturb him none.

"That feller was made of sand with a few chunks of steel thrown in," Slim says, lookin' at us thoughtful like.

"He called Burke's hand. Red picked the pack off the bar and broke the seal."

"Yuh boys will see that the loser don't make for his guns," Burke chuckled. 'Let's hand our irons over to the barkeep; then the loser can't make a slip,' he says, with a grin, as he looked at the Bar O feller."

"Don't worry none about the loser.' The thirst-easer gave Burke a look that made us smile, as he freezed to the guns and threw them onto a shelf behind the bar.

"Red ditched the joker and blank onto the floor before he shuffled the pack.

"I've seen games where the sky wuz the limit, but I'd never seen a game where the winner drank whiskey, and the loser shoveled coal. I heard a feller say once that faith could move mountains and I says to myself, Slim, you old cow-walloper, that there Bar O feller is going to cut an ace. Yes, sir, he's goin' to cut that ace just as shure as Red will blot out Burke's lights if he kills him. Wa-l-l, I says, the only thing I'll pin my faith too hereafter, is a six gun, as I looked at the jack the Bar O feller had cut. If that faith believer had been around, he could have tried his faith on stoppin' a bullet."

"I saw Red's hand tremble a little as he held the cards out to Burke. That kyote's fingers glided down them like he was strokin' a cat before he cut.

"King,' someone yaps, as we stared at the king of clubs.

"That's me, king high every time," Burke grins. 'Hand that gun over,' he snarls at the barkeep.

"The thirst-easer looks at us, and we looks at the Bar O feller. He knew we'd kick Burke out of town if he'd call the deal off."

"He thought hard for a second, then looked at the bartender. 'Guess I lose, give him the gun, boys; tell the Bar O I died game,' he says, lookin' Burke square in the eyes as he raised his gun."

"Billy Edwards gripped my arm. 'Gawd, Slim,' he mutters, 'he ain't goin' to kill him thataway; it ain't human.'"

"I turned my head away. The words of the feller Red had roped hammered my brain. 'Mebbe when yuh see Burke kill, this 'ere town won't be so attractive.' I jumped like a scared cat when Burke fired, and looked around as the Bar O feller hit the floor.

"Any of yuh boys want to take up this feller's argument?' Burke grinned at us.

"I'll call that, you damn skunk,' roared Red. Steppin' over the Bar O feller, he threw his guns on the bar.

"A queer buzzin' came into my ears. Red and the boys seemed to fade away in a mist. Air! Air! I must have air, where's the door. I groped blindly towards it, stumblin' over a chair on my way out. I gulped the fresh air like a feller who has just pushed his way up from the bottom of the ocean. I wus all right in a couple of minutes. Cursing myself for a yellow kyote, I went back into the saloon. Billy Edwards wus shufflin' the cards. He held them out to Red as I sneaked up. My heart missed a beat when Red reached out to cut. His fingers closed on them, and then there wus a clatter of hoofs outside, and a guy came slap bang through the door on his hoss with a gun in each fist.

"Just in time,' he says, lampin' the cards in Billy's hand. 'Which of yuh fellers is King High Burke?'

"Thar he is.' The barkeep pointed to Burke, who didn't seem at all none too pleased.

"The stranger looked at me like a kid of eighteen. He slipped off his hoss and walked over to Burke. The way his handkerchief wuz tied around his face he looked like a bandit. The only part I could see wus his eyes and nose.

"Yuh're the snake that killed my brother,' he says.

"I ain't got no gun fellers,' Burke howls.

"It's a shovel you'll need where yuh're goin',' the stranger snaps. 'Boys!' He swung around and looked us over. 'This 'ere King High Burke, as he calls himself, killed my brother.

I've sworn an oath I'd get this feller. I darsn't go back home and tell 'em I didn't keep it. No one can murder a Kentuckyian and get away with it. I want this gent,' noddin' at Red, 'to let me cut the cards.'

"Yuh won't get the chance to go home,' Burke snarls. 'Let 'im cut.'

"The kid handed his irons over to the bar-tender. Billy Edwards gave the cards a few shakes and held them out to him.

"Who owns these?' he snapped, lookin' at Billy as his hand hovered over them. When he tells him they wus Burke's, he pulled his hand away as if they'd burnt his fingers.

"I wouldn't touch anything belongin' to that snake 'ere, I'll use these.' Takin' a pack out of his shirt pocket, he ripped it open. Tossing the blank and joker out, he held them up. 'Who'll shuffle Burke into h—?' he says.

"Red consented, with a grin, as he took the pack from him.

"Let 'im cut first,' the kid says, lookin' at Burke. Red shuffled the cards and held them out to King High.

"Naw! I'll use my own g— cards,' he snarls, glarin' at the stranger. I notice him make the same glidin' motion before he cut. When he held up the king of diamonds I slipped my gun out. This wus one killin' he wasn't goin' to do.

"Edwards threw the rest of the cards up against the bar in disgust. 'Don't cut, stranger,' he advised, 'there's something crooked here.'

"The kid grinned at him and held his hand out to Red for his cut. The roar that went up as we stared at the ace of hearts in his hand scared the hoss. It took a notion to wreck the saloon.

"In the excitement Burke jumped over the bar for a gun. Billy Edwards plugged him through the head as he picked it up. Red gave the kid the cards, and helped us to keep the critter from kickin' the inside out of the saloon.

"Burke played yuh bunch for suckers,' the kid laughed, as he

climbed onto his hoss. 'There wus no aces in that deck he wus usin'. Let's see that card, pointin' to the king of diamonds Burke had dropped. One of the boys picked it up and gave it to him. He ran his fingers down the edge. 'Thar,' that feller wus as crooked as a corkscrew.'

"For a few minutes the atmosphere wus a degree or two hotter than where Burke wus. Stickin' out on the edge of the card wur a piece of steel no thicker than a hair."

"Guess I'll drift," he says, makin' for the door. We piled out after him. 'That wur a lucky cut yuh made, stranger,' Red says; then he collapsed in a heap and I looked helplessly at the kid, who had snatched his hat off. 'Ye gawds!' he gasped; 'a gurl!'

"Yuh seem surprised," she smiled at him.

"No, mum, just dazed," Red gulps.

"Thank yuh!" she says to Billy. 'I don't believe I could have killed that skunk. Yuh boys can keep these for luck.' She threw the pack of cards at our feet as she galloped off.

"We fought like wild cats over it. I got my paw on them, and some hum-

mer thought that there hand of mine wuz a steak, until I biffed him one on the ear.

"Have yuh got 'em, Slim?" Red shouts."

"Yuh bet yuh," I hollers.

"Get up, yuh mavericks.' They scattered like a bunch of chickens, as Red smoothed the wrinkles out of their pants with his quirt. I got onto my feet with the pack and took a peep at the pasteboards; then I sat down sudden like in the dust.

"I'll fix 'em," Red yells, tuggin' my gun out.

"Don't shoot!" I yelped, 'I'm all right. Look!'

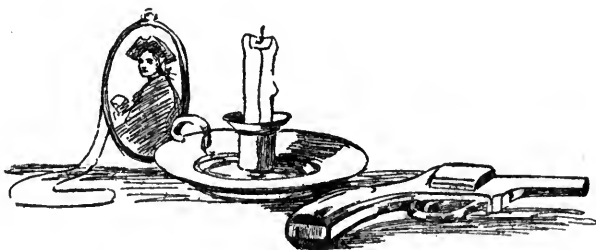
"Red took a look and flapped beside me."

"What the h—— wur yuh lookin' at?" Shorty asked.

"These," Slim spread the cards he carried around, face upwards on his bunk.

"Holy miracle!" Shorty shouted. "I never thought women had brains. 'Ere's my hat off to that lady, and all 'er sex hereafter."

"Amen!" we said, as we removed our headgear and stared at fifty-two aces.



# THE VALLEY OF THE HEART

BY CAMERON KELLEY

"Swing 'em around and around and around,  
The big foot up and the li'l one down!"



HE little town at the end of steel lay under the darkness of a wet summer night, save for the lights at Mickey's Place, where a "muehegan" was in full swing. Here were congregated the bootleggers and tin-horns of the North Country, including some of the cleverest card-dealers in North America. Half-breeds and freighters from up country completed the assembly.

The overheated atmosphere was a fearful and wonderful combination of every variety of stench, the smell of old buckskins and moccasins mingling malodorously with that of stale perspiration and cheap whiskey. The hideously discordant piano shrieked out a staccato protest against the mauling it was undergoing at the hands of Murphy, the Ragtime Coon. Nevertheless, what Murphy missed in accuracy he made up for in rhythm, and his audience was not critical. They were dancing a quadrille under the vociferous instructions of Tony the Barber, who chanted directions to them from his vantage-ground on the top of a keg of nails.

"Cage your birdie seven wires high!  
Birdie fly out, hawk fly in;  
Hawk fly out and give birdie a swing!"

Near the door, watching the performance with mingled amusement and curiosity, stood three or four surveyors, who had arrived the night before on the Hudson's Bay boat from Fort Vermilion. There was not a

single white woman in the hall. The men danced with each other, and took turns in dancing with the seven or eight native girls who were there. Among these Mary, the slim, quarter-breed daughter of the old-timer Peter Rose, was easily the belle.

"Ladies cross their lily-white hands,  
Gellamen cross their black-and-tans,  
Ladies bow and gents bow-wow,  
And round and round you go!"

roared Tony. The surveyors glanced at each other and smiled their appreciation of this choice bit of versification. But one sat with his blue eyes on a couple who were dancing alone along the side of the wall.

Stewart Grey, who did not care for quadrilles, was one-stepping with Mary Rose. Drink had almost obliterated the classic beauty of his features. His once fine face was bloated and flushed, and he could barely keep his feet. Yet he insisted on finishing the dance, to Mary's displeasure, which grew in proportion as the crowd began to watch them.

"Cross right through and balance two,  
And swing that girl behind you!"

yelled Tony, and the dancers performed his bidding with howls of enthusiasm which brought two of the mounties from the nearby barracks. In sharp contrast to the flushed and uproarious mob within, the grave, cool, clean-cut young fellows stood in the door for a few minutes, their scarlet coats a vivid reminder of the hand of the law. But the unsubdued stench of the place soon drove them out, after they saw that except for noise

everything was apparently quite all right.

"First li'l lady run around the outside,  
Run around the outside, around the outside;  
First li'l lady run around the outside,  
Promenade all with your padners!"

sang Tony. A tall half-breed completed his promenade with a flourish that resulted in a collision with the one-stepping couple, and but for the lithe young strength of Mary Rose, Stewart would have fallen to the floor. The surveyor who had been watching them arose, and remarking that the smell of the place was more than he could stand, passed out into the night.

"Let me go! You are drunk. I will not dance with you any more!" exclaimed Mary, wriggling to free herself. As his only reply was to clasp her closer, she gave another wrench to effect her escape. Stewart needed just that much to lose his balance. With Mary in his arms he fell with a crash to the floor.

Rose a roar of ridicule and merriment which was repeated when Mary, scrambling to her feet, launched on him a flood of Cree invective of which he understood only a word here and there, but which set all the half-breeds grinning.

He took one step towards her, the fury of a beast in his sodden face. But a sudden ominous silence warned him that to start anything in that gang of thugs was suicide. He knew he was no favorite among either the whites or the breeds.

"And," finished Mary in English, stamping the pink satin slipper which Stewart had bought, "I'll be glad if you take that rank ugly face away where I never see it!"

Stewart whirled and lurched through the door, colliding in his blind wrath with the surveyor who had preceded him. The shock sent him reeling to the earth, where he sat, half-stunned, yet partly sobered.

"I say, I'm sorry!" said the man solicitously, "are you hurt?"

"What nell—?" began Stewart, when the stranger, who had bent over

to help him, straightened up with a sudden exclamation. The light from the muehegan hall fell on both of them. Then without a further word he turned and walked off, leaving Stewart seated on the ground in blasphemously expressed indignation.

"Who was it?" he wondered, "a stranger, but I've seen him before, and his voice was familiar, too."

His fogged brain refused to solve the problem for him, and presently a sound struck his ear that drove the thought from his mind, and set him cursing afresh. Ordinarily it was a pleasing enough sound. It was Mary Rose singing.

He could guess what had happened. To soothe Mary's wounded feelings, Tony the barber had lifted her up on the nail-keg and asked her to sing for them, as she often did. The Ragtime Coon faked an accompaniment, not unskillfully.

Stewart had reached the bank of the Heart River, and paused to let the cool wet wind blow through his hair. His hat he had left in the dance hall. Just across on the opposite bank stood his cabin. But the valley of the Heart was deep, though the river itself was a mere stream. To get home he had to follow a winding path down one bank, cross a precarious bridge at the bottom, and then climb the steep slope at the other side.

Across the black velvet of the night the girl's voice floated to him. Stewart straightened up suddenly. What was she singing? Where had she learned that song?"

"Come into the garden of roses, dear,  
And stand where the sunbeams fall."

A thousand volts of recollection jabbed his fast-sobering brain. He passed his hand over his brow, as if he would wipe away the mists of years and intoxication. And for the first time that night he thought of Anne, his wife.

Where had he heard that song last? Why, it had been popular years before—suddenly in utter contrast to

the muechegan hall he had just left, stood out the memory of the graduation dance of Anne's class, years ago in a down-east town. He remembered the assembly hall in the university, decked with flowers and filled with pretty girls in their white gowns, and among them Anne—Anne with her wonderful gold hair and clear gray eyes.

"White means your soul so pure, dear." sang the velvety Cree voice.

With a vividness that set him shaking he recalled his worship of that tall, gray-eyed girl; how it had seemed that without her the world would be ashes and dust. He could not bear to face a future that did not hold her.

Poor Stewart! He had been everybody's darling from his motherless babyhood up. His reckless high spirits, his gay, irresistible laugh, and his never-failing good comradeship were at so high a premium that he was never out of mischief, and no ungodly gathering ever knew his absence. More and more frequently he came home staggering; larger and ever larger grew his gambling debts; his expulsion from college in his junior year had partly sobered him, but only for a time, for he had not the strength of character to meet the temptations spread before him by too much popularity. At last even Anne had told him broken-heartedly that they must say farewell. So he had come to her graduation dance before departing the next day for the West. And for the last waltz the musicians had chosen the music of that bygone melody:

"My own rose, my one rose, that's you!"

When the waltz ended and they walked out into the starlight, he remembered how pale she was, and how she had suddenly put both arms about him, and said in a shaken voice, "Oh, Stewart, I can't bear it! I can't let you go! Take me with you, I'll go!"

Now Stewart's head bowed in utter shame. What had he brought her but regret? He had dragged her through degradation and despair. He had been drunk before they were married a week. He had lost position after position, thrown away chance after chance, squandered wages and contracted debts, till his name was a by-word, and the sight of him an eyesore. As civil engineer he had begun, as dish-washer in the railroad camps he had ended his career as a wage-earner. And now he did not work at all.

Yet always she followed him. She never complained, she never uttered a word of regret. Involuntarily, as he thought of her, he thought of those long, slim, all-enduring steel rails which they had followed westward during the ten years of their married life. Only she grew paler and paler, her cheeks grew thinner and thinner, and the sad eyes larger and larger, till the only beauty she had left was her still glorious hair. And even the paleness of her irritated him so that he often told her with frank brutality that he hated to look at her.

One day a young surveyor named Jim Garvie was brought into camp with his leg broken, and had been cared for by Anne, the only woman there. The young fellow had seemed impressionable, and did not hide his interest in his pale nurse. Stewart knew that Anne was not even aware of Garvie's regard, yet he had hurled unimaginable insults on her, and during the three months' drunk which followed, her life was a lurid, howling hell.

With a jerk of recollection Garvie's clean boyish face came into Stewart's mind. Why—yes, surely that was the man with whom he had collided at the door of the dance hall. Why had he not thought of him before? He must have come in from the survey party at Fort Vermilion, probably to see about getting supplies down the river. And so he had not thought him fit to pick up out of the mud.

And now they had drifted in here to the end of steel, in the valley of the Heart river, and they seemed to have reached the lowest ebb. They lived in the wretched shack across the Heart, living mostly on the proceeds of a small garden which Anne had planted and cared for herself; for Stewart had long ceased to hold any position, and the only money he ever made was when he had a streak of luck at cards. Anne carried the vegetables to the men in the railroad camps, holding her head high above the new humiliation of Stewart's infatuation for Mary Rose.

All these things crowded into his brain. He felt that everyone's hand was against him — he was despised even by the breeds. And now Mary had turned on him. How all Indian she had seemed, how beady her eyes had grown, as she stood storming at him in the smoke and stench of the dance-hall. A shudder of disgust ran through him. How could he ever have thought her pretty? Then he dismissed her moodily from his mind.

Suddenly through the night sounded the long doleful whistle of the "Muskeg Limited," as the twice-a-week construction train was ironically nicknamed. Stewart looked dully up at its lights, as it started on its way to Edmonton. The weird wail of the whistle fitted in with his own sombre thoughts.

Was there no hope? What would the end be? What manner of violent death lay at the end of his career? Fear began to grow in him. With a desperate determination born of it he sprang to his feet.

"By God, I'll show them!" he said aloud. "I can come back, I know I can. Anne will help me. She has never failed me once."

His poor pale Anne! How strangely and wistfully she had looked at him that very morning. And he had told her to take her cursed white face out of his sight!

Stewart decided not to go back for his hat. He was all eagerness to reach

Anne and tell her of his new resolve. What would she say? Involuntarily his eye sought that familiar gleam of light from the shack window, the lamp that Anne never failed to light to guide him. It was with a black sense of shock that his eye met only darkness.

She had gone to bed then. Usually she waited for him to come home. Would he wake her? He was very anxious to tell her, and finally decided that she would not mind being awakened. And in the morning he would make her stay in bed while he got breakfast; and then he would mend that broken fence around the garden—

He found himself running as eagerly as in their sweetheart days. He wished he had some little gift to take her, and he stopped, half-minded to go back. But the stores were closed, and anyway he had not a cent. With a curse he remembered that inside Mary's pink stocking nestled his last piece of money, a five-dollar gold piece that he had picked up in a poker game the night before.

As he halted a faint, spicy sweetness came stealing through the dark to him. It was June, and the wild roses of the north country were all in bloom. Stewart struck a match and pulled a handful of them for Anne. In the momentary gleam his face was the face of a lover.

"When you think a woman is pleased out of all proportion to the gift," Anne had once said, "remember it is not the gift she values, but the fact that you have been thinking of her."

Another long whistle from the train sounded drearily through the night. Stewart reached the bridge and tiptoed his way across it. Growing more and more eager as the distance grew shorter, he ran part-way up the bank. But his wrecked physique soon forced him to walk, panting.

Now he was outside the cabin. He would wake her with a kiss, give her the roses, and then tell her of his great



resolve. How happy she would be! But why was the lamp not burning?

Suppose something had happened to her! Suppose death lay inside the cabin! He hardly dared step within. The creaking of the door set his heart to jumping nervously.

He lit the lamp and turned to the bed. It was empty. The one bare room was pathetically neat, as usual. But where was Anne? Over him crawled the same fear which as a child he had felt when left alone in the dark. His ruined nerves twitched till he was forced to set the lamp on the table, and its light fell on a sheet of paper. He gazed at it with dread. Then he snatched it and held it to the light.

"I am taking the train for Edmonton to-night. Jim Garvie came to me last night and asked me to go away. I am going with my eyes open, for I have at least learned how much a man's promise to a woman means. But I do not care, any more."

The roses fell unheeded at the feet of the man, who peered fearfully into every corner of the room, as if by the intensity of his gaze he would compel Anne to take bodily presence there. Was it really too late? Hould could God play him such an awful trick? He stepped outside the door and turned his face to the south-east. Somewhere out there was Anne, his star, his wife. Why could she not feel his need of her? Could he never call her back?

Two miles away he could hear the engine whooping and grunting as it bucked the heavy seven-mile grade leading out of the valley. The impulse to run after it was irresistible, and suddenly he remembered that it often took upwards of an hour for it to reach Seven-Mile Point, at the top of the hill. Could he make it? True, it had two miles the start of him, but from his cabin he could cross-cut, climb the bank of the Heart again, and save a mile.

Through the darkness he lurched and stumbled, choking and gasping for breath. What was the matter with

his heart? He tried to run with the speed of his college days, forgetting the years of abuse since then. But when he reached the spot where he had hoped to catch the train, he saw its lights far ahead of him. Still he had made considerable gain, and desperately he followed along the ties, striving to lessen the distance between himself and the tail lights.

"I—can—make—it—I—can—make—it—I—can—make—it!" insisted the locomotive as it went doggedly upward and onward. But the faulty heart of the man toiling behind purred and banged like a racing engine, till from sheer terror he was forced to lie flat on his back, till it quieted a little. Gazing upward he saw that the sky had cleared and was full of stars. While he looked, one of them suddenly fell, leaving a brilliant pathway that ended in obliteration.

His star was falling, the one star that had shone unwaveringly through all the mists and fogs of his existence—falling and going out in darkness. And it was his fault. His were the sacrilegious hands that had dragged it down from its serene height. He rose to his feet and staggered on.

Suddenly within a mile from the top of the hill, a shudder ran through the whole length of the train, as the emergency brakes went on, and the engine stopped with a yell. its nose but a few yards from a fresh landslide that had buried a hundred feet of the track in sand. Stewart did not know what had happened, but he reached the rear car, and crawled up the steps; opened the door and came down the aisle to where she was sitting alone. Hearing his step she turned, and husband and wife stood face to face—she expecting nothing, asking nothing, caring nothing; he panting to lay his life at her feet in expiation. Stewart, reeling, hatless and muddy, was so frequent a spectacle in her life that it was not till he spoke that she realized that he had no place here.

"I came to save you, Anne!" he choked. She just looked at him.

"To save me from what?" she asked him dully.

"From dishonor, Anne," he said huskily; "running away from your husband—neither the world nor I would blame you for that; it was my fault, I know; but running away with another man—that is for lesser women than you. But now that I am here, nobody will know but that we came together. Listen!"

Kneeling before her, and clutching her skirt like a child, he told her of his new resolve, his new hopes; told her of the roses he had brought her, of all he meant to do. She listened indifferently, with disbelieving eyes.

"You will come back!" he moaned. "It won't be for long. I wanted to make good again, but I can't last out, I guess. I broke my heart—coming up that—cursed grade—don't go away—promise—"

He never knew that she did not believe him—never knew that he had utterly killed her faith in him. He crumpled into a heap, his hands clasping her feet. She sat quite still until Garvie, returning from his tour of inspection outside, bent over the prostrate man.

"Don't wake him!" she begged.

Garvie straightened up.

"He will never wake, Anne," he said.

But later in the night Anne believed, when she found on the floor of their cabin the handful of wild roses, the pitiful, faded gift of the man who had poured out his soul to death to do the one thing left him to do in atonement, to keep her name unspotted. Of the fact that he was already too far gone, that his resolve was hopeless, that he must inevitably have gone on and downward, she thought not at all;

the one thought that clutched her heart with claws of flame was—he had come home to her for help and encouragement in his great determination, and she had failed him. The half-breed woman crouching on the floor beside the fire, wife of the native who had driven them back, looked up in bewilderment to see the white woman break suddenly into terrible tears.

"There is nothing— to keep you here," said Garvie, three days later, "and you can still use that ticket to Edmonton, you know."

Anne winced. Garvie's presence brought her a stinging sense of shame. Though she had gone with him unquestioningly, exacting no promises and receiving none, expecting nothing better than the usual sordid ending, it was surprising how bitterly it hurt her to have him refer again to their flight. Mutely she shook her head.

"Yes, you must go," he insisted, "you cannot stay here. I am going back down the river myself. It is what I should have done in the first place. But as soon as you said you would go, I wired somebody in Edmonton to expect you—somebody who will be much disappointed if you don't come."

"Who?" asked Anne, startled.

"My mother," said Garvie. "Our camp does not break up till November, and it will be well into December before I reach civilization again. Will you stay with her, Anne, and keep her from being too lonely—till I come back?"

Some of her lost beauty shone through the golden look she gave him.

"I will go," said Anne, and, Jim, I owe you an apology."

But she never told him why.





BLESSING THE MAPLES

From the Painting by A. Suzor-Côté  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# THE PADRE WHO WAS BORN AGAIN

BY HARRY AMOSS



HEARD the latest about that fighting parson of yours, Bob?" inquired lawyer Hinson, as I drifted in to his office the other day. "Talk of the ravages of war; one does not need to visit the ruined cities of France! And the parson used to be a superior type of gentleman. Bred from one of our finest families. Refined—almost fastidious in his tastes. A bit meddlesome, I grant—always a bit meddlesome. But clear cut, rigid, not to say extreme and puritanical in his views."

"And now, demme, he hasn't a shred of religion—save the clothes he wears. No sense of dignity. Associates with all the pool-shooting, cigarette-smoking, Florida-water-drinking riff-raff of the town. A Salvation Armyist, not to say Bolshevik. Fills the church with them. The decent, respectable members of his congregation who support him, sir, support him, no longer feel inclined to attend the services. He is making religion a common thing. Our religion, sir. The church is little better than a public house. We are being frozen out. An indictable offence in any other line of business."

"And demme, when he returned from overseas, the very best houses in town had opened their doors wide to welcome him; and that in spite of the rather discreditable manner of his enlistment. Why—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Hinson, but by the way, how did the padre come to enlist as a gunner?" I interrupted.

"Why demme, a very nasty, ill-considered action on his part. As I have intimated, the parson, at that time, was a man of the utmost refinement—supersensitive in fact. The slightest exhibition of vulgarity was painfully offensive to him. Even tobacco smoke he could not endure. It is questionable whether wickedness was more abhorrent to him because of its sin or its repulsiveness. Besides he was a trifle intolerant—ah, meddlesome in fact."

"In one of his sermons he made reference to some poor fool of a youngster in khaki; cigarette dangling from his lips, and obscenity rolling from his tongue. I was a bit annoyed myself at the time, but said nothing. (Jimmy, you know, had just enlisted). Others, however, were less reticent. That same week the parson enlisted in the artillery as a common gunner. A most impulsive, spasmodic action. He could have secured a commission easily. A reflection on his church and on his congregation, sir. However, you never can tell what these gaunt, hollow-cheeked, deep-eyed, lantern-jawed personages with strong convictions will do."

"What about the latest, Mr. Hinson?" I inquired, fearing another digression.

"O yes, the latest!" And the lawyer bit the end from a fresh cigar and

tucked it unlighted into the left corner of his mouth as was his custom.

"Why, demme, the meddling fool is trying to rake up an old scandal in connection with the factory here. Soldiers' beans! Rubbish! All squared up two years ago, anyway. But he wants to pry the lid off again. Bad for the town. Bad business. The war is over now. Why not let the matter rest? And Bill Onare, the manager, is one of the straightest men in town. Sunday-school superintendent in his own church. Not the Church of course. But nevertheless he is a good, reliable, business man. His brother was in the army—"

"A return-ticket tripper to England," I suggested.

"Pooh! Pooh! Another old scandal!" exploded the lawyer. He gave his cigar a roll, and this is his story:

The parson in his search for evidence, interviewed the turnkey. Turnkey's wife worked in the factory at the time the trouble occurred. She did not wish to talk for fear of endangering her husband's position. One evening the parson and the turnkey were discussing the matter in the jail office. About ten o'clock constable Stimmers slammed open the door and shoved in young Jerry Haines by the coat collar. (Widow Haines's son. Lives down by the station).

"Turnkey," he shouts, "I want you to lock up this young rascal for thieving. Got him with the goods!" and he exhibited a sheet of new tin, the kind they use in manufacturing the cans. (Stimmers is special constable at the factory).

"What the deuce you kids hanging about here for?" he shouts at three shadowy forms outside the doorway. "I'll pull you for accomplices." The forms disappeared.

"Here, lock him up, Bill!" and he gave the boy a push forward. "I'll bring the papers up in the morning. And keep this evidence, till I want it." He dropped the sheet of tin on the desk and turned towards the door.

"Just a moment, Mr. Constable," boomed the deep voice of the parson. "Did you steal this tin, my boy?"

"No, sir!" replied the youth in a half-defiant, half-terrified voice.

"Then, Mr. Turnkey," continued the parson, "you are not going to lock up this lad, and put a mark on his character."

"Who says we're not?" bellowed Stimmers, peering over the desk at the parson sitting in the shadow. "Oh, its the soldiers' beans parson," the constable sneered. "Well, this isn't rotten beans to-night, mister. This is stealing. And I'm going to see the thief is locked up. Bill, do your duty!"

"Not unless you're a bigger man than I am," answered the parson rising from his chair in all his six foot, two. When the parson sets that square jaw of his, he means business. A splendid type of man in many ways, but meddlesome, meddlesome. Of course with all his bluster, Jim Stimmers has no backbone, or he would not be doing dirty work for Onare down at the factory.

"I'll be responsible for this boy's appearance at any time. He is going with me, to-night," went on the parson. He stalked round the table, and he and the lad went out of the door, Jim stepping aside as if he were in the way of Sol Peters's wild Ford.

"What in blazes did you let the prisoner escape for?" yells Jim to the turnkey as soon as the parson and his protégé had disappeared. "You'll get in wrong for this night's work."

"Didn't see you blocking the door much, Jim," grinned the turnkey. "Anyway he warn't my prisoner. I didn't have no commitments yet."

The two squabbled away, while the parson and the boy went down the street to Goodart, the magistrate. Goodart had gone to bed, but the parson awakened him, and the old man came down stairs in his trousers, slippers and a sweater coat, and let them in.

"Mr. Goodart," spoke the parson, "this young lad has been accused by

the cannery constable of stealing tin. The boy denies the accusation. I regard it as an outrage to imprison a young lad like this, and put a mark upon his character. I wish to make myself responsible for his appearance at any hour you may desire, sir. Can I arrange bail for him?"

"No bail needed from you, captain," replied the magistrate. Goodart had been an old Imperial soldier. "Be on hand to-morrow night at seven o'clock, sir."

The following evening Onare, his brother Charles, constable Stimmers and I appeared at magistrate Goodart's office. A moment later the parson, the widow, the accused and three other boys came in.

Constable Stimmers went on the stand. He explained how, owing to an epidemic of thievery at the factory he had been engaged as special constable. The night on which the alleged theft occurred, the factory had been running overtime, and he was poking around outside the buildings. He had arrested young Haines not twenty feet from the factory door, as he was carrying away the sheet of tin submitted in evidence. The tin was new and bright, and must have been taken from the stock rooms.

On the face of it the evidence should have secured a conviction.

The magistrate looked over the widow to the parson, and asked who represented the accused in the case.

"I do, your honour," answered the parson.

"Do you wish to examine the witness?" inquired Goodart.

"No, your honour," replied the parson; and Jim stepped down.

Thought to myself: no refutation of Stimmers's evidence; that makes the case secure. Was afraid the parson would inquire whether Stimmers had any special motive in securing a conviction.

"I wish to put this boy on the stand, your honour," continued the parson. "I am not a lawyer and am unfamiliar with methods of court procedure; but I wish you to ask him these ques-

tions," and he handed the magistrate a sheet of paper.

Goodart put on his goggle spectacles—(Curious how they have come into style again; hate them myself)—and picked up the paper.

"H'm," he says. "Swear the boy."

The boy was sworn.

"H'm," says Goodart, looking at the paper again. "What is your name?"

"Jerry Haines, sir."

"What is your age?"

"Sixteen, sir."

Of course that "sir" betrayed the parson's coaching.

"What Sunday school do you attend?"

"The \_\_\_\_\_, sir."

"Who is your teacher?"

"Mr. Onare, sir."

Demme, the parson should have been a lawyer, sir. That was one under our guard. Hit hard too. Onare is obsessed with his Sunday-school project. Curious too. Rockefeller reflection, I suspect. Charles, his brother—well, he's less religious—saw the point at once, and gave Onare a "what do you think of that" look. The magistrate continued.

"Where do you work?"

"At the canning factory mostly, sir."

"What do you do with your wages?"

"Give them to my mother, sir."

"All of them?" I could see that Goodart was putting in one on his own.

"Yes, sir."

"H'm. Where did you get this tin?"

"I found it by the railway track as I was going to work; and hid it near the factory door, so I could get it when I left at night."

"What were you going to do with the tin?"

"Going to fix around under the door at home, sir."

In reality this evidence had not changed the situation. A certain fabricated refutation of the constable's statements was to be expected.

New, clean factory tin does not grow along railway tracks. And supposing the boy had found it there, that did not absolve him of the alleged crime. I was just in the act of stepping forward to cross-examine young Haines, when Onare shook his head. Why, I do not profess to know. Onare is neither explanatory nor self-explanatory. I presume he accepted the parson's reference to his Sunday school activities as a form of religious challenge.

The parson put each of the other three boys in the witness box. Each swore that he had left the factory with the accused; that the latter had no tin with him when he came away from the building; that he could not have hidden it under his coat because the sheet was too large. The boys had parted company with Haines at the factory door; had seen the arrest made, but were some distance away at the time.

Then the widow was called to the stand. Too garrulous a witness! Goodart could not hold her in check. Her Jerry was a good boy; a good boy at heart, any way. Since he began working at the factory, he had learned to use rough language, and she had caught him smoking cigarettes. It was such a worry to a poor widow.

Then the parson took the reins. Something imposing about the parson when he assumes a military pose—if he were not so meddlesome—well—

"Mrs. Haines, have you ever known your boy to steal anything?"

"No, sir. Not from anyone, that is. He had taken pie—"

"Did he say anything about fixing the door-step at home?"

"Yes. He says only yesterday morning, he would be fixing under the door. The boards were that worn the—"

"What does your boy do, during the day?"

"Why, land sakes, he's working at the canning factory. He—"

"Is he ever idle?"

"Not unless he be teetotal out of work. When the factory closes he

goes to Al Brant's store. Leastaways, last winter he did."

"What does he do with his money?" asked the parson.

"He brings every cent of it to his mother. He would be such a good boy, if he hadn't learned to smoke and swear. He is—"

"Mrs. Haines, Jerry is a good boy. Any son sixteen years of age, who works every day, gives his wages to his mother and looks after his home, is a good boy. More, he is a Christian boy. I do not like to see a boy smoking, nor do I like to hear him swearing. However I say to myself, perhaps life for that boy is a hard job, a rough job, a dirty job. His moral clothing is rough and coarse and stained. But the soul within may be clean and pure and noble. A Christ soul, living the Christ life, and doing the deeds of Christ. 'The body is no more than raiment.' Some day when life becomes a cleaner job for Jerry, he will adopt another garment. Thank you, Mrs. Haines; that will do."

"A most astounding statement from a minister of the gospel! Immorality condoned, if not actually commended. What was there is your war life, Bob, that could bring about such a revolutionary change in a man's moral outlook?" inquired the lawyer with a puzzled frown.

"How did the case end, Mr. Hinson?" I countered.

"With Goodart strongly prejudiced in favour of the defense, and with Onare sulky as an obstinate mule on account of that imagined Sunday school affront, the case could have but one ending. We lost. But this is what I cannot understand: One does not gather new sheets of factory tin along railway tracks. The parson is no fool — at least not in a logical sense. Demme, laying aside his condonation of swearing and smoking how can he justify himself in defending a case of petty thievery? What did the army do to that man, Bob? He was chaplain of your artillery brigade, you tell me."



I accepted a prior 'quid pro quo' in the form of one of the lawyer's long cigars.

"Religious psychology is not one of my strong points," I answered. "If you want a type case I might refer you to the story of Paul. Was that the man who was born again? No. Well he underwent a sudden change of some kind, did he not? That is what happened the padre. However I will give you the facts of the case, and you may evolve the theory."

I can offer you only hearsay evidence concerning events up to the time the padre was attached to the brigade.

Think he must have been in training at Shorncliffe about the same time I was—perhaps a little before. I never met him there, but knew several boys who were in the same reserve battery. They sized him up as a very decent fellow. He slapped one exceptionally foul-mouthed chap; and shook another fellow sober. But those were incidents that might have happened to anyone, preacher or otherwise. The army is the one place where a man's personal private opinions are strictly respected, so long as they are not obtruded for people to stumble over.

One of his college chums who sported a brass hat, got track of him. The first thing the boys knew, he was pulled out of the battery and made a padre.

If what you say about the padre before he enlisted is true — and I guess it is—it must have been white collars that put him dippy. Tom Becket, wasn't it, who went nuts when the king made him a bishop? Guide at Canterbury speeled the yarn.

I don't remember to what camp the padre was attached, but he immediately undertook a crusade. Tried to Christianize the whole Canadian army. Like attacking the Hindenburg line with a hand grenade! And he didn't just go after the men, but tried it out on the officers. Got on the nerves of his brass-hatted friend,

I guess. Anyway he was shot over to France, and inflicted on our brigade. He had mighty rough going there. You have met fellows with the grip of a grizzly in their handshake. The colonel was like that in his language. Didn't know the strength of his own vocabulary. It's tenderest touch must have been agonizing to a sensitive conscience.

The first sermon I heard the padre preach was a speel on filthy language. At the conclusion, the Colonel stepped into the square and addressed the brigade:—"I wish to call the attention of the officers and men to the damnable horsemanship of this brigade. You ride like a lot of damned stuffed monkeys at a zoo——"

The padre, who stood immediately behind him, was petrified. Even the men were scandalized. Yet the colonel meant nothing at all. He was most rigidly insistent on all matters of etiquette; but, as I tell you, he didn't know the strength of his own vocabulary.

The officers were good fellows, but followed the lead of the colonel, who liked his Scotch and could laugh at a story. So you can imagine the padre was about as comfortable at mess as a Kamerad among a bunch of Jocks, and about as popular; because, believe me, he was no dug-out Joe, but stuck to his guns and put over retaliation whenever he got a target. However, Fifty-fifty, who was cooking up at the mess, said it was very disagreeable for everyone, and that the colonel was trying to make a deal in parsons, but could not.

And the men had no use for him. Why the skimmers would volunteer to pack ammunition over the Ridge on a Saturday night to avoid church parade Sunday morning. And that trip over the Ridge was frequently more than an exercise ride. Why the padre would have turned K. R. and O. into a catechism and ten commandments. Pure lives! As though a man with a stockyard running loose in his shirt and no clean clothes at the baths, cared a continental about pure living.

And then he was always harping on the subject of Salvation. I'll tell you what he did once.

One evening at Hill Seventy the mess cart had just left the battery position, when Fritzie opened up his garden spray. The left section commander happened to be in my gun pit at the time. We all huddled down to keep clear of the humming-birds. The lieutenant opened some of the mail he had just received (long days then) and started to read. Suddenly he held out a leaflet.

"Look at that, corporal!"

We all flopped as a 4.1 burst in front of the pit, and then I squinted. Across the front page was printed in black letters:

#### AFTER THE GRAVE—WHAT?

"Hell of a thing for a man to get at a time like this!" he commented.

To the uninitiated this presentation may seem to have been very opportune. But it is the contemplation of death, rather than death itself, that is terrible. When one is so busy dodging death that one has no time to contemplate it, the appeal falls flat. Uncertainty in the midst of certainty grapples one's attention. But in a fog one walks gaily over a precipice. Where would we spend eternity? Why we had no idea where the battery would be next day.

Postie let the news out. The padre had received a package of tracts from home, and had sent a copy to every officer in the brigade. Not as a joke, either. Come to think of it, that was the trouble with the padre. Took everything seriously. He didn't live—just existed according to a set of rules. And he couldn't understand any change in the game.

Mind you the padre had—how have the Americans camouflaged the word?—bowels. No, that means compassion and that was where the padre fell down. Nerve! The padre had nerve. He always made his round of the guns; though we would just as soon have had old M—— himself nosing around on an inspection. But the

boys stood for it, not because he was an officer, but because he had the nerve to come up there. Every man has his good points, mind you.

Usually, when a fellow got his, you felt stunned for a while, but that soon passed off. There wasn't much mourning that went to waste. But the death of the Swede dropped a bomb right down into the dugout of every man's heart.

Anson, I think, was his name. Everyone called him the Swede, or the Big Swede. A huge, ugly-faced fellow, inclined to be surly. But when you got to know him, he was not so bad looking at all; and he had a heart as big as a rum jar. I have known him to twist his last cigarette in two; and that is a pretty severe test. But he was an awful boozier when he got the chance, and the most extensively vocabularied man in the battery — not original stuff, mostly repeats, but bountiful. I think he could have salvaged and peddled a six-gun battery. As a matter of fact, at the time I speak he was under open arrest for flogging a bag of oats for cognac.

We had been over the Ridge about three weeks. Our guns were in the cellars of the ruined houses of Vimy town. We lived in Fritzie dugouts which in some cases opened immediately into these cellar gun-pits; but more frequently had their entrances in the cellars of adjoining houses. If the roof of the cellar was still intact, and more especially if it was covered with the beams, bricks and débris of the shattered house, our quarters were fairly safe. But as soon as you poked your nose outside — WOW! To make matters worse, an Imperial six-inch battery had pulled in and located just on our left. Fritzie got wise to them, and kept feeling around with 5.9's and sometimes with eight-inch stuff. At every burst, a red volcano of brickdust would belch up smothering the ruined city like a Sahara sand storm. Of course when there was no straaaf on, life was not too bad. But it was the uncertainty of existence that got one's goat.

Perhaps you would be wandering about the position, or packing ammunition to the pit, or carrying a dixie of water from the spring, when things opened up; and away the boys scurried to the nearest dugout openings, like a bunch of frightened rabbits hiking for their holes. "Lives of the Hunted," Geranium Bill termed it.

One afternoon Dixie Bill and I were fussing about the old bean-blower, trying to get into shape a badly-burned B.L.M., when the Swede came over from No. 3 to borrow a pick. The centre section was forever borrowing equipment and forgetting to return it. We sat in the gun-pit chewing the rag about a fuse key that had not turned up since a visit from the genial Irish sergeant of "C" gun crew. Suddenly Fritz let loose a salvo. One crumpled between the pit and our dug-out, which was in the cellar of the house across the road. We had seen what a direct hit on one of these cellar gunpits meant, so we made a break for it. Down the dug-out steps we went with a rush, just as another big one burst in our vicinity. The concussion had put the candle out, and the passage was a well of darkness. By the time we hit the bottom steps, another one burst with a muffled, far-away report over our heads. But it wasn't so far away you couldn't feel the kick of it.

"Yeesus! Yeesus!" exclaimed the Swede.

"Are you not afraid, Anson, to use such language at a time like this?" boomed the deep voice of the padre just at our elbow.

I don't know to this day how or when he got down there. He must have been caught in his rounds and dived for the nearest funkhole. But I tell you the boom of his voice in the dark gave us a jar worse than a five-by-nine.

The Swede mumbled some sort of apology, and Geranium Bill relit the candles. It was not a bad little home that Fritzie had bequeathed us. There were four board bunks on one

side. We had cleaned out the straw the Germans used. (Bolshevists I think you might have termed the inhabitants, if that means "The Reds"). Then we had creolined the place until it was fairly comfortable. On the side opposite the bunks, I had a stretcher with the handles resting on ammunition boxes. It made a softer bed than the board bunks.

Dixie Bill swung into his bunk. Geranium, Shorty and Our Erb were already in theirs. The padre and I sat on the ammunition boxes, while the Swede perched on the lower dug-out step. It is curious sitting in a deep dugout, listening to the sound of shells bursting outside. They seem miles overhead. You would think you were down in the very bowels of the earth. And you feel so safe and secure. Of course a direct hit might have got us, because the dugout entrance faced the wrong way.

An old gunner rarely talks at such a time. He prefers to lie quiet, enjoying to the utmost, as it were, the sense of security. But a new hand always wants to babble. That in itself is irritating. It breaks the spell. But to listen to the Padre preach a sermon on blasphemy — it was like quenching a fire with oil; that is supposing inaudible blasphemy is as bad as the spoken variety. The Swede, whom the padre had chosen for a registration target, got restless and moved up a step or two.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Someone ban calling up there," and beat it up the steps.

We all laughed in our sleeves, thinking the Swede was making his getaway from the padre. If he preferred shells to sermons, that was his funeral.

The conversation died down after he left. I think even the padre suspecting him. We sat in silence amid the glimmering darkness. No one lit a cigarette for fear of starting something else. The thuds overhead became less frequent.

Suddenly Geranium Bill jumped out of his bunk. "Say, you guys, I smell gas."

We were all pretty windy about gas. Three days before Fritzies had put on his first big shell gas attack, in an attempt to smother the Canadian batteries. Some of us were feeling squeamish yet. We didn't need a second sniff. It was coming down the passage strong. We slapped on our masks in quick order, someone remarking that since the shelling had died down somewhat it would be better on top.

When we got out, we heard the fluttering whirr of gas shells dropping around us. The valved ends of these shells make a sort of slithery, whining purr—a sneaking, ghostly sound. I looked around. About fifty yards away, near the first gun of the Imperial battery, was the Swede. He seemed to be bending over someone, trying to lift him.

"Bring up that stretcher," I shouted down the stairs. Then I stumbled over the bricks and stones toward the Swede.

One of the Imperial gunners had been hit in the left arm and leg. He was twisting about on the ground, just conscious enough to impede the efforts of the Swede, who was trying to put a gas mask on him, but could not get the teat in the Woodbiner's mouth or the necessary clip on his nostril.

"Where are the blighters, that they don't look after their own wounded? Shout down the dugout!" I yelled, frantically pulling off the face of my mask, but leaving the teat in my mouth and the clip adjusted.

"It ban no use," said the Swede, calmly completing his task.

Just then the padre came up with the stretcher. Was the nearest person to it, I suppose, when I shouted down the passage.

"Where is your gas mask, Anson," he mumbled. "Go to your quarters and get it immediately!"

The swede pointed to the mask he had just adjusted to the face of the wounded man and replied: "This ban no time for fooling, mister. Get him on the stretcher, corp."

Together we put the Imperial on the stretcher, and Anson stepped between the front handles.

"You can't go; you have no mask," expostulated the padre.

"Ban you never quitten fooleng. I tanks gas ban gone now," answered the Swede, grasping the handles at his end.

I suppose I should have stopped him. But the gas was thinning down, and then the Swede was as bull-headed as an army mule. Geranium Bill stepped up to the other end of the stretcher, but the padre pushed him aside.

"I'm doing this," he said, picking up his end. "Anson and I will manage it."

However, I sent Geranium Bill and Shortly along as reliefs, because it was quite a pack.

Bill returned with a delicious odor of rum on his breath, and told us what had happened at the dressing-station.

When they got there, they pushed through the gas curtain at the entrance of the field ambulance dugout. The army was just beginning to experiment with gas curtains then. This was the first Bill had seen. An orderly rushed to put the curtain back in place; and the doctor came out of the dressing-room and started to rave because they had let gas into the dugout. Then he saw the Swede.

"What! You back again! What have you got this time? Bring him in here," and he led the way toward the dressing-room. They walked along a dimly-lit, heavily-timbered, white-washed passage reeking with the odors of anaesthetics and antiseptics; then turned into a brightly-lighted room to the right of the passage. The distant burr of a gasoline engine explained the brilliant electric lights overhead. As they lifted the Imperial gunner upon the operating-table, the padre found an opportunity of replying to the doctor's exclamation.

"Has Anson been here before, doctor?" he inquired.

"Oh! How do, padre. Didn't make you out in the dark. Yes, he brought a jaw and shoulder case in, all by his lonesome, not twenty minutes ago. How the hell he got him here, and how they made it through the barrage, I don't know. Told him to stay here. till the straaaf was over. He took a swallow of rum and said there was another. Where's your gas mask, my man?" he inquired, suddenly looking at the Swede.

The Swede pointed to the mask they had just taken off the Wood-biner.

"Well, I'll be — —," exclaimed the doctor. "Pardon, Padre! What's your name, number and unit, my man?"

"There ban no use your pinching me, doctor. I ban arrested already." (Think I told you the Swede had been pulled for peddling oats.) ..

"Arrested be damned! I'm recommending you. Best piece of work I ever saw done!" exclaimed the doctor.

During the next hour we sat around the gunpit discussing the incident. Everyone felt a bit mean to think that we had allowed the Swede to take all the chances alone with the first blighter. But then, as I said before, we thought he had just gone out to see a man about a dog while the padre was preaching. Some of us were inclined to criticize the Imperials. But the chances are, they had not understood the Swede when he shouted down the dugout passage to them. They never were in a hurry to tumble out, even for their S. M.

Suddenly one of the Golddust Twins from No. 3 rushed into the pit.

"Got that stretcher here?" he shouted. "The Swede's all in. Think he's croaking."

Geranium picked up the stretcher from where he had dropped it when he returned, and we all beat it over to No. 3. The Swede was curled up on a bunch of sandbags, against what was left of the side of the house that formed their gun-pit. His face was a blue-black color; and he was gasping

and retching, and twisting about as if he had cramps. Bill came up with the stretcher, and he and three gunners from the other pit packed the Swede to the dressing-station. I suspect that Bill's eagerness to act as stretcher-bearer was not altogether disinterested.

Irish, the sergeant of No. 3, and I went over to the officers' quarters to report. The officers had a cellar with sandbags of bricks piled over it, for a mess-room. A blanket was hung across the door-way. Through it, as we came up, we could hear the major and the padre talking.

The padre had just finished speaking. We stood a minute, and listened to the major's reply.

"It can't be done, padre, can't be done. He is slated for trial and will have to go up. But I will do everything in my power to get him off."

We knocked, and going in reported that Anson had been taken to the dressing-station, badly gassed.

"To the dressing-station?" inquired the padre. And when we answered in the affirmative, he got up without a word and hurried towards the field ambulance dugout.

The padre was with the Swede when he died. Funny how that gas will crinkle up some fellows like green leaves near a bonfire, while others it scarcely fizzes. The wounded man they packed over was O.K., as far as gas was concerned. Perhaps he did not breathe as much as the Swede. Doctor said exertion had something to do with it.

That was Friday. Saturday noon Geranium Bill and I were relieved. When we drifted back into the horse-lines, we found the wildest rumors in circulation among the skinnners. The Swede had saved the entire Imperial battery. The padre had rescued the Swede and carried him in his arms for more than a mile. Of course Bill and I were besieged for details; and, as a matter of course, we were soundly criticized. I did feel sick of myself when I learned about this exertion business. But then the

drivers always were ready to explain how the war was being lost.

Sunday morning one of the drivers, talking the usual five-minute rest from grooming, returned with another rumor. The padre was going to preach a funeral service for the Swede. At first everyone ascribed the rumor to the customary origin. But it persisted and was supplemented, until we began to give it credence. For once in the history of the battery everyone wanted to attend church parade.

The four batteries were lined up on three sides of a hollow square, upon a level bit of ground near our horse-lines. The officers stood inside, in front of their respective batteries; while the H.Q. officers closed in the open end of the square. The presence of the colonel and three of the battery majors from the guns, was sufficient proof that the morning's rumor was not unfounded. The pulpit, located near the centre, was constructed of empty ammunition boxes covered with a Jack.

The service opened with the usual singing, prayers and reading. Then the padre turned over the leaves of the book and slowly read his text: "Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Then in a choked voice he told the story of Anson's death, neither praising nor dispraising, but simply relating the facts as they had occurred. According to his telling, the Swede died a mighty painful sort of death. Closing the book, he stepped out in front of the pulpit. There was no choke in his voice, as he began the real sermon. It rang clear, deep and vibrant, with a note of power in it like the roar of a twelve-inch gun. His eyes looked straight ahead at Berthonville Wood, in the distance.

"No panegyric to the departed can be more fitting than the tale of his deed simply told. Words cannot embellish the deeds of heroes, nor the acts of unselfish men. These stand like the stars, eternal in their beauty,

eternal in their glory and eternal in their altitudes above the comprehension of mankind. Like the stars they—and they alone of all man's actions—are creations, the product of the infinite within his bosom. God who created the world and Christ who died to save it are one and the same. What science, what philosophy, what reason can explain the sacrifice of self to the good of others. It is past understanding, neither of the body, nor of the flesh, not yet of the brain, but of the spirit. It contravenes the laws of nature and is an expression of that which exists behind all nature. It is a god act, a creation.

"The mortal may partake of the glory of the immortal, but cannot glorify it. Shall the moon illumine the sun? Neither can the lips of the orator, the brush of the painter, nor the pen of the poet, which are but of the forms of creation, add one lustre to that which is creation. The deeds of the dead I have recounted unto you. Nothing shall be added, and nothing taken away."

The padre took a step forward and looked slowly around the circle. We were all spellbound. Even Munching Sam had forgotten furtively to chew his cud and expectorate. An audible convulsive swallow, every now and again, indicated that Sam's complete absorption in the discourse had caused him to overlook a leakage in the back valves.

"Boys," continued the padre, "this is my last sermon. I would not dare preach to you to-day, but I feel that what is due the dead is a hundred fold due the living. I cannot expiate to the dead the malfeasance of my priestly office. Him, in my wickedness, with reproaches have I stoned, even as Saul stoned Stephen. Out from his death has come a great light, and I am blinded. But to-day I stand before you in the hope that I may yet atone to you the betrayal of the trust committed unto me; and that God in His infinite mercy may use my humble confession as an instrument of righteousness.

"I am as a whitened sepulchre full of dead men's bones. All my life have I trod the path of the Sadducee, lettering the law and living in denial of its spirit. All my life, like the Pharisee, have I held in strict observance rites and ceremonies and the traditions of the elders; but the love of Christ was not in me. All my life like the Levite, have I wrapped myself in robes of righteousness and passed on the other side. I cannot cry, even as the publican of old: 'Lord be merciful to me a sinner', but must stand at the gates of the city and shout in despair: 'Unclean! Unclean!'

"Men, I have walked in darkness. But for one brief moment, beside his tortured dying body, I saw the glory of the transfiguration. Oh, the agony of recognizance! In that brief moment the darkness was illumined. I saw the glory of a thousand Christs all about me. An innumerable multitude who had left father and mother, wife and child, riches and comfort, to take up their cross and follow Him, laying down their lives for His name's sake. Then the light vanished and I was left blind — a lost memory in hell.

"And it was given me to minister unto you. You asked of me bread and I gave you a stone. You cried aloud for the salvation of life, and I preached unto you the salvation of death. I have made the Church of Christ a byword and a reproach. I have used the name of Christ to exorcise devils of my own imaginings; but the love of Christ I never knew, never gave unto you. I, in my pride judging the outward man, have scorned you as sinners, blasphemers and drunkards. Not that I abate one jot or tittle of protest against these things. They are an abomination unto the Lord, but God knows the heart within.

"The religion of Christ is not a negative thing. It is positive; a vitality, a freedom, a growth. Not by what man fails, but by what he does shall he be judged. Religion is

dynamie, not static; a living, doing self within us. It is the growth of that immortal creative spark in every man's heart that enables him to escape the laws of self, and recreate the world around him. What God did when he made a star, what Christ did when he saved the world, you also may do when you live in the life of another. 'This is my command, that ye love one another even as I have loved you.' And you have done it. For months I have lived among you, and knew you not. I have witnessed your bravery in the face of danger, your cheerfulness under privations, your bearing of one another's burdens, your sacrifice of self, even to the laying down of your lives for the sake of others, and I never knew. I have been as the hireling shepherd and knew not my sheep. I am not worthy to preach unto you——"

"Keep right on, padre, you've just started," shouted the irrepressible battery trumpeter.

"Mr. ——," growled the colonel, turning to the brigade orderly officer, "maintain discipline in the ranks!"

I can't dope out all that sermon to you. The padre, coming down to earth, said in effect that he had been a brass-polishing, shoe-shining, whisker-shaving, harness-cleaning, steel-burnishing sort of padre, instead of the real article; and that he was going to quit chocolate soldiering at the base and go up to the guns — or words having that spiritual significance.

I suppose that was the change you were asking about, Mr. Hinson. Though, mind you, I don't say it happened all of a sudden. Might have been like Porky's beer. Porky was the cook, and tried to make a brew from the issue raisins, prunes and dates he had skinned from the menu. Plugged the keg up so tight she burst. But a lot of sizzling went on before the hoops gave way.

"I suppose you refer to cumulative effects," suggested the lawyer. "Did the parson leave you? I never heard of that."

"I'll tell you that, too, while I'm at it," I volunteered. "Of course he did not go. When the smoke-shell clouds drifted away, he was entrenched in the brigade for good and all.

That afternoon at stable time, Fifty-fifty wandered into the camp. He used to be on my gun crew, before the colonel discovered his ability of making tarts out of issue jam—and whisper, mixing a drink. Fifty ran a swell café in Montreal before enlisting.

"Anything on the hip, Fifty?" I tentatively inquired. With the colonel's private stock at one end of the run and a thirsty gun crew at the other, Fifty did a swell boot-legging business. And he wasn't mean with his old pals either.

"He dropped one eye in a significant manner; and while the captain was at the other end of the line, we strolled over to the tin shack the sergeant had bequeathed.

"Go easy, Bob," he cautioned, as he pulled a bottle from the bulge in his riding-breeches, 'it's the last drop in the bucket. Do you want a good gunner on your crew, Bob? I'm coming back to the battery.'

"Job's yours, Fifty. But what's happened at the Ritz-Carlton? Is the ostermoor getting lumpy, or are the steaks tough, or has the padre swiped the key to the bar?"

"Damn the padre! They've gone nuts up there. It's this way——"

"Old Mickey and I were setting the mess table, (Pat's away) when in stalks the colonel fresh from church parade.

"Take that liquor off the table McFlarety," he says to Mickey. 'None served in the future. O, yes, McFlarety, you can collect what is in

mess stores and divide it among the officers. Keep all that black label for me. It's getting scarce.'

"I began to see where a long drouth started for mine. 'That's the last black label you get, Bob. I have four common stuff cashed, though.'

"By and by the officers came in and sat down to dinner. Mickey rushed in the soup. I was flopping the steak, when one chunk slewed into the ashes. Don't know what I said. Not much. Before that steak struck the cinders, I had figured out that it would go to Fussy Frank; and the tough piece I had been saving him, would go to Fatty.

"In comes Old Mickey. 'Colonel wants you in the mess room *toots sweet!*'

"Mickey tends steak, while I gives my hands a rub, slips into my tunic and parades up to attention before the old man.

"You are accused of using language contrary to K. R. and O.'

"My jaw must of kind of dropped. 'Swearing?' I stuttered.

"Yes, swearing," he thundered, Guilty or not guilty?"

"I thought for a second he was joking, so I bucked up a bit. 'I might have said something, sir. You see a coal from the fire burned—'

"Seven days C. B.' he snapped. That gets my nanny proper.

"Am I to understand, sir, that I am not allowed to swear in my own kitchen? How can I cook?"

"He just kind of swallowed like pressing a cork in a half-fizzed bottle of cham.

"I don't give a damn how you cook. But I'll clean up the language of this brigade if I have to clink every — — man in it."





# A SOBERING INFLUENCE

BY GEOFFREY d'EGVILLE

**I**T was the loveliest spot in all Tipperary, and the log fire that blazed on the hearth of the sitting-room of Joe Cregan's cottage spoke of peace. And, yet, out in the stormy night were marauders—armed men—twentieth-century highwaymen.

"What's that, father?" Malveena asked, turning her pretty head toward the door.

"Phwat?" asked the old man, taking his clay pipe from his mouth.

"Shure, you must be deaf, then," said the old lady in the chimney-corner, bringing her knitting to a pause, "for I heard it, too."

The clatter of hoofs drew nearer, then stopped. Above the patter of the rain and howling of the wind, a clear voice rang out, and a heavy hand fell to banging the door.

"Are ye in, Mr. Cregan? It's Mike. Open quick, or would yez leave a gintleman to git drowned?" In moments of stress, Michael O'Hagan's brogue always became predominant.

The door opened, and when he sighted Malveena he exclaimed:

"Ah, me darlint! it is to say good-bye to ye that I have come. I am off to London—but what a night! And those young varmint's up at Hoxley's are filling themselves with good Oirish whisky to get up courage to go and ask Sir John Hargreaves for a thousand pounds towards the National Freedom League. What a lark!" And he laughed loudly.

"And phwat if they don't get it?" asked old Joe Cregan.

"They will simply take its value, as they take everything else."

"Any news of their doings to-day?"

"Yes," replied Michael with relish, "they raided the Post-Office at Ballykeesh last night; they murdered a soldier on Templedown road this morning; and to-night they pay a visit to Templedown Abbey itself—but I think Sir John will not turn the dogs on them. He will agree to their demands."

Was this the man she was to marry? Had he gone suddenly mad? Asking herself these questions, Malveena turned her pretty face towards him and said steadily:

"You seem to take pleasure in the telling, Mike. It is unworthy of you."

The reproach stung him and he retorted quickly: "But 'tis for the love of Oireland, dear. What higher motive than to fight—and, if necessary, kill—for the freedom of God's green isle?"

"She's right," Joe Cregan said rather cuttingly. "What you need, my boy, is a sobering influence, and you might do wonders. But tell us why you are going to London."

"Ah Mr. Cregan! that is secret. But you will know when I come back. All England busy with their own strikes, and Ireland will seize her chance to be free. But I came to say good-bye to Malveena, here."

At parting, Mike again reminded her that it was "for the love of Oireland" that he went, but all she said was:

"Be sober in your actions, Mike, or 'tis Tim O'Malley's wife I shall be."

London was in the throes of incipient Bolshevism, and Mike O'Hagan on his way to the Sinn Fein headquarters was mentally going over the points in his coming revolutionary speech. He had just reached the emotional part, in which he was to hail Sinn Feiners for the world's freedom. Was it not fighting for "themselves alone", but for the world's freedom. Was it not that which was taking place in Russia? He was young, and this must be his excuse.

By this time he had reached the assembly-rooms, where the momentous conference was to take place. Michael O'Hagan saw red. He was to raise the call to arms, and he knew how quickly it would be taken up.

An hour later he rose on the platform. At that moment one of the attendants at the hall handed him a telegram. He paused with the message in his hand. Should he read it?

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, and opened it. His face changed, and then a remarkable thing happened.

All the speeches had been of a revolutionary character, and, since they had gained in intensity as the evening wore on, that of Michael O'Hagan, hot from Ireland, was expected to surpass them all in vehemence.

But, looking out across the room, apparently through the wall opposite, he allowed the buff envelope to float to the floor.

"Let us pray," he said, crossing himself, "for the women and children who have suffered by our crimes."

The silence was intense.

"Do you realize," he said, his voice gaining volume as words crowded to his brain, "that you, who pretend to be fighting for freedom, are trampling on those very ideals of which freedom is the essence?" His great voice thrilled with anguish whilst he held out the telegram. "I have just heard how a band of men have raided the famous Templedown Abbey and robbed it, killing a man-servant who interfered, and carried away a young girl called Malveena Cregan. Shure, but that's not humanity. 'Tis not that

that will free Oireland. What we need is a sobering influence. These young men have tasted blood, and gone mad—mad. . . . 'Tis not by these villainous practices that freedom is to be gained. I've done wi' ye—curse ye all!"

With that he turned and fled, leaving the meeting in an uproar.

The Ballykeesh coach had been held up and robbed the night previous to Mike O'Hagan's return, and the only mode of conveyance was a market-cart of which he availed himself.

When they were passing Temple-down Abbey, the police stopped them.

"Who's the passenger, Pat?" asked the inspector, whereupon Mike threw back the hood of his cloak.

"Why, if it's not Mike O'Hagan! Bedad, it is!"

"Sure, it's me."

"Then congratulations to ye for yure great speech. It's the hero of these parts ye are!" And the inspector waved him gravely on his way.

Ten minutes later he stood at the door of Joe Cregan's cottage. The firelight shone on his face when the door opened.

"Mike!"

"Thank God! you're safe, me darlint!"

"So I have been all the time."

"Then you deceived me—that wire was a lie!" he said resentfully.

"No!" Joe Cregan's voice boomed. "Those villains came round to all the cottages. Tim O'Malley was their leader. He said if all the men did not come out and help him to rob the Abbey, they would shoot them an' carry off their womenfolk. So I carried Malveena here off myself and hid her, and sent you that telegram. Mercifully, the police arrived, but too late to save a lot of Sir John's valuable plate and the life of a servant. And, guessing why you were going to London, I thought a little of the truth might have a sobering influence."

Mike turned to Malveena.

"It has," he announced, "and oh, me darlint, but 'tis a young fool I have been!"

# SMOKE

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD



We drove through a world that glowed like a colored picture-book. Almost incredibly rich, the hues of maple and beech and elm leaves gleamed through a marvellous blue haze that seemed to intensify the quality of their coloring. The magic of autumn was at its height; it seemed that this road must lead at least to Arcadie—or that it was, perchance, the Forest of Arden into which we had strayed.

But that blue haze—was it the mist of Indian Summer? No, for it brought with it an unmistakable scent, and a pungency that caused our eyes to smart. With a pang we realized that this ineffable blueness, this color of enchantment, was produced by a forest-fire. Through the haze, now, we visualized devastated woods and threatened settlements. The words “a forest-fire” have a terrible sound to a New Brunswicker, and we drove on through the picture-book country very gravely.

But sometimes that scent and color of smoke is a pure joy. The bonfires of late autumn and of early spring, —how far into childhood’s days a whiff of this incense can carry us! In one of Mrs. Ewing’s stories she tells of a Christmas party, at which an ugly but fascinating tutor sprinkles a magic powder on the logs in the great fireplace, and as its strange fragrance pervades the room each member of the party sees a vision and dreams a dream. The smoke of these garden bonfires has for many of us as potent and as white a magic.

I see many scenes when I sniff that fragrance. One is a long, elm-sentinelled street in late October. The last hues of sunset are fading, and the chilly dusk settles over roof and tree. Here and there lights begin to shine out from the houses; children’s voices are heard, and laughter, and the rustle of dry leaves; the tones of superintending grown-ups in grave admonition and warning; then the leaf-piles are lighted, and up and down the roadsides, under gray arching elms, the fairy fires are a-glimmer! The leaves that were so golden and resplendent turn—while the children laugh — into dust and ashes — and dreams. (But the children laugh with the leaves, not at them; *they* know that dreams endure).

I see a high-walled garden back of an old brick rectory. There are great elms there also, and beech and ash-trees, and lilac, plum, and crab-apple among the lesser tree-folk. There are arbors in that garden covered with grape and honeysuckle; there is a thicket of cinnamon roses, and a veritable grove of artichoke. There is a grove of asparagus, too, with its lovely Autumn coloring of yellow plumes and scarlet berries. What a house one can make in the asparagus when one is small. And how well one can guard that retreat, should an ogre or a giant threaten it, with a trusty artichoke spear. But now the garden is being made ready for winter — decks cleared, sails furled. The bean-poles and the hop-trellises have been stripped and the shining beans and the hop-clusters safely stored; great

lengths of the drying vines are ready for the blaze. There are, other things too, to add to the heap—corn-stalks, dry twigs, numerous odds and ends of summer's leaving.

All the family and their visitors drift out to the garden for the great occasion. This bonfire is to cheer the early twilight; it is too windy to risk a blaze at night. There is a call for matches, a crackling, a rush of gold flame, and a hurried backing away as the smoke is driven near the ground at the whim of the wind. Surely there never was such a variable wind before. No sooner does one escape the smoke-puffs than they veer and attack one from another side. But at last there is a steady blaze, and a violet-blue column rises straight to the fast-darkening skies. There is a hasty scurrying of onlookers to discover more twigs, more cornstalks—more anything to feed the quickly-burning pyre. It is with difficulty that the Master of the Garden rescues his tomato-stakes and pea-brush from some too zealous hands. Soon, too soon, the gold flame fades, the embers die; rather sadly the little group turns away from the Ashes of

Summer. But there is a cheering sound just then from the old brick rectory to which the garden belongs,—the sound of a mellow-toned bell calling to the evening meal. "Come in, come in from the closing dusk," it says, and into the friendly, shabby, softly-lighted house they troop, those bonfire-worshippers.

Then there is the smoke of the spring bonfire—the fire which burns spruce boughs that banked the house so warmly all winter, wreaths and branches that formed the Christmas decorations, and the darling fir-tree that glittered, a few months past, with colored tapers, and strange fruit, and mimic snow. The smell of that smoke—what scenes of festivity it revives, what delightful, what poignant recollections. Meetings of the long-time parted, old friendships remembered, sparkling eyes and echoing laughter—it all comes back in that spicy fragrance as the gray-blue smoke goes up and disappears.

Disappears, but is not lost. It rises again from the hearths of our dream-houses, it curls up from the clustered chimneys of our castles-in-the-air.



CROSSING THE RIVER  
From the Painting by  
Franklin Brownell, R.C.A.





# UNDER THE CLOCK

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS



SERGEANT HORACE MARTIN was born in the year 1888, in one of the eastern provinces of Canada. The date has no particular historical significance, I believe; it's outstanding features, as far as my memory serves me, were the bustles worn by our mothers and our aunts. But it is important to this narrative in relation to Horace's behaviour in the year 1916, as here set forth. I have reckoned up his age at the last date and humbly admit a suspicion that he was old enough at the time to behave differently — a suspicion which will doubtless be entertained later by my readers.

Horace arrived in London from Flanders early in April, seeking relaxation. Seven days were his in which to scrape from his body and chase from his mind the mud and miseries of his professional experiences beyond the Channel. Seven days. A week. Before this time the span of life had been less; later it was increased to ten days and yet later to fourteen—but in April, 1916, it stood at seven days.

As a Canadian non-commissioned officer, Horace was not exceptional in any way. Any rank in the army will absorb any sort of man without making him conspicuous if he is patriotic, courageous and sound physically and mentally. That was Horace; and the facts that his doting parents had educated him to an extent that he considered unnecessary and that he enjoyed a private income, told neither for nor against him in the battalion.

He had been good but not extraordinary as a private; and later he served as an officer with commendable energy and ability and devotion to duty, in quite the ordinary way. Before the war, however, he had been considered by some people as being somewhat out of the ordinary. This idea was confined to his home-town and was, I suspect, entirely due to his infrequent appearances there—always in yellow spats. Education beyond one's practical requirements and incomes beyond one's needs are looked upon, in Horace's home-town, as agreeable but legitimate accidents of life; but yellow spats do not escape so easily and are—very rightly, I dare say—regarded as intentional and as probably significant of some sort of state of mind or other. But he had not been an acknowledged idler. The more unsophisticated communities of Canada demand of every respectable male a calling, occupation, profession, business, trade or job of some sort; and in response to this demand Horace had named himself for an explorer. That had silenced but failed to satisfy the ladies at home who had known him in short trousers; but he had stuck to it; and the outbreak of war had found him exploring Darkest New York, collecting data for a contemplated contour map in which all bars and other menaces to navigation would be shown in disproportionate relief. This great work is still to do.

He issued upon London from Victoria Station, felt the thrill of it sharply and instantly, as a true explorer should, and looked about him with a kindling eye. He remembered

that Robert Louis Stevenson had written somewhere of this greatest city in the world as the Bagdad of the West; and so firm was his faith in that polished and amiable romancer that he looked for camels, caliphs and one-eyed calenders from the Grosnevor Hotel to St. James's Park. No camels were abroad, and the caliphs and calenders did not appear to him as such—but on every side he saw the stuff of those adventures related so long ago, under such unusual conditions, by the fair and prolific Scheherazade. Every glimpsed street to right and left, faces at windows and every tree-topped wall, flashed to him with invitation and challenge. Professional ambition fairly flamed in his breast. If ever an area of the earth's surface promised rich return for the fatigues and perils of exploration, it was London on that April morning.

London, with its possibilities of romance and adventure, presented itself to the ex-explorer like a pot of perfumed ointment to a weary pilgrim with trench feet—but alas, there were flies in that ointment, stuck in it as thick as raisins in a homemade pudding; and those flies were red-capped minions of the Provost Marshal. Horace saw them and the painful significance of them. Their probable relation to the scheme of things according to his scheming was not to be blinked. He could read misunderstanding and lack of imagination in every glint and glance of their chilly, suspicious, "watch-your-step-sergeant" sort of eyes; and he realized that when they fell foul of him in their professional capacities—which was bound to happen sooner or later—they would consider him entirely as a sergeant of infantry and not at all as an explorer. Somewhat damped in spirit by this line of thought he entered a hotel, engaged a room and bath, filled out a form with sufficient information concerning himself to serve as the material for a biography in "Who's Who" and there deposited his modest kit. Then he sped to the bank in Waterloo

Place in a taxi, and from there sped onward to a tailoring establishment, and from that to another, and from that to yet a third. In each he showed money to a slightly bald, mild-voiced man in a morning coat, demanding immediate measurement and at least one completed suit of clothes by next breakfast time; and in each case and place the slightly bald head inclined slightly and the mild voice protested and volunteered the information that a war of unusual magnitude was in a state of active existence somewhere. After the third attempt Horace told the driver of the taxi that if he entered a fourth place and saw that bald head and morning coat again he would mix them up so that he (the driver) wouldn't be able to differentiate the one from the other.

"So I must get an outfit of hand-me-downs," he said.

Strange to relate, the tyrant of the taxi approved of Horace, having noted his air of opulence upon issuing from the bank and having since sized him up as a merry lad who was safe never to name a destination little more than a mile distant from Piccadilly.

"Considering the brevity of your leave, sir, the unfortunate shortage of labor in tailoring circles and your impatience to change into civilian attire, sir, hand-me-downs are unquestionably your only course," replied the driver. "This being the case, I am delighted to say that I can assist you very materially, sir. Three miles from here——"

Horace raised his hand and said "halt" in that tone of voice that has only to be used to be obeyed even by the least disciplined sons of men. "What are you handing me?" he continued.

An expression of astonishment had already given place to one of ruffled dignity on the driver's porcine visage, and this now changed swiftly to a look of puzzled yet affable condescension.

"You mistake me, sir," replied the absolute monarch. "I do not intend to hand them down to you personally



—which, after all, is only a figure of speech—but simply to convey you to the leading emporium of ready-to-wears in the metropolis.”

“What I want to know is, what are you giving me?”

“Giving you, sergeant? I am not giving you anything or even contemplating the bestowal of a gift upon you, sergeant.”

“Can that sergeant stuff. That is for your betters. You keep on calling me sir, or this pleasant little business partnership will come to a sudden and violent finish—and, for the love of mike, stop talking like a cross between a bum preacher and a half-pickled honorary lieutenant and quartermaster.”

What the caliph of the cab might have retorted, and what Horace might have done, had the conversation not been interrupted at this critical point, is an idle question. An officer interrupted the chat by touching Horace on a shoulder with his hand. Horace acknowledged the attention by saluting correctly but without enthusiasm, for his thoughts and his eyes were still fixed dangerously upon the discourager of distances.

“What’s eating you, Horace?” asked the officer.

Horace turned quickly to him then and clasped his hand.

“Greg!” he exclaimed. “Glad to see you looking so fit. I haven’t seen you since you were winged. That is ages ago. When did you strike town, old son?”

Lieutenant Martin Gregory Dowling enlightened his old friend from his home-town on that point; then Horace explained his sartorial difficulties; and the upshot of that exchange of confidences was that they both entered the cab and were driven around to Mr. Dowling’s modest bachelor flat in a modest street off Charing Cross Road. Mr. Dowling told the driver to wait, then opened several boxes and put an extensive and fashionable civilian wardrobe at his friend’s service.

“You’ll find everything—shirts and ties and everything — two lounge suits — claw-hammer and dinner-jacket. Help yourself. We are the same size, height and weight. Go to it. Change here, if you want to—and take what you want away with you. I’ll turn on the hot water, old son. What about boots? Here you are—and pumps, too.”

“But aren’t you using any of these duds yourself, Greg?”

“Not this leave. I met someone — well, I am sticking to uniform this leave. That’s why I must beat it now, in your cab. Sorry, Horace—but you know how it is.”

“I have my suspicions. Go along and don’t apologize — and you are welcome to the cab. Pay him — and I’ll report to you to-morrow. One minute, Greg. I’ll look like a blistered slacker in these glad things and the girls will pin the foliage of doves and pigeons to me and think I am too proud to fight. I can’t hang my humble identification disc outside my shirt for it would spoil the company-commander-on-leave effect of your clothes and attract the attention of the Red Caps. Lend me your wrist memorial tablet.”

“Sure thing,” said Dowling, who was in a hurry to be gone; and with his own fingers he snapt about his friend’s wrist the silver chain which supported the silver disc on which was engraved the following honorable inscription:

Lieut. M. G. Dowling,  
—th. Can. Inftry Bn.  
B.E.F.

After Dowling’s departure, Horace bathed extensively and without haste, smoking cigarettes in the bath after washing the first froth of soap out of his eyes. To return from Flanders and sit in hot water in a white tub in a blue and white bathroom, with the door open onto a cheery little sitting-room where, fair in your line of vision, stand a bottle and a syphon, and to hear the hoots and rumbles and hum of London drifting softly around

while you smoke cigarettes and feel for the soap with your toes—that is surely the ideal combination of the heights of luxury and anticipation.

Horace left the tub at last; and in the same unadorned state in which Father Adam first experimented in the fermentation of grape juice he addressed himself to the bottle and syphon. As he slowly attired himself in the garments of his friend and superior officer he wandered about the little flat, examining pictures and photographs, glancing into the few books on the table, whistling, dawdling and enjoying himself. His mind was lightly busy with many things, flying at its own sweet will from the surface of one subject to the surface of another. It touched on the hometown, his childhood, his youth and his old friendship for Dowling. The families of Dowling and Martin had been friends for three generations, at least; and a result of that friendship was Lieut. Dowling's front name.

Horace covered himself with borrowed plumage from the skin outward, from the soles of the feet upward. Everything fitted him to a wish, even to the dark blue cravat and the pale yellow spats. He was stooped double from a chair, fastening the top pearl button of the second spat, when he saw a telegram lying open on the carpet under the edge of the writing-table. It lay almost directly beneath his eye.

#### WHY NO REPLY MEET SEVEN THIRTY TONIGHT UNDER CLOCK CHARING X STATION WITHOUT FAIL IMPORTANT H DARLING

Horace had read the message before realizing what he was about. He continued to stare guiltily at it for several seconds — and so happened to read the date as well. He withdrew his glance and got to his feet. He polished the silver disc on his wrist with a silk handkerchief of Dowling's, then tucked the handkerchief up his left sleeve. He found a slim yellow cane that suited him and a soft gray

hat that became him. He hesitated at the door, then turned and picked up the telegram and placed it on the table.

"Why no reply," he said, reflectively. "It looks to me as if someone is after Master Greg while he is after someone else. These blinking officers are spoiled! H. Darling. Does that mean 'hurry darling', or is it a name, I wonder?"

He left the flat then and went down the winding stairs, admiring the flash of his yellow spats before him. He paused at the street-door, ran a finger around his neck inside the high, soft collar, pulled on yellow gloves over his hard hands, pulled down his waistcoat and "secured" the yellow stick under his left arm.

"Red Caps hold no terrors for me now," he said and stepped airily into the street. He remembered and followed the advice of another Horace, surnamed Greely—"Young man, go west"—but he did not follow it very far west. He found a place to lunch with music, and with a reformed maharajah wheeling up thick coffee and perfumed cigarettes, without difficulty. After that other well-beaten trails led him here and there. He decided that London was an easy place to explore. Between luncheon and tea he had to look at himself frequently in mirrors, of which there was no lack, to keep up his confidence in his assumed role; for, despite his spats and the silver disc on his wrist, an inquiring glance from a rotund A.P.M. shook his nerve now and then. He had more music with his tea. Seven o'clock found him still only an onlooker of the varied and intriguing life around him. So far he had touched it with no more than an elbow. He was up against it but not yet of it. The happy accident had not yet happened nor the irresistible appeal been made.

Thus it was with Horace Martin at exactly seven o'clock on a corner of Piccadilly and the Haymarket. A bus drew up at the corner directly in front and not a yard away from him;

and he became instantly aware of a small object tumbling down the twisty stair of the 'bus. It was a brown leather dressing-case. He made a quick move and stopped it dead with his shins, but before he could pick it up he saw that something much larger and more important was bumping down after it. He sprang to meet that and caught it fairly in his arms. It came well centred and with considerable force to his embrace, and the impact staggered him for a second, so that he was compelled to hold very tight. It was a girl.

"Hurt?" he asked in a voice of concern.

She did not answer immediately, but withdrew herself slowly, tentatively—her hat brim from beneath his chin, one hand from a grip on his neck and the other from a grip of his waistcoat, and her body from his arms. He dropped his hands to her elbows. The 'bus continued on its journey; and the crowds, all unconcerned, continued to stream this way and that around them. She raised one knee slightly and then the other.

"I think not, thank you," she said.

"Nothing broken or sprained, are you sure? You came an awful bump.

"Wasn't it a howler. I caught my heel up top. But I seem to be all here—thanks to you for saving me from landing on the curb. Did I hurt you?"

"Don't worry about me. I'll recover," said Horace.

She raised her hands to her hat and straightened it; and at the same time she raised her head and looked him fair and square in the eyes.

"I *don't* think," he added.

"What don't you think?"

"That I'll recover."

"Is my hat straight?"

"Don't be unreasonable. Ask me something about your eyes."

"Very well. Are my eyes straight?"

"They shoot straight enough—but ask he something easier. Eyes take time. Your nose is straight."

"I believe you are a Canadian, in spite of your yellow spats."

"Why do you believe that? — because I grabbed you before you lit on your head instead of waiting until afterwards?"

"Partly that; and you have a voice like a crow; and I have heard that Canadians have an attractive, innocent-sounding way of saying cheeky things to people they don't know."

"My dear lady!" he exclaimed. The cheeky crow salutes you," he continued, and raised his hat. He stooped and picked up the dressing-case. "I think your style of repartee is a trifle too downright and slashing for such an innocent occasion as this—and you cannot deny that you threw yourself at me," he concluded.

"But I was as ignorant of your identity then as I am now."

"My name is Martin."

"Oh!" she exclaimed; and then she repeated the "oh", but in a much flatter tone. She laughed, as if at herself. "I was thinking of a Canadian named Martin Dowling," she said.

Whatever it was she saw in Horace's face as she made that remark, it seemed to startle and amuse her.

"Are you Martin Dowling?" she asked.

He, too, showed signs of astonishment and amusement.

"No," he said.

"Word of honor?"

"Cross my heart. Honest injun. But why do you ask?"

"For no reason in particular. I see that you know him. Thank you very much for catching me, Mr. Martin—and give me my bag, please."

"Let me carry it for you."

"Impossible. I am going to meet my father. If you were Martin Dowling I might let you."

"I wish I had said I was. I almost wish it was really so. Is it too late now for me to say that I am?"

"It would be useless, for you have already told the truth, unfortunately. You have an honest face — and I rather like you — and the chances are that Martin Dowling is a bore. Good-bye—and good luck."

She took the case from him.

"But this won't do!" he exclaimed. "Be reasonable! I saved you from an awful crash on the curb—saved your face if not your life—and surely your face is of more importance than another's life! And yet you threaten to walk away like that just because I don't happen to be someone else — someone you don't know by sight, even. But I know him well. If the case was reversed and you knew him well and I didn't know him from a hole in the ground, of course it would be different."

"I am sorry, really — but it can't be helped. Good-bye."

"There is so much to explain. Dowling has been my friend for years—but what am I to think of him now? You should clear this mystery to me, if only for his sake."

"If you know him as well as you say you do, he will be able to help you, I think," she answered, administering a smile that was the most unnerving and distracting thing of the kind he had ever seen in all his explorations.

Then she turned quickly and walked swiftly away.

Of course Horace followed her. He followed artfully. She did not look around. Sometimes she vanished from his sight in the stream of humanity for a few seconds; and whenever this happened he felt poignant anxiety, a sense of disastrous bereavement, and quickened his pace; and when the slender shoulders reappeared he glowed with relief and lagged in his stride. And so they reached the Strand. She turned in at one of the big gates of Charing Cross station. At sight of that, Horace halted as if a pistol had been clapped to his head. He looked at his watch. It showed the time to be exactly thirty minutes past the hour of seven.

So she was the writer of the telegram he had found on the floor in Martin Gregory Dowling's flat! But could it be? He recalled the query with which the message opened — "Why no reply?" Why, by all that is sane? Who could fail to reply to her? But as she had never seen Dow-

ling, the chances were that Dowling had never seen her. Then why was it so important to her that he should meet her at seven-thirty under the clock? There was more to it than that, beyond a doubt — whatever that was. Did she know Dowling after all, by sight as well as by repute? If that was so, she had been simply and brazenly pulling his leg—the leg of Horace! But why? No, she wasn't that kind. But hold! She had told him that she was to meet her father.

"I'll have a look at her blinking father!" he exclaimed.

There she was, sure enough, under the big clock. Six or seven other people were standing there, but Dowling was not one of them. She was still waiting for him. Good! He would wait too. She saw him but did not look at him. He walked slowly to the right, passing within a few yards of her, turned at the edge of the carriage-way and came slowly back. This time he passed within a yard of her and saw unmistakable signs of agitation in her averted face. She was angry, past a doubt; and so was he. But *he* had a right to be angry—so he told himself. In asking him if he were Dowling — in pretending that she did not know Dowling by sight — she had lied to him. Girls who looked like that, with eyes and mouths like hers, were not playing the game to lie gratuitously to innocent and perfectly respectful explorers. He had been a fool to follow her; but now that he was here he would hang around until Dowling turned up. Then he would go away and not bother his head about her again. He wouldn't even take the trouble to ask Dowling who she was.

He halted at a distance of fifteen paces from the clock, with his back to it, and lit a cigarette. As he dropped the match a voice close behind him exclaimed, "Martin, my dear fellow!" He turned in one motion and confronted a large, important looking man of uncertain middle-age who grasped his right hand and shook it

warmly. "Got you at last, my boy," he continued heartily. "That wire was a clever idea. Thought it would bring you."

"Oh," said Horace, in an extraordinary, flat voice; and he looked past the big man's ear and saw the girl still standing under the clock and looking at him with an indecipherable expression on her face.

"I was determined to catch you — as you may have noticed," continued the other. "I knew that you would be glad when I did; and if that wire had not done the trick I would have sent you the girls' photographs, just to show you what you were missing— what you were avoiding like a plague. I was determined that you should not go back to France again without our meeting. I look upon your treatment of my advances as a joke, my dear fellow. Blood is thicker than water, and Dowling blood is particularly thick — except in the case of a certain young officer on leave, it seems. Now come over and meet the girls."

"You are H. Darling?"

"I am Henry, of course — but I never heard our name pronounced that way before."

He laid hold of Horace firmly by an elbow with a large hand. It was a strong hand and he was a large man. When he moved, Horace moved with him, speechless. Horace saw very clearly, but could not think at all. One sometimes feels like that in dreams. He saw the girl who had fallen off the 'bus into his arms; and now, for the first time, he saw another girl standing near her. Both were looking at him — the one whom he had already met with anger and consternation in her eyes and the other with an expectant smile. They were sisters, evidently, and daughters of this large man; and both were extraordinarily good to look at — but Horace didn't think so just then. His brain was numb save for one loose end that flapped one futile question over and over—"What's this I'm in for? What's this I'm in for?" He moved like a man of wood. If the

beautiful girls had been two hostile machine-guns he would have felt better about this advance, for he would have known what to do and pretty much what to expect.

"Girls, here is your cousin Martin, caught at last!" exclaimed the big man cheerily. "Martin, these are your second - cousins - once - removed, Constance and Anne. They have been looking forward to meeting you with almost as much impatience as I have, my dear boy."

There seemed to be some truth in this statement of impatience on the part of the young ladies in Anne's case, but none whatever as far as Constance was concerned. Anne behaved as every well-regulated young feminine second-cousin-once-removed of a fellow on leave from France is expected to behave toward the object of that relationship. Both her eager hands clasped one of his, and her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed and she said exactly the right thing very cordially and sincerely. The behavior of Constance left much to be desired, however — so much that her father, her sister and Horace were all instantly and painfully aware of the deficiencies. Anne was astonished; her father was bewildered and offended; and Horace was crushed, as he deserved to be. Horace relinquished the cold little hand with the air of a man resigning his birthright, or his transportation warrant from France to London, or a five-pound note. He sighed profoundly.

"My dear girl, where are your manners?" asked the dismayed father.

"Connie!" exclaimed Anne. "What is the matter, dear?"

"I have a headache," said Constance, without even the slightest effort to give a note of conviction to her words.

At that moment a few of Horace's scattered wits returned to his control, and with them his accustomed coolness and daring in emergency. He looked at the father with an expression in which contrition, innocence, guilt and hope of mercy were all startlingly

blended. It was an arresting expression and distracted the attention of both father and sister from Constance to Horace.

"She fell off a 'bus," said Horace. "If she has a headache it is not to be wondered at — but I am afraid she hasn't. She is upset at this meeting—at this discovery of relationship—and I don't blame her for it. The fact is, I met her a little while ago, when she fell off the 'bus—and I offended her. I happened to be Johnny-on-the-spot—right there to catch her in my arms—and how was I to know who she was and that I was on my way, even then, to a formal introduction to her? I am ashamed of myself and I know that I deserve to be kicked. If you were not her father, and if you had been as long as I had without a sight of a face worth looking twice at—well, sir, there might be a ghost of a chance of your understanding my unwarrantable behaviour."

He did not look once at Constance during the delivery of this oration; but she gazed at him wide-eyed, with parted lips. Anger gave way to incredulity, (as if she could not believe her ears), and incredulity to puzzled amazement, in the depths of her fine eyes. Once her lips moved and she caught her breath as if she was about to speak—but she didn't speak. The others did not notice her. Horace held the eyes of the big man and sister Anne as if they had never seen anything like him before. Anne wriggled with excitement and clasped her hands.

"What did you do?" she cried.

"I tried to kiss her—without asking," said Horace, in a hollow voice.

The big man's face twisted for a second or two in a fateful silence; and then he laughed a sudden, explosive guffaw. Anne laughed like the ringing of silver bells, peal after peal. If Constance was guilty of a fleeting ghost of a smile, only Horace saw it—and he wasn't sure of it. He smiled artlessly. He looked from the father to Anne and back again with just such an expression of idiotic re-

lief as a very simple sheep might assume upon being informed by a butcher that her life was to be spared.

The father stilled his mirth with difficulty and looked at his watch.

"Come!" he exclaimed. "Past eight, and I engaged a table for eight. I need a sherry-and-bitters if a man ever did. Hurry! Con, bring your astonishing cousin along—and keep your eye on him."

"This is very good of you, sir," said Horace humbly.

"Good of me!" exclaimed the other. "My dear Martin, you are even better than I hoped. And call me Henry. I'm your cousin, not your grandfather. Kissed her — without asking. My hat!"

"Not quite, Henry," returned Horace coolly. "She ducked."

They went out of the station and across the yard. Horace walked beside Constance, several paces behind Cousin Henry and Anne.

"Liar," whispered Constance.

Horace sighed.

"Why did you lie to me? Why did you say you were someone else?"

"But I am someone else."

"You are Martin Dowling."

"My name is Horace Martin. I am not Martin Dowling. I didn't lie to you then and I haven't lied to you since."

"Then—then why did you tell dad you are Martin Dowling?"

"I didn't. He said so. But I mean to keep it up as long as he will fall for it. I'm with him for all that's in it."

"Why did you say you tried to kiss me?"

"To keep you quiet—to startle you out of giving the game away."

"Here is a taxi!" cried Cousin Henry. "Step lively, you two."

She touched Horace's arm and whispered quickly, "He intends to take you home to Bentwood. Don't come."

"Watch me," returned Horace.

"Then I'll tell him you are an imposter."

"I am at your mercy."

The four got into the taxi, and Henry gave an address off Oxford Circus. Henry took up a great deal of room and had large feet. He was in fine spirits and beamed constantly at Horace.

"You are a true Dowling," he said. "So you kissed her, did you."

"No, I only tried."

"Same thing, my boy."

"I don't believe you, Henry. I should be very sorry to believe you."

"Same idea, I mean."

"Idea isn't the word. It was more than an idea even that time — the first time; and in the future the intention to kiss your daughter will be the great purpose of my life, Henry. So I warn you."

The dinner promised to be a great success, for Anne, Henry and Horace were at the top of their form. Horace had never before sounded so bright, even to himself. Constance said very little with the air of one having a great deal to say; but she did not sulk and her eyes were active and very kind, with a shade of anxiety in their depths now and then.

Horace drank a cock-tail, and two glasses of claret—but what were those to an explorer and soldier? Nothing. Milk would have been neither more nor less. Horace was drunk, however, "Drunk with wine that never grew in the belly of the grape". He talked without thinking, in a high, fly-away mood; and sometimes he did not even take the trouble to listen to what he said. For instance, in answer to a dig from Henry concerning his avoidance of his relatives, he sniped back, "But I only blew in this morning."

He felt a light touch on his knee. Down went his right hand—but the hand that had touched him was gone. Then he became conscious of Cousin Henry's round-eyed stare.

"This morning! My dear boy, you called at the club for your mail three days ago and you sent — but never mind that."

"At the club? Oh, the club! I was thinking about my flat. I didn't hit it until this morning. That telegram

was the first I heard about it—about you, you know."

"Really! And what about my letters?"

Horace grinned and shook his head. "I don't read letters. I don't even open them. I make a point of it."

"Not very business-like, my dear Martin—but it throws a new light on your behavior. So you never read letters. Truly extraordinary!"

Constance, who had been regarding her father intently and anxiously, looked considerably relieved. Henry's manner toward Horace increased in cousinly warmth. Conversation became gay and general again. Even Constance joined in it. Suddenly Henry said, "Your mother was a Gregory, I think."

"No," replied Horace; and at the same moment he felt a sharp, light pressure on his toe. He pulled his wits together and used them quick as lightning. Who was Martin Dowling's mother? Not a Gregory, anyway. Was this a trap? Did the big slob suspect him? Confound his cheek! Mrs. Dowling? Had she been born a Wadmore or a Clements? One or the other, for certain—but which?

"The Gregory strain came in a long way back," he added coolly.

Henry looked baffled for a fraction of a second, and then as openbrowed and happy as ever.

"Here comes the coffee," he said. "Order liqueurs, Martin — brandy for me and nothing for the girls — while I look for some decent cigarettes. Excuse me a minute."

He left the table.

Constance eyed her sister tenderly. "Do you mind if Martin and I do a little whispering, Nancy?" she asked.

"Whisper away, dear. I'll get it all out of you, sooner or later," replied Anne.

Constance put her lips very close to Horace's ear.

"If you are not Martin Dowling, run," she breathed. "Dad has gone to telephone—very likely to Martin's flat."

Then he put his lips very close indeed to her ear.

"I told you who I am. I have known Martin for years; we are from the same town; and I met him by accident this morning. But your father won't get him at the flat as early as this, for he is out with a girl."

Then she turned her face and Horace presented his ear.

"He may. Please go now. Dad suspects you — and he is the greatest amateur spy-catcher in England."

Again she presented her ear.

"I am not a spy — but if I should run now I'd be in wrong with your old man for ever. The chances are, he'd set the Red Caps on my heels and then there'd be the devil to pay. Now's my chance to make a hit with you—and if I don't make the most of it I may never have another. You have the witcheries and enchantments of every other enchantress stung to nothing and I fell for you for fair and for ever the very minute you first fell on me. If I was such a flat-footed pessimist as to suppose that the hug I gave you this evening was the last I was ever to give you, then Fritz could shoot both my arms off and welcome."

"Not so loud, please," said Anne. "I can hear every word."

Just then Cousin Henry returned to the table and resumed his chair.

"Any luck?" asked Horace.

"Ah! Beg pardon! What?" returned the big man.

"Did you get the cigarettes you were looking for?"

Henry gaped and reddened. He had forgotten about the cigarettes. Horace produced his own case.

"Henry, I am disappointed in you," he said. "You are not playing up to Dowling form. Members of my branch of the family always get what they go after—cigarettes, or a girl, or a machine-gun." He looked at Anne with a scarcely perceptible flicker of an eye-lid. "I hope this gentleman really is your father — and a Dowling," he said.

"Yes, really," replied Anne. "He has been a Dowling for more years

than he would like me to tell you, and my father for longer than I can remember."

Henry laughed heartily. He looked at his watch.

"We must catch the ten train from Charing Cross and we haven't much time to spare," he said. "Are you ready for Bentwood, Martin?"

"I don't know where or what Bentwood is, but I am ready for it," replied Horace.

"Where's your kit, my boy?"

"At my flat. Have we time to turn off for it?"

Horace was taking a chance there, for he hadn't a key to his friend's door and did not know the porter, and Dowling might not be at home. But he took a gamble. He entertained a very low opinion of Cousin Henry's astuteness. If it went wrong he would save his face by doing some quick thinking on Martin's door-step.

"Yes, we'll have time if we have any luck with a taxi," said Henry.

But they lost fifteen minutes in looking for a cab; and so they had to dash straight for their train. They had a first-class compartment to themselves. Henry talked. Anne fell asleep. Constance and Horace sat close together and pretended to listen to Henry.

"His suspicions are lulled," she whispered to Horace; and a few minutes later, "Martin must have been out;" and later still, "But you can't keep it up."

Horace replied, piecemeal as opportunities served, that everything would come right so long as he didn't run foul of the military police before he saw Martin again. She asked him why he was running the risk of coming to Bentwood.

"Because I am mad," he whispered. "You must have bitten me."

A car awaited them at the dull station of the dull village of Bentwick, in this they ran four miles to Bentwood—a big house set far back in a big, heavily wooded park.

"I begin to think that I should have insisted on bringing my py-



jamas and tooth-brush," remarked Horace, as the car drew up before the vast, dark front of the vaster, darker house.

An elderly man-servant opened the door for them. As they entered the hall, Cousin Henry glanced over a number of letters which lay on a table beneath a rack of whips and hats, picked up two of them and stowed them away in a pocket of his inner coat. Then he led the way to a room at the back of the hall where a fire was burning and a decanter and glasses were in evidence. The girls said good-night and retired. Horace and Henry poured, touched glasses and drank. Then Horace sank into a deep chair and lit a cigarette and his host backed to the fire, fished a letter out of his pocket and opened it. He looked at the front page, then turned it quickly over, stared, opened his mouth and then closed it in a tight smile, refolded the letter and thrust it back in his pocket. He glanced at his guest; but Horace had his long legs stuck out and his eyes on the ceiling and so saw nothing of all this.

Cousin Henry drained his glass.

"And now, my boy, what about bed?" he asked.

Horace was willing. He followed Henry up a very wide flight of stairs, along a hall and into a bedroom the very sight of which made him sleepy. A newly lighted fire of lumps of mossy old wood burned in the grate. Pyjamas hung airing over the back of an arm-chair before the fire. There were slippers beside the big bed and shaving things laid out on the dressing-table.

"Sleep tight, my dear Martin," said Cousin Henry.

Horace was in bed in ten minutes and asleep in twelve.

Horace awoke because something soft but firm had him by the chin, shaking his sleepy head back and forth on the soft pillow. He opened his eyes, grabbed and gripped a slender wrist and sat up. He saw nothing, for the fire had burned out, the

curtains were drawn and there was no light in the room.

"Hush," whispered a voice that he already knew by heart. "It is Constance. You must dress without a sound and I'll wait just outside the door. Dad knows you are not Martin Dowling. Not a sound."

She pulled her wrist away from him. He heard the door close very softly. He got out of bed, dressed as well as he could in the dark and with astonishing speed, thrust his spats into a pocket and felt his way to the door with his shoes in one hand and the other hand advanced. He found the door, opened it and stepped cautiously from one blackness into another. Something touched him on the shoulder, on the elbow—and then a warm, soft hand found his free hand. She drew him slowly along over endless carpets, through a swinging door, along miles of cold linoleum, down a narrow staircase and at last into the open air.

"Put on your boots," she said.

He obeyed her. He could see her now, by the first faint, colorless suggestion of dawn. She wore a long, pale blue dressing-gown, and her dark hair was in two braids tied with pale blue ribbons.

"You must ride to Bentwick and catch the five o'clock train," she said. "I dare not try to take the car out, so you must use dad's wheel. Have you money?"

"Pots of money — but what's the rush?"

"When we got home last night dad found a letter from Martin. He telephoned to Martin's flat after you were in bed, and the porter told him that Martin was in—had come in at eleven. Then dad 'phoned Captain Stavins, the A.P.M. at the nearest camp, and asked him to send three of his men here at eight this morning. He thinks you are a deserter, if not a spy—and a thief — and perhaps a murderer. Are you a deserter?"

"Not on your life!—nor any of those other things: But if I am caught by the Red Caps in these clothes, and

with Dowling's identification disc on my wrist and my own on my chest, I'm broke."

"Then come, quick!"

"You believe that I am straight?"

"Yes. But hurry!"

She pulled him across a corner of the paved yard and produced a bicycle from a shed.

"Go out by the front, turn to your left and keep straight on."

"May I call on you to-morrow—in my own clothes and my own name? If you say no to that, then I'll drop this old machine with a clatter and walk back into the house."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Dare you face dad after the lies you told him?"

"Yes, and a dozen like him — once I get my own clothes on again. And I am so deep and dead in love with you that even his big house doesn't scare me worth a cent."

"Poor dad! We are moving into the village next month. Now go—or I shall never speak to you again."

"But I said I love you."

"Then prove it—by running away now—and coming back in your own clothes."

"And the kiss?"

"Take it, if you think it belongs to you—and take it away, please—or I shall cry—and catch cold."

Horace rode wildly, with glory in his head and a fire in his heart. He rode into a gate-post, and after that into several ditches. He found the village and the station and the train, and gave the bicycle and five shillings

to a porter. He reached the metropolis without accident and went straight to Martin Gregory Dowling's flat. He found Dowling in bed, naturally; and while he shed his borrowed plumage he told of his adventures, and his narrative was frequently punctuated by exclamations by the lieutenant to the effect that he, Horace, was a blithering ass.

"And now what do you mean to do about it, you chump?" asked Dowling, when it was all told. "Where'll you hide?"

"Hide! I am going back to Bentwood this afternoon."

"The old boy will sandbag you on sight."

Not likely—for you are coming to explain the mistake he made."

"I am engaged."

"So am I — practically speaking. Bring yours along and let them meet. Come, be a sport! Dowlings and Martins have done more than that for each other in the dull, old days of our ancestors."

"Are you serious?"

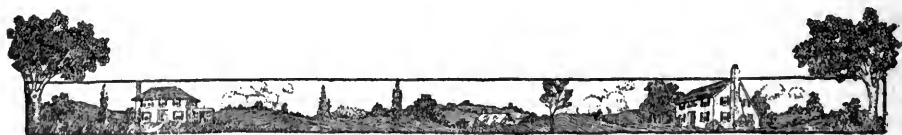
"So help me!"

"Then you are crazy!"

"I went crazy when she fell off that bus into my heart—and it's permanent, thank God!"

"But you don't know her, or her people. Her father will live on you like an old man of the sea, for he has spent all his money trying to catch spies."

"Good!" exclaimed the explorer. And then; "I'll teach him not to try to trick an innocent sergeant into the toils of the A.P.M. again!"



# IN THE JIG OF A JIFFY

BY RAE LUNN

**B**Y the time I was nineteen I had been engaged five times. At that particular time my future happiness was Claude de Gould. He was an exact type of the gallant knights pictured in the novels that I lay awake until dawn to devour. Father, mother and Nan—Nan was my elder married sister—did not particularly care for the match at first, though Claude was the richest marriageable man in Harrington.

We concluded, however, that we were destined for each other because our mutual feeling sprang up during one of Claude's unusual calls a few weeks earlier. Before this he had never paid the least attention to me.

On the eve of my nineteenth birthday, father called me to his study and informed me somewhat severely that he had given Claude consent to ask me to become his wife; and that he hoped that I had weighed the matter seriously, for my engagements since the first, which was announced at my "coming out", and which I broke two weeks later, were kept as family affairs. My father being rector of the parish no doubt called for a slight degree of ostentatiousness on his part.

"It is not my exact wish," he fumed, "to have you marry Claude. Not that there is anything faulty with his family or character, but he and you are too much alike in disposition and sentiment. However, if you are resolved to become engaged to him, re-

member," and father tapped his desk authoritatively, "that you are to marry him."

He then went on to point out Claude's qualities, what my advantages would be by choosing a rich husband, and that it would be well for me to set the day as early as possible.

Father then kissed me, and mother and Nan came in and went through the same performance, which had got to be rehearsal by that time. When they had withdrawn, Claude entered to put the finishing touches to the final act.

My fifth engagement was a bitter disappointment to me.

I had lain awake nights, picturing how Claude would frame the amorous words. But instead of the dramatic-tragic phrases of the paper-covered books that I had beneath my mattress, Claude's differed slightly from those of his predecessors. There was nothing exciting or romantic about it.

Instead of rehearsing it as I had expected to do that night, I cried myself to sleep from sheer vexation and disappointment.

Claude had arranged with mother and Nan for a surprise party for me on the evening of my birthday. It held a very pleasing surprise in the personage of Frank Halkirk, whom I had not seen since my pig-tail days, when I plighted my first love with Frank's aspiring inspirations of a sage-lorn law graduate.

He went abroad shortly after to

"finish" on some particular subject. His weekly letter, which had arrived the day before, still lay on my dresser, unopened.

Frank was an orphan, the son of a boyhood friend of my father's. He had come to Harrington that afternoon to start in as junior partner with Sawyer and Franklin.

Big and clumsy, with a mass of sorrel hair that stood up from a high, broad forehead like a field of wheat, his sober, amber eyes and freckle-spattered face and hands made a sorry contrast beside my band-box, polished fiacé.

I had had only three dances with Frank and was sitting out a fourth, when Claude got as sulky as George Banner's mule and began to say horrid things to Frank so that everybody could hear. But Frank only laughed and asked to take me in to dinner. At this Claude made such a terrible fuss that mother and Nan took me aside and read me several consecutive sections of the Riot Act, which was topped off by father giving me an all-round scolding before everybody.

"It's not enough," Nan stormed, "for you to make enemies for yourself, but you must drag along with it the severing of the lifelong friendship of two fellows like Frank and Claude."

By this time I was angered to the boiling point, and flinging Claude his ring I took Frank's arm and left the four of them to finish the argument at their pleasure.

The party was a successful failure. Everybody left before twelve, bubbling over with suppressed gossip.

When all the rest had gone, father called Frank into his study, where they stayed for at least an hour. After they came out Frank's hair looked as though a hundred gophers had been burrowing winter dens in it. As he bade me good-night, he slid a crumpled note into my hand. Father gave his retreating figure a glowering look and turned to me:

"Betty, while you are beneath my roof—remember," and his eyes nar-

rowed as he shook his finger at me, "that you are to be to Frank Halkirk as though you had never met," and with those words he turned and went upstairs.

As I stood there gazing blankly after him, Claude sneaked out from some place. Thirty-six hours before I had thought his slip-and-glide walk celestial. Now it was mundane, or even lower. Before I had realized what had happened, he had taken my hand and slipped his ring on my finger.

I tore it off and flung it at him.

How I loathed his cat-licked style. My fingers ached to be buried in his apple-pie-order hair.

"I hate you!" I hissed, like the heroine in a melodrama, and giving him a daggerlike look, I fled to my room, where I flung myself on the bed and allowed the scalding tears to give vent to my pent-up anger.

When I awoke it was high noon. As I sat up to view my crumpled finery, I noticed a spit-ball wad of paper near me.

On spreading it out, I read: "Dearest Betty,—Meet me at the big rock at dusk. Ever yours, Frank".

In a trice I was effervescing with excitement; and by the time I had bathed and dressed I had pictured out how our elopement should take place.

Just then mother knocked at the door. After a while I let her in, and an unpleasant silence ensued as I sipped the chocolate and pecked at the rolls she had brought me.

"Betty," mother entreated, slipping her arms around me, "you must take Claude back. You do not realize how much he cares for you."

This only added oil to my rising wrath.

"I won't marry him!" I raged. "The simpering, foppish prude. I hate him! I want Frank. Big, bluff Frank."

"But Betty," mother began again, "you do not know Frank, except by his letters. It is three years since you

met—besides,” and she regarded me with widened eyes, “you *must* marry Claude. He is all broken up——”

“Broken up!” I scoffed, “Hm-mm-mm! This is his sixth or seventh engagement—and Frank, why, I am his first and only. I know that Frank is poor, while Claude has oodles of money. But faugh!” and I stamped my sore feet, “Claude is only making a fuss because I threw him over. He does not——”

“Yes, Betty, but you know what father said,” mother broke in. “You have got to marry Claude. The day has been set—three weeks from tomorrow. And now——” she pursed her lips as she took up the tray.

“Set the day! Three weeks!” I screamed as the meaning of her words dawned upon me, and I burst into hysterical laughter.

How long I stood gazing at the closed door I can’t guess now. I tried to collect my scattered thoughts—but my brain was like slacked lime.

About seven I opened my door, to see if I could manage a secret flight to the brook. I stumbled over a tastily arranged tray. The sight of it nauseated me.

To my unspeakable delight Frank was waiting for me at the big rock. We had scarcely got seated when who should happen along but father! He just glared at me, and turned on his heel like a spinning top and made for the house. I knew from his walk that I might expect a thunder storm.

Frank had brought a lunch, so we made a fire under a cleft of the big rock and roasted apples, spitted between a pronged stock. The light from the fire, with the stars peeping shyly through the trees, made everything so romantic.

We imagined that we were shipwrecked on a South Sea island. Frank was so imaginative! So different from Claude. So different from the staid, sedate Frank who had ogled me in his ogrelike way, three years before.

Before I was awake the next morning mother brought me my tray.

“Father wishes it,” was her answer to my surprised look, for breakfasting in bed was decidedly against her rules. When she went out I started up with a bound. The door clicked!

I was a prisoner.

The heavy oak door offered no aid, and the window was a sheer drop of forty feet to the ground. As I lay leaning out of it trying to contrive a way out of the difficulty, a low cough attracted my attention, and to my embarrassment I found myself gazing into the mischief-lurking eyes of Frank Halkirk, as he steadied himself against the crook of a limb of the sheltering maple that stood a few feet from my window.

“It was the only way open to me,” he whispered, and tossed me a bunch of rope intertwined with roses. “Hurry up and dress and tie this about your waist,” and he swung farther up into the maple and caught the other end of the rope to a small balcony on the window above.

“Ready?” Frank called after a while and gave the rope a tug.

“All right,” I replied, and in an instant I was beside him.

“There’s mother and Nan,” I laughed, as they went down the driveway, “going for my wedding dress,” and I told Frank about the day being set, and Claude. “The snippy little snob,” I cried as Frank paced the balcony, blowing furious smoke rings.

Father went out to make “calls”, so we went down to lunch, swearing Bridget and Jane to secrecy.

The three weeks that followed were perfectly heavenly. Mother and Nan were working like “good fellows” getting my trousseau ready for my marriage to Claude, and Frank and I were having moonlight trips—strolls, with numerous Romeo-Juliet ascensions to my room.

I got so that I could hand-over up a rope as nimbly as any circus acrobat. It was so exciting, and romantic, too.

Claude would come up to talk to me through the keyhole. The process

must have been tiresome, but he kept steadily at it.

I began to admire his grit. It surprised me. He poked letters full of nothings beneath my door every morning, and loaded my tray with a florist's smile.

When the three weeks were up mother and Nan had my outfit ready, and everything else, to the hour and ring. I always did hate getting things ready.

Meanwhile, Frank and I had it all arranged. It was to take place early in the morning at a little church down town. And Claude's was set for high noon. So they wouldn't get in each other's way, I was sure of that.

Frank woke me at dawn. I threw my gloves and veil down, for hand-overing, wedding veils and white kid gloves do not work well together.

We had breakfast by the big rock, and a row on the river before we went to the church. There wasn't a "hitch" to anything.

As I lifted my eyes from signing

the licence, I beheld father, mother, Nan and—Claude, all in sun-flower-smiling array like sentimental loons.

I just gasped: "How did you know?"

For answer they just kissed and hugged me—all but Claude, the dear old softy!

We had to take it after you gave us the slip. So, why not good-naturedly?" Claude laughed it off.

It wasn't until we were leaving on the noon train that I knew how they knew, when I overheard Claude say as he banged Frank on the back: (I wonder why men *always* have to bang each other on the back when they think that they have pulled off a clever trick?) "We pulled the wool over her eyes for fair," to which Frank ha-ha-haed: "I'll do as much for you some day, Gould."

I saw it all in the jig of a jiffy. They had been posing for Frank, the whole bunch of them.

I just kept still, and they still think that I don't know what *they* know.

## THE IMPRESSIONIST

By ALICE M. WINLOW

O MOTHER, I have cleaned the pots and pans—  
See how they glisten.

And Mother, dear, listen:  
From every pan a rainbow wing outfans,  
From every single shining pot there springs  
A peacock with the sunlight on his wings.

And, Mother, I have washed the window-panes—  
See how they glisten.

And Mother, dear, listen:  
Each sunbeam shining through the window rains  
A shower of crystal, making snowy white  
The cloth I've spread for supper for to-night.

There is no dust on wall or stove or floor,  
The china saucers  
Are sunbeam tossers;

The cups and plates are prettier than before.  
The little glass of jelly seems to spread  
The sunlight on the cloth in squares of red.

# A DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

BY BILLEE GLYNN

IN THREE CHAPTERS

## CHAPTER I.

**I**T was one of those little towns in California — scented and quiet—that unfold rose-like to the sun. Indeed, it was noted for its roses, for its red throated poinsettias—flaring Christmas fire flames midst their rippling verdure; for its prodigality of foliage and blossom generally—from the sea-green spray of its fountain dropping pepperwoods and weeping willows to its knarled, tworled oaks, graceful to their topmost branches in ivy. In these things its people vied with one another and prided themselves—and were rewarded by the exclamations of surprise and delight of the strangers who entered their gates—always to linger, if they could. So the town nestled there in its half-wayward beauty like a dream of Pan to the music of its gurgly brook, its wide avenues not cutting it cruelly as thoroughfares do, but lying like silk ribbon white and gleaming in the sun—and even their echoes spoke softly and disturbed not the peace. In it all, its people moved with an infinite content, forbearing the strenuous, satisfied with the melody of life under skies that were ever blue, and its daughters grew up slim and beautiful with the haze of summer in their eyes.

It was into this environment that John Hamilton stepped one morning early in June. The dew was still on

the rose bushes, and pearly the hedges, the damp nectar of a thousand flowers in the air, and the man paused more than once on the way he was going, drinking in the unusual beauty of the little scenes which unfolded to him. He was a strayling, a miner by occupation, John Hamilton, with behind his apparent nonchalance the quick sense of appreciation, particularly in matters of nature, that most straylings have. Thirty-five years, too, had rather perfected than dulled his perceptions—even as they had failed in the slightest degree to smutch the wanderlust at his soul.

The house in which Myra lived John found on the lower outskirts of the town, where it dipped toward the silver clatter of the brook. It was a white, roomy looking cottage, with spreading wings. A sea gull might have paused so, and lingered, won by the cool, deep shade of the lazy, arboring trees and the breeze-stirred breathing of amaryllis, pansies and flaring red and yellow poppies that dotted passion in the ample spaces of the grounds. Forming a sort of natural arch over the doorway, a white rose tree drooped with the weight of its blossoms, and lifted upward again as though jealous even of the barrenness of the roof—and on either side of the pebbled walk a couple of diminutive fountains sprayed and plunged themselves sportively. John Hamilton stood in appreciation before en-

tering—and it was with a certain satisfaction in his mind that his surroundings were to be such pleasant ones during his month's visit; a lazy month previous to his shipping for the gold fields in Australia, where a commission waited him.

Myra, as baby sisters will, even when married, had insisted on that visit in every letter he got from her—and here he was, accordingly, four weeks ahead of his sailing time. He had not seen her for seventeen years—not since in short dresses she had clung around his neck that summer morning in their father's home in the Mississippi Valley, and cried till the dimples became blurs in her pretty, freckled face because he was leaving. Now she was an invalid, had been for five years, and though a sweet, clinging hope always breathed out of her letters, and she spoke fondly of the affection and tender care of her husband, a well-to-do dentist, she had never said a word of her ultimate recovery. But John Hamilton understood—it was an affection of the spine. So he had endeavored to think of her only as the bright and active girl he had left so many years ago. When the smiling servant, however, ushered him into the cool, soft tinted room, with its glass partition and conservatory at the side, and he saw her sitting there in her chair, her little, helpless form on its support of cushions, but with the glad, winsome light of old in her face—still childish, but grown ethereal—it brought a kind of catch to the man's breath, a mist that shut out vision; for the instant everything but that home by the Mississippi and the romping hopes of the girl that had been.

Her thin, petal-like hands were stretched out to him in eager welcome—and he went and took them in his own big, strong ones, kissing her again and again. "Mamie!" he murmured. "Mamie!"—for it was the name of her childhood. And just a moment at the sound of that name she sobbed on his hands

She put him away from her with a tiny gesture, scanning him keenly out of the blue eyes that shone so brightly, while he stood there smiling under her inspection. Every bit of him she took in—the half graceful, half awkward six feet of length, the loose, clinging clothes — neckerchief and sombrero; the slight round of the broad, easy-riding shoulders, and the browned, thin column of the neck, rearing so nonchalantly the high-cheekboned face, with its weathered, intense calm. Quietly striking, not at all like the boy she had known he was, and yet she would not have it so. She drew him back to her impulsively by the fingers of the hand she still held.

"Oh, John, John!" she breathed. "And you look just the same, don't you! Only so strong, so brave, and so very, very handsome."

"And Mamie, my *lindo* Mamie," he reproved tenderly, brushing back the sunlit hair from her brow, "is just as bad as ever, isn't she, at spoiling her big brother."

She laughed a little, but with a mist of something in her eyes. "Well, why shouldn't I be," she asked — "why shouldn't I be just the same as ever?"

He made no reply, but bent down and kissed her again. Then they sat there talking, and closing up as best they might the gap of years that lay between them. Donald Martin, the tall, angular man with the sad, round eye-glasses on the optimistic face, found them so even when he came to lunch almost three hours later.

"Ah, Myra," he said, as he shook John Hamilton warmly by the hand, "it's easy to see you've fallen in love again. It keeps me a great deal of my time just watching her, sir. Some day I shall come home and the bird will be gone from its nest. Oh, I know it in my bones."

Even as she smiled at him the woman's face grew earnest. "If somebody or something did snatch me," she rejoined slowly, "I guess it would be the very best thing that could hap-



pen you. Imagine the terrible burden I've been to him, John; yet he never will admit it."

The husband leaned over and put a hand on her mouth. "If you ever speak like that again——" he began warningly. Then he picked her up, chair and all, and carried her to the dining-room table—with a nod to John Hamilton to follow. "Talk about being a burden," he joked, "why, you are as light as thistle-down! If you would only quit falling in love with these young Lochinvars out of the West, sombreroed and spurred, I wouldn't mind, you see."

"Well, who wouldn't fall in love with him?" she contested, sweeping her brother again with her glance. Then suddenly she darted the question at him in her curious little way—a woman's question and at the outset: "Has no one ever been in love with you, John? I mean, have you ever?"

Her husband laughed, but John Hamilton answered her simply, and in the direct manner he had always answered her youth.

"Never," he responded, "and never likely to be. I have too much of a hankering for the outward trail, I reckon. If a man follows it long enough—you know—nothing else matters."

"But it should, John. How much money have you? Couldn't you settle down if you wanted to?"

He smiled. "About eight thousand, I guess, out of a hundred and fifty of 'em, perhaps, I have made."

"Eight thousand—why——?" She had clasped her hands at the prospect, looking at him.

"You think it plenty, eh? Well, don't talk to me of settling down, sis, unless it's with a very big stake, and when there's nothing else to do." Then because of the quick disappointment in her face, and the question in the eyes of the man, he went on, speaking in a tone that grew into a strange, half-ringing earnestness: "It isn't, you see, that I wouldn't like to

please you, girlie, but that I can't. Drinking and tobacco are habits, maybe, but roaming is a passion—a great big passion like a sea in a man. There are some who quit, of course, but there are some who have been built for it that never quit. The more they've had of it the more it's there. Even though you've covered all the ground you always want to cover it over again. Why, I'd run away from the finest woman I ever saw—from the biggest bunch of happiness I ever saw—just to feel my legs free and swinging under me again—for a jolt of a burro heading into the desert, or the snarls of the pack-dogs up in the Yukon snows. I'm not going to Australia because I think I'll make money there, but just for the feel of a new country. It's funny—you can't explain it, nor you can't get rid of it. And you don't want to get rid of it. I know we're not the best kind of men that does this thing. I know we're a mighty poor sort when it comes to standing by or caring for the people we love; but we can't help it, sir, you see. We're the wild'uns, that's all, and I guess there's no such a thing as taming us."

He concluded, smiling at them somewhat out of the flame that had waxed in his eyes, and the woman turned away with a little sigh, for she knew his soul had spoken.

"But, John——" she began. Then she paused, with a sense of the impotency of her arguments against this thing that was his very blood. Neither through the days which followed did she take the matter up again. Perhaps she was quick to see that whatever change might be wrought in a man of his kind had to be wrought and climaxed within himself alone.

It was the next afternoon that John Hamilton, returning from a stroll to the brook, and entering his sister's room through the conservatory door, found another woman there chatting brightly with Myra. As she turned to note his entrance, he looked at her

in that calm, penetrating way which men of the wild and waste places have of looking at things, and she met his glance squarely out of hazel eyes. With a sense of intrusion, he would have retired, but Myra called to him, at the same time pointing him to a chair beside her.

"John," she said, "this is Margaret Allan, my very dearest friend, who comes over every day to talk with me. My big brother, Margaret, whom I have been telling you about. I do hope you're going to be friends," she added impulsively.

Margaret Allan rose to take his hand and return his greeting. There was a ruffle of graciousness, yet calm, easy flow in the movement which perhaps bespoke her whole individuality. Twenty-eight years of age, her days had broken over her only to touch her golden-brownness to a finer, mellower quality. She stood just a little above the man's shoulder, her white garments giving her a strong, bounteous appearance, and her countenance in its fairness, and raised as it was, carried somehow the significance of a flower that had always looked the sky in the face. John Hamilton, even in that instant, had the impression of a woman infinitely kind—a kindness that shone side by side with the reserve of the maidenhood still so apparent in her. It was impossible, indeed, that Margaret Allan should not impress any one in that way—though this man, trained to the silences of the desert, perhaps caught the note of it quicker. He smiled at her in the manner he might have done in passing a fellow on a lone trail.

"I think I can be friends," he said easily.

A half ripple lighted the girl's face as she took her seat again. "Myra," she explained, "always makes so much of little things. I would just fade away and die if I didn't have my chat with her every day, and yet she makes believe it's all on her side."

John Hamilton, sitting down in his leisurely way, however, overlooked

the words entirely, his glance going straight to herself behind them. "I thank you for being kind to my sister," he said simply. Then added as if in explanation of himself. "I am afraid I never have been myself, maybe. As a hitter of the way, I reckon I'm a pretty fair sample, but when it comes to comforting a woman, I'm clean out of place."

The girl glanced at him a moment out of reflective eyes, as if taking her own estimate of him in the matter.

Myra threw them a little laugh. "He don't know what a comfort it is," she stated, "just to have him around. And, think of it, Margaret, it's only for a month—then he's going to Australia. He's been to the Yukon, to the Peninsula, to South Africa, Mexico, South America, Nevada—everywhere—and now he's going to Australia."

She counted the list satirically on her finger, pointing at him child-like—and John Hamilton laughed.

"Well, what else is there for a man to do?" he argued. And again the girl's eyes swept his face with their seeming wish for analysis.

"You think there's nothing else worth while?" she said.

"Oh, yes, a thousand things, I reckon—but I'm not capable of them, you see. Up in the Yukon, Miss Allan, there are pack dogs that would sooner starve and die on the trail than look sleek and fit by a camp fire. It's not courage or anything that counts, maybe—it's simply in 'em, I guess"—and his eyes fallen to the brown back of his hand might have been reviewing a few of the parched trails he had followed—"I guess I'm about that kind of a fool dog myself."

Margaret Allan lived just in the next house. Besides herself there were her white-haired mother, a maiden aunt who saw after things generally, and her father—a retired surgeon, grown somewhat of a recluse. These, with a servant, an old negress who had been with them for many years, made up the entire household,

and consequently the girl was left much to her own will — and with plenty of time on her hands. Of late years, with the love of nature so strong in her, she had made it her particular province to look after the grounds, and they had responded bountifully to her care.

It was at all she had created that John Hamilton stood gazing the next day, his pipe in his mouth, as he leaned over the low fence which separated the two places. He did not know, of course, that Margaret was responsible for the arrangement of flowers and shrubs which so delighted his eyes, even as he knew neither that at that very moment she was in with Myra—for he had been out for an hour looking around the town. So he stood there revelling a little in what he saw—the dull red house, with its rambling look of age spread spaciouly in the shadow of the oaks, the short, winding driveway leading up and around with its clicking rows of fan palms and mauve-colored dogwood; and the oval centre where a fountain burst with springy deliciousness, where a little Japanese summer house stood crushed in the weight of its roses, and tiny bloom-eaten paths struggled through multitudes of blossoms that, willy-nilly, laughed and whispered together—a careless, turbulent crowd it seemed of every shade and variety, and yet arranged with a wonderful art of color. There were a couple of black walnuts standing there, too, straight, shapely and policeman-like, but a vine with blue flowers had evidently resented their posture, for it had wound itself about them to their topmost branches, and its blossoms looked out shyly triumphant from their green, hanging leaves.

John Hamilton, in the midst of his observation, was disturbed suddenly by a voice from behind him.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Hamilton," it said. And he glanced around to see Margaret Allan.

"I was just thinking," he responded

with a sense of the freshness she brought with her, "that you have a pretty place here."

"You can't really see it from there," she said. "I would like to take you in and show you, if you don't mind. I am rather proud of it myself, you understand—I am the gardener."

She smiled at him in her rippling way, and he followed her through a little gate and across the driveway toward the fountain. Strangely enough, and for the first time in his life where it was not a thing of necessity, he found himself perfectly willing to be sociable with a woman. She was a little like Myra, after all, this girl, as was Myra a little like her. And her friendliness, her golden-brownness, as it were, surely had a way of lingering on one.

His eyes took in the strong grace and youthful spring of her body, as she moved before him, then instantly she stooped to chide a wayward shrub from the path.

"Are you fond of flowers?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Why, yes," he replied. "I am fond of most things that grow, I guess, and dislike most that are made."

"You're a funny man, aren't you?" she said, after a moment's pause, as she still worked with the shrub. "I mean—I mean you're somewhat different."

There was just the slightest bit of a flush on her face as she glanced up at him again, and he stood a little, considering the matter, his sombrero tilted back on his head.

"Maybe," he said finally. "Yes, I reckon I am. It's a good thing, too—for the others, I guess."

"Do you know," she went on, "that you rather startled me yesterday. I didn't like you then—though I wanted to, because you were Myra's brother. But I don't mind you to-day. I've been thinking about you."

There was a childish simplicity in the words and in the face lifted to him that for an instant amused John Hamilton mightily. Yet it was a sen-

sation that wasn't all humor either—the sensation of one in the shadow coming cut into the warm, quick tingle of the sun. Then with a sense of courtesy new to him, he answered her seriously.

"I always scare women more or less, I guess. I have never had anything to do with them, you understand, and they don't know me. I don't know them. I wasn't wearing my six-shooter yesterday, though; that I remember."

"It wasn't that," she rejoined, as she straightened up beside him, "but because"—and she tore a blossom to pieces in her hand—"I had wanted you to be just a little like Myra—and you—you were the worst—the very worst kind of a man."

"Gracious!" he ejaculated, somewhat astounded.

"Oh, I don't mean it that way," she put in quickly. "Worst is not the word exactly, and yet it is. You'll understand it better, perhaps, if I say the 'manniest' man—though that's not a compliment either. You just seemed made up of all the things a woman

couldn't reach, and that she would dislike if she could. You know now, don't you? I've lived here all my life, you see—I was to New York once when I was eighteen, and I thought it awful. Even San Francisco is too crowded. I like this—but I don't meet a great many people, of course—and I never met a man of your kind before. You know now?"

He nodded his head.

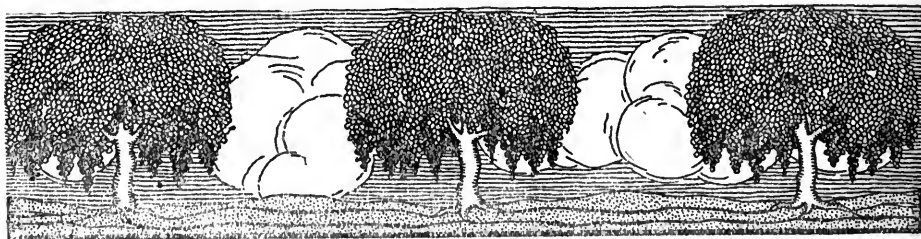
"As I said, though," she continued, "I thought you out a bit last night, and now I don't mind you at all."

John Hamilton laughed as he followed her toward the summer house. "That's good of you," he said simply. "Perhaps sometime you will really come to like me a bit, eh?—just because I'm Myra's brother."

She had ensconced herself in one of the wicker chairs before she spoke. "A man will always like you better than a woman could, though," she explained, with a look of probing into the things behind his face.

And to John Hamilton the words brought a momentary shadow that he could not understand.

(To be continued)



# SIMON GIRTY'S MARRIAGE

BY HON. WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL



AN official entry in an old Register brings to mind a little known story of the days of the American Revolution.

From before the Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776, till after the Peace of Paris, September 3rd, 1783, the Ohio country was a place of peril. American soldiers, regular and irregular, harried those suspected of loyalty to the Crown, and British troops from time to time made incursions from Detroit and Michilimackinac. The Indians were divided, some were faithful to the Great Father across the Big Water, others, fearing the Long Knives, supported their cause, and some plundered all pale-faces indiscriminately.

The settlement of the country west of the Alleghanies, which had begun shortly after the close of the Seven Years' War in 1763, had not been seriously checked by the Revolutionary movement; on the contrary, some settlers were induced to make their home in the then remote West far from the Sea, to avoid persecution by one or the other faction.

Francis Malott of Maryland was one of those who sought the Far West; he took with him his wife Sarah and her children, to go to Kentucky. Overland to Fort Pitt (now Pittsburgh) they went; and at that Post, late in March, 1780, with others bound to the same country, they set sail down the beautiful Ohio formed there by the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela. There was a little

flotilla of three boats which kept together for mutual aid and protection. The exigencies of this primitive method of travel required that Malott and his family should be separated; his wife and children were placed upon a boat owned by a man named Reynolds. Malott himself went on one of the other boats.

The flotilla had passed down the river past the site of the present city of Wheeling, and was a few miles below Captina Creek, which still pours its waters through Belmont County into the Ohio on the right, when the dreaded Indians made their appearance.

Washnash, a well known Chief of the Munceys, with his band captured the Reynolds boat: Reynolds himself was either killed in the affray or tortured to death shortly afterwards: a little girl, his daughter, was shot, perhaps accidentally; and the remainder of the passengers on this boat, men, women and children, were taken prisoners; the other boats effected their escape with small loss, and made their way to Kentucky.

Among the prisoners was Catherine Malott, the oldest daughter of Peter and Sarah Malott, who was then a girl in her fifteenth year. She was taken by her captors to one of the Delaware Indian towns on the Scioto River, where, adopted into an Indian family of the Munciey tribe, she remained a captive for some years. About 1783 or 1784, the town was visited by the celebrated Simon Girty. Girty had himself when a boy of fifteen been captured by the Indians,

Delawares and Shawanese; he had lived with the Senecas for a considerable time, and had learned their language and customs. At the beginning of the American Revolution, he had taken the side of the Colonists; but had repented of his treason, and been imprisoned at Fort Pitt by the Colonial General. Making his escape from that place in March, 1788, with Alexander McKee and Matthew Elliott, two Loyalists both well and favorably known in later days in Upper Canada, he joined the British at Detroit. Thereafter he proved himself a faithful, diligent and useful servant of the Crown. As was, until but the other day, the custom of American historians to speak of all who took the Loyalist side, he had been branded as an unmitigated scoundrel, with less mercy than any Indian who gloated over the sufferings of unfortunate prisoners. In fact, he seems to have been much like the other western fighters; and his misfortune is that he fought for a losing cause.

Girty was a fine upstanding man, not far from six feet in height, with a large and striking head and large black eyes; from his Irish father and his English mother, he inherited many gifts of body and mind. Born in 1741, he was in 1783, a man of forty-years, but he preserved all his youthful vigor and passion; he had not yet given way to the excessive use of spirituous liquor which cursed his last years.

Catharine Malott was now a young woman of eighteen of great beauty and charm; and it was no wonder that each was attracted to the other. Girty determined to make Catharine his wife, and at length he obtained her release from captivity. Some writers attribute her promise to marry Girty to her abhorrence of the life she led with the Indians and say that it was only upon the terms that he should procure her escape, that she agreed to marry him; but this is mere baseless and slanderous conjecture. Girty was handsome, attractive and

white; and we need look no further for any impelling motive—that Girty passionately and sincerely loved her, there can be no doubt.

In August, 1784, the two came out of the Ohio wilderness, and made their way to British territory where they might live together in peace. Girty had been promised a reward in land for his services; he went upon a tract of land now in the First Concession of the Township of Malden in the County of Essex which had been recently acquired by the Crown from the Indians, and there he took his promised wife. The Church of England missionary at that place performed the marriage ceremony and Simon Girty and Catharine Malott were husband and wife.

In after years she was compelled to leave him by reason of his cruelty toward her; when under the influence of liquor, which he drank to excess in his later years, he would beat her over the head with his sword. But when about 1816, he became blind, her woman's heart was softened: she returned to live with him at their son Prideaux' place, and solaced his last days until his death in 1818.

She claimed dower in certain land which he had owned in his lifetime; her right being disputed, it became necessary to prove her marriage.

The clergyman was dead and he had left no records, but fortunately the Legislature of Upper Canada (for an entirely different purpose) had provided a means of establishing such a marriage beyond any question. The story is a curious one.

The law of England allowed marriages to be valid only if celebrated by a clergyman, episcopally ordained; in many parts of the western country there were in early days no such clergymen, and young couples desiring to marry went before the Commander of a Military Post, or a magistrate, or even sometimes before a Military Surgeon, and such officer read the marriage service from the Prayer Book and pronounced the

couple man and wife. Man and wife they were in fact, but not in law.

When the first Parliament of the new Province of Upper Canada met at Newark, now Niagara-on-the-Lake, in 1793, two Members of the Legislative Council (the Honorable Alexander Grant and the Honorable Richard Cartwright), at least one Member of the Legislative Assembly (William Macomb, one of the members for the County of Kent), and the only lawyer (except the Attorney General) in the Province (Walter Roe of Detroit) had contracted irregular marriages of this kind—so had two out of the four English-speaking Justices of the Peace appointed for the Detroit county in 1788 by Lord Dorchester.

The Legislature was naturally anxious to legalize these marriages; and in 1793 a statute was passed which enacted that all marriages theretofore publicly contracted before any Magistrate, Commanding Officer of a Post, or Adjutant or Surgeon of a Regiment acting as Chaplain or any other person in any public office or employment should be valid, and that persons desiring to preserve the testimony of their marriage of this kind and of the birth of their children might at any time within three years file with the Clerk of the Peace of the District an affidavit of the facts, and that would be sufficient evidence. In 1818 the time was extended until 1821 for filing such affidavit, but Catharine Girty did not then take advantage of the Statute. In 1831, however, the

time was extended for six years, and now she was well advised. She accordingly appeared before William McCormick, J.P., at Colchester in the County of Essex on May 19th, 1832, and made the following affidavit:

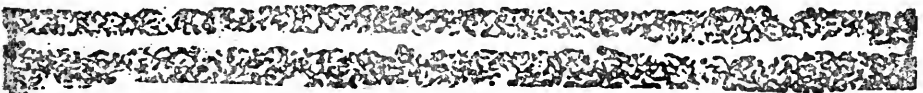
"I, Catharine Girty, do solemnly swear that I did publicly intermarry with Simon Girty at the mouth of the Detroit River, now the Township of Malden, in the summer of the year of our Lord 1791,\* and there is now to me living issue of said marriage, viz.: Sarah, now the wife of Joseph Munger, born on the 18th day of April, 1792; and Prideaux Girty, born on the 20th day of October, 1796, and that such marriage was solemnized by Frederick Augustice Norstbaugh, Church of England Clergyman of the new settlement, now the Township of Colchester in the County of Essex and Western District of Upper Canada."

This affidavit being certified by Mr. McCormick, was registered in "Marriage Register A" by Charles Askin, Clerk of the Peace for the Western District, on October 24th, 1832; and Catharine Girty's status as lawful wife was conclusively established.

Thus an Act intended to validate irregular marriages became the means of proving one which was regular. Unfortunately her claim for dower failed on other grounds, for William Mickle had a perfect defence.

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\*In the affidavit the date 1791 is interlined; it is a clear mistake, not to be wondered at in a woman of sixty-seven, with no writing to assist her memory. Her first child, who died in infancy, was born in 1785, Ann, who afterwards married Peter Gouverneau, in 1786; Sarah, in 1791, and Prideux, in 1797. I have said nothing of the doubt entertained by some lawyers and others of the right of Church of England Clergymen to celebrate the marriage ceremony at that time in that County—this would involve the discussion of difficult legal questions quite foreign to my subject. After 1792, the right was undoubted, while marriages before that date were validated by the Act of 1793, the question, then, is purely academic. Another and less creditable explanation might be given of the date 1791. I do not pursue the inquiry.



# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

Mr. Crerar, leader of the Progressive party, and two or three Progressive newspapers complain because the Administration at Washington did not extend a direct invitation to Canada to be represented at the Disarmament Conference. Possibly President Harding may be under the impression that Canada is a portion of the British Empire. What the Progressives actually suggest is that Mr. Harding should have invited representatives of Japan, of Italy, of France, and of five separate and independent British nations and that a foreign government should have assumed to determine once and for all to settle the status of the Dominions in the British Commonwealth.

Instead the Administration at Washington recognized the unity of the Empire and allowed its governments to agree among themselves in what manner and by what method the British delegation at the Conference should be selected. Apparently the Dominion Prime Ministers still regard Great Britain as "the predominant partner" in the Empire and remember that the chief burden of its defence still falls upon the backs of British taxpayers. Naval disarmament is not a heavy task for Canada but demands a revolution in British policy. But true as that is the Imperial Government gave direct representation to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and doubtless would have rejoiced to add Mr. Smuts or some other representative of South Africa to the British Commission. Indeed, it is not altogether accurate to say that Great Britain gave representation to the Dominions. The Dominions chose their own representatives as truly as if they had been selected upon direct invitation from Washington. Sir Robert Borden is not the nominee of "Downing Street", but of the Canadian Government, and so the other Dominion delegates are the nominees of the governments of Australia and New Zealand.

If any other method had been adopted, if Canada, as has been suggested, should have refused to be represented at the Conference except upon a direct invitation from Mr. Harding there would have been absolute denial of the unity of the Empire while such an invitation as has been demanded would have been an offensive interference in its domestic affairs. It cannot be possible that Mr. Crerar has considered all the implications of his proposal or that his organs fully understand the direction in which they are travelling. If the Empire is to be divided into five separate nations for trade and for diplomacy let us face the issue squarely, let us abandon the fiction of Empire, and let all the Dominions frankly assume all the obligations that go with political independence and declare to the world that their relation to Great Britain and to one another is exactly their relation to the United States, to France, to Japan and to all other foreign countries.



## II

Not even the verbose incoherency of Mr. Wells conceals the fact that there is definite purpose and high resolve behind the Disarmament Conference at Washington. It is a great thing to have brought the nations together in unity and concord. The beginning is auspicious. May the end be triumphant. It has been realized at Geneva that the League of Nations is mortally weakened by the recusancy of the United States. The Conference must buttress the League if it is to have results of signal value to mankind. If what was attempted at Versailles can be completed at Washington the New World will have forever redressed the balance of the Old. But history will not overlook Mr. Wilson or fail to challenge contemporary judgments upon his character and achievements.

It is the irony of fortune that Mr. Wilson should be excluded from the Conference, a broken and pathetic figure, resting under a great popular condemnation by his countrymen, while the nations within his hearing set themselves again to the task at which he toiled, wisely or unwisely, until the tools were stricken from his hand. Mr. Tumulty, who was private secretary to Mr. Wilson from the time he was elected Governor of New Jersey until he left the White House, has written a book which is clearly designed to give consistency and dignity to Wilson's career and to show the human quality in his character. It is not certain that it will fully accomplish its purpose. One cannot read the chapters that have appeared in the *New York Times* without feeling that Mr. Wilson was singularly calculating, that in every step he took he had regard to his personal fortunes, and that he had little consideration for instruments that had ceased to be serviceable. Possibly that is the way men must play the game of politics, and when one thinks of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt, one feels that Mr. Wilson has been flogged more mercilessly than he has deserved. However that may be, there is surely a vindication of Mr. Wilson in the Disarmament Conference and unquestionably the utterances of Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes substantially repeat the appeals of the broken Democratic leader to the American people for a favorable judgment upon the League of Nations.

The proposal for a ten-year naval holiday is as sensational as it is practical. What vessels should be scrapped and what should not is a detail as to which compromise and agreement should not be difficult. If the bold proposal could be accepted the ground would be cleared for the adjustment of other problems. Doubtless the difficulty will arise over the measures to be taken to guarantee that the decisions of the Conference will be respected and enforced. It still seems to be true that only force can ensure peace. For generations Great Britain has policed the seas of the world and not primarily for the aggrandizement of the British Empire. In this great task the other nations must assist if mankind are to march towards the future in peace and security. Or at least Great Britain must feel that if she dismantles her navy her future will not be imperilled. No other nation so peculiarly requires a defensive naval armament and no other nation will take such risks as Great Britain if she scraps her great ships and reduces her navy to comparative impotence.

The call to the Conference at Washington seems to be a confession that the United States must take responsibilities which thus far its Congress has evaded and must unite with other nations to make any programme of disarmament operative and effective. There can be no doubt that Great Britain supremely desires a good understanding with the United States and is eager to co-operate with American statesmen in all practical proposals to ensure peace on the Pacific and relieve the world of the crushing burden of armaments.

What may befall the Anglo-Japanese Treaty in the negotiations at Washington has yet to be disclosed. But a rough and brutal denunciation of the treaty by Great Britain surely would not have produced an atmosphere favorable to agreement between the United States and Japan. The British delegates have gone to Washington in an attitude of sympathy towards Japan but equally with the firm resolve to convince the American people that Great Britain would maintain no compact nor enter into any engagement with Japan or any other nation which could ever involve hostile action against the Republic. This, too, is the unalterable and irrevocable position of Canada. The great task of the Conference is to establish a relation of confidence between the United States and Japan, to merge the Anglo-Japanese Treaty in a wider international understanding, to protect the national interests of China, and to unite the American Republic, the British Empire, Japan and France in a common agreement against territorial exploitation and a competitive naval and military struggle on the Pacific.

### III

The electoral contest has not been impressive. There was no great issue. There were few great speeches. There was nothing constructive in the programme of any of the groups or of any of the leaders. In the main we threshed over the old straw of forty years ago and overlooked the great problems which demand consideration and solution.

There was denunciation of heavy taxation but no practical proposal to relieve or readjust the burden. There were the familiar attacks upon "plutocracy" and "autocracy", upon "the interests" and upon "Big Business". Russia has abolished "Big Business" and yet the Russian people are not altogether happy. The Western Grain Growers have applied the methods of "Big Business" in their co-operative enterprises and thereby have achieved results of great advantage to the Western country. There are mergers and combinations under protection in the United States and Canada but surely not upon a greater scale than under free trade in Great Britain. The evils of excessive and unfair capitalization are everywhere but they are not produced by high tariff or low tariff. There are manufacturers who take advantage of protection to the hilt and there are many who do not. The situation of Eastern farmers differs greatly from that of Western Grain Growers. It is foolish to deny that local markets give better prices to producers than remote foreign markets or that industrial communities are of advantage to the surrounding country.

It is certain that many American industries have come to Canada that would not have come if no tariff wall divided the two countries and that there are many Canadian factories that as yet cannot meet the unobstructed sweep of British and American competition. On the other hand the Canadian tariff needs overhauling. There are duties which probably should be reduced just as there are duties which could be wisely increased. The truth is that throughout the contest the tariff was discussed too freely from the standpoint of class and sectional interests and not as a measure of industrial defence or as an agency of national development. The electors will not decide between free trade and protection. Mr. Meighen failed to make the tariff the only issue. Even Mr. Crerar admitted over and over again that the tariff must be revised with caution and deliberation while the Liberal leaders gave many private and public assurances that they would not sanction any revolutionary changes in fiscal policy. The whole contest has been confusing and the result must be indecisive upon all vital national problems. A protectionist government may be defeated, but protection as a national policy may not be condemned.

## IV

The supreme need of Canada is increase of population, but the question of immigration was generally evaded. There was no intelligent discussion of principles and methods of taxation although it is certain that the new government must revise the income taxes and ease the burden upon legitimate industry. The sales tax which is growing in favor in the United States may not be the best substitute for any of the existing impost and no doubt all forms of taxation have a habit of backfiring and producing unexpected results. This was peculiarly true of excess profits taxes which fostered industrial monopoly and greatly increased the cost of living. But it does seem to be certain that the sales tax has many advantages and an inherent equity. Upon the whole problem of taxation, however, the electoral contest gave us no light or leading.

Nor was the railway situation illuminated. Mr. King championed national railways. Liberal candidates in Quebec insisted that governmental operation of railways would bankrupt the country. All three of the official party leaders defended "public ownership", and all three in this connection were repudiated by Sir Lomer Gouin and the Liberal candidates of the French Province. Sir Lomer, too, on fiscal policy seems to stand closer to Mr. Meighen than to Mr. King or Mr. Crerar. There was the further curious fact that old Tory groups in many of the constituencies were determined that no Liberal Unionist should have any standing in the National Liberal and Conservative party. In West York there was a violent eruption because a Government convention, packed or unpacked, had nominated a candidate who had been guilty of an ancient and hereditary connection with the Liberal party. The man with a political past seemed to be a convinced protectionist. It was not doubted that he would vote with Mr. Meighen if he should be elected. But to have begun life as a Liberal was a sin beyond forgiveness and apparently it was thought wiser to divide the protectionist voters than to elect a protectionist Liberal. It was not so in the day of Sir John Macdonald. He set great store by the sinner who repented and held that it was sound policy to draw converts from the opposing party.

In Toronto the Tory slogan was "No Liberal need apply". It was felt that Liberal votes were not needed to elect Conservative candidates. In many other constituencies, however, it was different and there must have been thousands of Liberals who deserted Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1911, sacrificed cherished traditions and associations, and voted for union government under a Conservative leader, who in this contest were literally driven over to the Liberal or Progressive parties. This is a human world. Many people will go in the direction in which they are kicked. Naturally enough, too, the old Liberal party chuckled when they saw the deserters of 1911 and 1917 ejected from the National Liberal and Conservative party. They neglected to order any stock killing for the prodigals who came back because they had "nowhere else to go". It is fair, however, to point out that Mr. Fielding, who gave his support to the Coalition in 1917 was reinstated among the trusted leaders of the Liberal party and that Mr. A. K. Maclean was accepted as the Liberal candidate in Halifax. One wonders what would have happened to Mr. Balantyne and General Mewburn if they had lived in Toronto. Altogether it was a strange contest, strange in its inconsistencies, its eccentricities, in the stolidity and unconcern of the people under fervent appeal from many platforms. One felt as never before that multitudes of people were doing their own thinking, that public meetings were comparatively ineffective, and that only the polling would reveal the actual mind of the country.

## V

There is no doubt that Mr. Meighen showed amazing cleverness on the platform. And he was as courageous as he was clever. Like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, his defence was always an attack. So he was uniformly consistent and straightforward. Possibly he gave too much attention to his opponents but a man who scents the battle from afar as he does could hardly do otherwise. Through the contest he has become a national figure of force and dignity and whether he wins or loses few will deny that he fought his battle with dash and gallantry. It is the fashion to gibe at Mr. King, and he may be somewhat oratorical and ponderous. But at least he did not spare himself, he was often impressive and aside from the juvenile shell discovery at Levis he gave no comfort to his opponents. We in Canada never think too well of politicians out of office. One remembers how many Conservatives shrugged the shoulder at Sir James Whitney until he became Premier of Ontario, and how general was the impression that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was too feeble and flabby to control a cabinet or retain the confidence of the country as the head of a governing party. Moreover the Liberal press so divided its attention between Mr. King and Mr. Crerar that the official Liberal leader was often left in isolation, more or less splendid, while the adjectives which would have been his under other circumstances were bestowed upon the leader of the Progressives. Like the leaders of the other groups, Mr. Crerar had no easy campaign, but somehow or other he seemed to be less aggressive and to subject himself to less physical strain than did the captains of the rival groups. Possibly he knew that he had a better organization at his back than either of his opponents and that less depended upon his individual effort. But he did what he needed to do with characteristic simplicity and dignity, and made many friends and few enemies in his progress across the country. One cannot believe that the group system will be a permanent condition in Canadian politics or that a government without a stable majority in Parliament can last at Ottawa as the Drury coalition has lasted in Ontario.

## VI

It is manifest that in France there is no love for Mr. Lloyd George. Apparently the French political and military leaders are not convinced that the British Prime Minister has exerted all his authority to maintain the claims of France upon Germany. There is suspicion, too, that he was not in active or continuous sympathy with Foch and Clemenceau at the Versailles Conference and in respect of territorial guarantees and financial concessions manoeuvred to effect a modification of the French demands. Mr. Stephen Lauzanne, editor of *Le Matin*, of Paris, who was connected with the French Mission at Washington during the war and is now attending the Disarmament Conference, writes:

"The only thing which Secretary Hughes will have to bear in mind, is that there are not only principles and facts; there are also judges and audiences. Until November 25th Mr. Hughes will have in the Briands, the Vivianis, the Balfours, the Takugawas and the Schanzas, a fair and responsive judiciary court where he may speak with confidence about right and justice. The atmosphere will remain what it is to-day—a remarkably clear atmosphere. But, after November 25th, it is very possible that the famous bargainer, who has at present his shop at 10 Downing Street, London, will cross the ocean and sit in the court. Then, talking of trusteeship of humanity, right, and justice will be finished. We will have to talk buying and selling. The Pan-American Building will cease to be an academy and become a shop. One will trade an alliance against a battleship and one will make a deal with the integrity of China against limitation of armaments. The cards may well be or not be on the table; they will appear

and disappear with fantastic rapidity. And I am not even quite certain that there will not be some handkerchiefs disappearing from certain pockets. If I were Mr. Hughes, before stating the case, I would every morning make a prayer to St. Patrick that he would not let David enter the court."

## VII

Evidence accumulates that on this continent as in Great Britain Industrial Councils are singularly effective in producing and maintaining good relations between employers and workers. A special correspondent of the *New York Outlook* reports that there are 600 firms in different parts of the United States, employing respectively from 100 to 47,000 persons in which "strikes, suspicion and distrust have been eliminated." A company founded in 1864 to manufacture watches produced its first watch in 1867. It began with the manufacture of 100 a year and last year made 1,000,000 watches. Four thousand men and women are employed. Its capital, originally \$100,000 has been increased to \$7,000,000. The plant cost \$5,000,000. This year it distributed a stock dividend of \$1,000,000 and authorized a new stock issue of \$1,000,000 for ultimate ownership by employees. Of this the \$500,000 first offered was immediately taken. The concern has paid dividends uninterruptedly for twenty-five years and never has had a strike. During the war it advanced wages seventy-four per cent. while prices of its product were advanced only forty per cent. The pension fund, to which the company contributes equally with the workers now amounts to \$600,000. The Advisory Council which consists of twenty men from the different departments considers all details of administration and assists in the adjustment of all difficulties which arise between the company and its employees. In a great industry in Massachusetts, when selling prices were reduced twenty-five per cent., employers and workers after investigation agreed upon wage reductions running from ten to fifteen per cent. A group of workers in Philadelphia offered to lend the company by which they were employed \$60,000 from their savings deposits. Another great company with 14,000 workers reports that in two and a half years there have been 1,200 cases of complaint of which 1,020 were satisfactorily adjusted before they had reached the shop committees. Another company with twenty plants has councils chosen by workers by secret ballot. Seventeen of these plants agreed three years ago to have such councils established and two other plants have since come under the system. All over the world there is still industrial conflict but tens of thousands of employers and workers are learning the better fashion and marching steadily and firmly towards co-operation and confidence and common effort for the common interest.

## VIII

*The Breeders' Gazette*, of Chicago, is one of the most able agricultural journals in the United States or in any other country. No one can fairly question its courage, its independence or its devotion to the true interests of American farmers. For that and for many other reasons this extract from its columns is worth reproducing:

"The unexpected has happened. The Congress in Washington, reflecting what senators and representatives doubtless believe to be the present sentiment of the people, is voting to continue the high taxation of all capital employed in productive industry, including agricultural operations. The blighting effect of this has recently been fully explained in these columns. The trouble is that the public has not yet been aroused to the truth. There is probably a clear majority of public men to-day who know in their hearts that they are standing for the perpetuation of a scheme that is largely responsible for the present demoralization, but they are personally solicitous for popular favor, and have not therefore the moral courage to advocate what they know perfectly well

needs to be done to hasten the return flow of capital from tax-free bonds into trade and industry—including agriculture.

"The people, and above all others the farmers and wage-workers, naturally expect capital to bear the lion's share of the frightful burden of taxation now put upon the country. They have been assured that the existing plan would accomplish that object. If it had done so The Gazette would be the last to raise its voice against it. But it not only has failed entirely to reach the moneyed class, but it has driven sorely-needed funds into tax-free public bond issues, and thus helped to increase the money stringency. The day is coming when this will be fully understood, and the remedy applied, but meantime we suffer, and shall continue to suffer. It is up to every intelligent voter now to look into the situation as it really exists. The Gazette has brought the matter before its readers in the full knowledge that it has run counter to popular thought, confident that an aroused public intelligence will work the necessary relief from a situation that cannot long be endured if we are to prosper.

"Letters continue to come from all parts of the country indicating that people only needed a frank statement of the facts to realize that a mistake is being made at Washington. A Minnesota subscriber, for example, in the course of a recent communication says:—'There is no question but what The Gazette is by far the most influential agricultural newspaper in the United States, and its fight in behalf of sound methods of taxation can but have a splendid influence on the issues involved. It may be too late for anything to be accomplished at this session of Congress, but the public, and especially the farmers, must be told the truth about this matter, and the sooner the better, in order to have a revival of business. The surtax as now applied not only penalizes business but withers it at the root.'

"There are those of course who will dispute all of those assertions—including the more or less irrelevant one with which this over-generous reader opens his statement—but all we ask is thought, thought, thought about the main proposition. It has been fully outlined in this page in recent issues. And let thought be followed by action, and above all do not pay too much attention to the speeches of men who upon all occasions overwork the 'soak-the-rich' game. In seeking to hit capital this time they have successfully chased it out of farm mortgages and business enterprises into tin boxes filled with state and municipal bonds. Great scheme, is it not? Yes, for capitalists, but not for starving producers in all lines of American activity.

"That The Gazette's exposé of this situation is being appreciated by those who think is further illustrated by the subjoined letter just received from Dean Davenport of the University of Illinois:—'I have just read your excellent editorial "Canning the Country's Cash," and I want to thank you for being the first, as far as I know, of all the agricultural journals or cosmopolitan press to have the courage of its convictions and say what has been perfectly obvious to every thinking man for these many months. Why is it that our press has been so blind to the facts of the case, and why have they said so little about it? . . . .'

These arguments have been advanced over and over again in this department of *The Canadian Magazine*. The writer fully understands that he has exposed himself to the suspicion that he is the mere mouthpiece of the financial and industrial interests. He believes, however, that he has spoken in the true interest of the masses of the people. It is his conviction that excessive taxation of "the rich", inordinate super income taxes, and crushing imposts upon industry, in the language of *The Breeders' Gazette*, is "withering business at the roots". These methods of taxation, as greatly favored at Ottawa as at Washington, are discouraging enterprise, checking expansion, creating unemployment, and impairing all the productive activities of the nation. No doubt capital suffers but wage workers and even farmers suffer more severely and have no such capacity to bear the suffering as those whom the taxes are intended to punish. It is imperatively necessary that the whole question of taxation shall be courageously and faithfully examined in the light of recent experiences if the sun of prosperity is to shine again and if we are to carry without an intolerable strain the very heavy burden which the war, excessive railway building and general extravagance in public expenditures have laid upon the country.



WAYSIDE SHRINE, BEAUPORT, QUEBEC

From the Photograph by  
M. O. Hammond





# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S REALITY

BY JAMES MURRAY MUIR



HE household of Doctor Arthur Perse St. Clair numbered three, including himself, the other two being Rotunda and Juniper Jackson, a negro couple who looked after his material comforts. Perhaps the figure four would be more correct because "Senator", the Doctor's ancient and faithful horse took as much pride in the unquestioned respectability of the name of St. Clair as did the rest.

Taking the last named and working backwards as in the case of well-conducted nomination meetings, we introduce "Senator", which by the way was a corruption of the given name of Centaur. He was typically a medical man's horse, well kept, kindly-dispositioned, and available at all hours and seasons for hurried calls, like a smooth-running flivver.

Juniper Jackson was the Doctor's cook and housekeeper, designed on the generous lines of Aunt Eppy and strongly addicted to the exuberant religion of the Afro-Episcopal Church of Chesterville. Her chief joy was in the choir practice, and her chief sorrow Rotunda.

Rotunda Jackson was one of those Cassius types—lean and hungry—and justified his existence in the St. Clair ménage by looking after the garden and driving Centaur when the doctor was on his customary daily rounds.

If there existed a union for negro coachmen, Rotunda certainly was high up in the organization, for his

hours of labor ceased, on his election, at five o'clock. After that, the doctor drove himself, as it was considerably less trouble to do that than to arouse his sleeping ebonite, that is if the said ebonite could be located.

Rotunda's strength lay in his capacity for much food, and often, and his weakness, games of chance. Both these salient characteristics grieved his better half greatly, for neither of them were conducive to Rotunda's taking an active part in the church affairs, the frequent and prolonged eating making for sleep of the same qualifications, and the "gambolling" requiring most of his wakeful hours when not sitting on the high box of the doctor's dog-cart.

Dr. Arthur Perse St. Clair was a man of about fifty years, short, stout, and given to playing the part of a Virginian gentleman in so far as accent, mannerisms, dress and hirsute adornments would permit. He actually had been born in the South and when he had moved northward to Chesterville after graduation from the medical school, he had endeavored to transplant the atmosphere of the South. The fact that the population of Chesterville was to no small extent colored, made it comparatively easy for him to indulge in his little idiosyncrasy. He, too, was an ardent churchman and only major cases prevented his attendance at the two services every Sunday.

Like Juniper, he grieved over Rotunda's weakness for worshipping at

the shrine of the goddess of luck and more than once had tried to pluck the brand from the burning, and more than once had signally failed.

The doctor's house was a large one-storied residence, surrounded by fairly well-kept gardens and lawn. At the back of the property was the stable, which boasted of a billiard-room over the section in which the dog-cart was housed. Just why the doctor installed the table is left to conjecture, but there it was, the prey of moths and dust, and the comfort of Rotunda, who frequently gathered around the felted slate his sporting friends for an undisturbed game of craps or crown and anchor.

From the stable there was a white pebbled roadway passing the side of the house and leading to the wide leafy residential section of Main St.

Chesterville boasted of some fifteen thousand inhabitants with the usual proportion of lawyers, bankers, and others of the same high moral standard. However, in spite of the high tone of their family mottoes or the quality of their financial rating, these men were only human, and so they had formed a club—a country club—some miles from their devoted families. Here they played golf or gathered around the festive pile of multi-colored chips or even at times played that new game of the rich—bottle, bottle, who's got the bottle?

This was all in the days before the name of A. Perse St. Clair was inscribed on the club rolls and elected to the House Committee. Thereafter bridge had replaced the customary game of poker, and the crooking of elbows had to be done in the small bush to the left of the seventh hole, for the doctor had discovered there were two Jokers in the club's pack of rules, namely that, "No game shall, on any account, be played for money", and that "No wines or spirituous liquors shall be brought, or partaken of, on the club premises". These two regulations he demanded should be enforced, and enforced they were—at

least when the pompous figure of the doctor was visible.

Judge Harkness often gibed the doctor good-naturedly on his pet aversions for betting and strong drink, but he was generally forced to retire under the doctor's heavy barrage.

"What gets me, Doc," the Judge said one day, "is why you let that good-for-nothing Rotunda nigger of yours to gather all the riff-raff of the town in your stable and shoot craps night after night, and yet when some of the boys here, like Gordon Munn or Fred Arnott, want to risk a nickel or two over a game of cards, you raise Cain."

"Sir," St. Clair bristled, "I fail to see any connection between the two cases you mention. My negro servant and his ilk are of a much lower mental stratum than the gentlemen who gather at the club. Men like those you name, sir, are of position and responsibility in our community, and as such should set standards of living that inspire the lower classes!"

Judge Harkness laughed indulgently.

"And you must not conclude, sir, that I do not try to correct the unprofitable recreations of my man." Here the doctor's high moral underpinning began to crumple and his human side was revealed. "I have reasoned and threatened and actually discharged the scalliwag, but all to no avail. Why it was only this morning that I heard him arrange, right before my eyes, with the negro servants of several of my patients to meet him at nine o'clock to-morrow night in my stable. I'd give a year's fees to just throw a proper scare into him once!"

"Come on, Doctor, cheer up or you'll be getting morbid. Remember the saying that 'a few fleas are good for every dog, for they make him forget that he is a dog'." The Judge slapped the sad-looking little figure on the shoulder and departed for the seventh hole.

The doctor sat long on the club verandah and pondered ways and

means. It was not until after the second cup of tea that he saw light, and with a face firmly set he started for home and duty, very much as Joan of Arc must have set out for Orleans.

Two hours later saw him in the act of tugging at a red woollen bell-cord in his study. There was an answering loud jangling in the kitchen adjoining and Juniper's firm knock followed in an interval of time which would allow her to wipe off traces of pie-making from her hands and to take cover in the slippers (size ten) from which she usually disembarked whilst in the privacy of the kitchen.

As if to remove any lingering doubts and to provide a suitable opening for conversation she inquired, "Did yo' ring de bell, Doctah, suh?"

"Come right in, Juniper, I want to get your opinion on a certain matter affecting your husband. Sit down, Juniper."

Juniper selected a chair with an eye to safety and eased her ample proportions thereon.

"It's like this, Juniper; you know I am very patient and long-suffering, but Rotunda's mania for gambling has seemed to run away with him completely. You know how often I have had his promise to turn over a new leaf, but all in vain."

"Yes, suh. Ah reccon he's a plain low dahn cu'llud rasc'l. Do yo' know, suh, he ac'shelly ast me to dust up the bill-yard room fo' him because he was havin' some of his gen-mum fren's in t'morry night? Gen'mum, indeed! An' choir prac'ise night too!"

Juniper's indignation forbade further utterance.

"Exactly—exactly," the doctor replied. "I'm glad you are aware already of this latest piece of impudence, for I want you to help me make a final appeal to your husband's manhood. I have already heard of this—er—gathering which is to take place in my stable and my plan is to notify the police and let them handle the matter as they see fit."

"Oh lawdy, suh—not the perlice! I'll never be able to hol' my head up in chu'ch again! An' me a lady deacon and a sultana singer in the choir!"

Huge tears of self pity flowed over Juniper's black features, and in her mind's eye she saw the gaunt figure of Rotunda in a striped suit sitting in the centre of a huge pile of large, hard rocks, pounding—pounding—only stopping to chafe his galled ankles, to which were attached heavy balls of iron by means of clanking chains.

"Oh, lawd, save my pore ol' nigger!"

"There, there, Juniper," broke in the doctor, endeavoring to stem the briny deluge, "we will only scare them. I'll speak to Judge Harkness and see that the offenders are only fined." And as if announcing his text he added, "Bitter medicine must be administered to stubborn cases, you know."

Juniper did not give her approval very easily, but at length the doctor was able to convince her of the wisdom of the course of treatment he was prescribing. Slowly she retraced her steps to the kitchen, where she could resume her stocking feet and weep in comfort.

Within an hour, the chief constable of Chesterville was reading the following note:

"Dear Sir:

"It has come to my notice that a body of men are gathering in my stable at nine o'clock to-morrow (Friday) evening for the purpose of gambling. I trust you will see that the law is enforced, and I certainly will be most pleased to give any assistance that lies within my power.

"Yours truly,

"A. PERSE ST. CLAIR.

The Chief handed the missive to his assistant.

"Better tell the boys to put on their best bib and tucker to-morrow night," he said. "Old St. Clair wants us to put on a little raid on his barn, so we'd better call off any private parties we have on the programme."

Darkness had fallen when at nine-fifteen, on Friday night, the doctor, from his point of vantage in the shrubbery at the side of the house, witnessed the arrival of Chief Constable Burns and his three stalwart helpers.

The four officials of peace and order put their heads together for a few brief moments, then they boldly advanced on their quarry. As they neared the stable, narrow slits of light could be seen from around the blind-screened windows of the billiard-room, while from the carriage-house unmistakable sounds issued forth.

"Come on, Rotunda, han' me dem ivo'y tum'lers. Come on ol' poka dots, don' weaken, don' weaken! Bam! De white gen-mum speaks seben!"

"Rock-a-baby, rock-a-baby! Smile fo' yo' ol' mammy! Bam. Dey says fo' deuce! Bam! Seben, Ah sees: Bam! Deuce fo' de lil ol' bones in'cates. Come to yo' pappy!"

Chief Burns stationed two of his men at the door, and he and the remaining constable entered the stable. Sounds of scuffling and extemporaneous cuss words in the negro dialect, ensued, and through the doorway emerged three perspiring and fear-stricken darkies, with the Chief in command of the color party, so to speak.

"Johnston, handcuff these guys together and keep an eye on them while we explore the rest of the place."

At the word "handcuffs" all three sportsmen flinched as if they had been stabbed, and the whites of their terror-filled eyes seemed to make the rest of their features small by comparison.

The chief retired in the direction of the lights of the billiard-room, from which could be heard subdued voices. In about three minutes the doctor, in his secluded nook, saw a procession moving down the driveway which, to say the least, flabbergasted him.

First came one of the blue-coated constables leading a string of three knee-knocking negroes, and if it hadn't been for what followed, the

doctor couldn't have helped being reminded of a fisherman bringing home a string of large-mouthed bass, for the negroes dropped on the chains of their handcuffs while their mouths gulped convulsively as if they were gasping their last. But, as I said before, the doctor hardly noticed the vanguard, for right behind them walked Judge Harkness chewing savagely at a long cigar, as he did only while under some great mental stress or anger. The next figure was that of Charlie O'Connor, the clerk of the court, a man of noble girth and usually of even temper. Just then he bore a striking resemblance to a piano virtuoso taking his morning five-finger exercises, for his pudgy digits clenched and unclenched as if seeking a suitable throat to throttle.

Then came Mr. Spence. He had, no doubt, been called Jimmy or Benny by his parents, but now that he had reached the maturer age of forty and the position of manager of the local bank, he was known by all and sundry as Mr. Spence. True to form, he walked with head erect and eyes to the front, just as he did every Sunday morning and evening while taking up the collection. It had begun to resemble the procession of local men of rank and position who usually sit in the carriages following that of the Premier or other visiting celebrity.

As each figure passed the doctor's shaded reviewing stand, his tongue clucked in consternation, making a sound like that of the turning of the turnstile which registers the number being admitted to the fall fair.

Bringing up the rear was Chief Constable Burns with a look on his face like that of a respectable hen who has conscientiously performed her duty only to find that the eggs had produced not a brood of black feathered chicks, but a brood of brilliant-hued birds of paradise.

Through the haze of bewilderment, Dr. St. Clair suddenly realized that when he had aimed his small calibred

weapon at one Rotunda, he had hit and mortally wounded much bigger game and that unless he moved quickly and wisely their blood would be on his head. To do him justice, the doctor was no coward, as was demonstrated by the resolute way he marched forth and halted the line of "Who's Who and Why" which was filing down the white-pebbled driveway.

When Judge Harkness caught sight of the doctor he looked almost pleased.

"Hey there, St. Clair, come over here so I won't have to wake up the whole neighborhood talking to you. The chief says it isn't etiquette for me to go to you." The judge glared at the advancing medical man. "Did you give instructions to Burns, here, to pay us this kind little visit here to-night? He says you did, but I personally think he's just trying to shift the responsibility."

"I—er—that is—he's quite right, Judge, but I only asked him to come and arrest some colored men who I knew were gambling on my premises. I think I made it quite plain to the chief that—"

The chief, who had been hovering in the background, felt at this juncture that he had received enough abuse for one evening.

"That's wrong, doctor, and you know it well enough. Here's your note in your own handwriting. It says plainly enough," "A body of men," and here they are. "You laid the charge and you'll have to see it through."

Charlie O'Connor made his presence known at this point.

"Say, of all the sawed-off, busy-body little runts, you take the prize. So you framed this up, did you, not satisfied with putting the club on the blink, but you must try and drag the police in on it? For two pins I'd break your miserable little neck!"

O'Connor leaned towards the doctor and shook his large ham-like fist so close to that gentleman's nose that he hurriedly sought the comparative safety of close proximity to the chief.

"But, gentlemen," he pleaded, "I give you my word that I did not have any idea of implicating you. I'll do anything I can to straighten the matter out." He turned to the judge. "Harkness, can't you use your influence to have Chief Burns forget the whole unfortunate episode?"

The judge gave vent to a scornful grunt. "Fix it up with Burns yourself, you're the organizer of the party."

The doctor pondered deeply over the judge's retort and then taking the Chief's arm, piloted him to the privacy of a nearby lilac bush.

"I'm afraid I acted rather unadvisedly when I asked you to bring your men here to-night. You can appreciate the scandal that would result should the matter be made public, so I think it best for all concerned to let the whole business drop right now. I made the charge, I know, but it is not too late to withdraw it." The doctor patted the chief's arm almost affectionately.

"That's all right, sir, I'm willing to go home and forget it; but how about my three men? This is their night off, and they were pretty sore about having to stage your show, so the chances are that they'll blab the whole story just to get even."

"Do you think, chief, that if I—ah—gave them some remuneration for their time that they would keep silence?"

"You can't mean that seriously, doctor, why that would be no better than bribery. I couldn't approve of that."

"No, no, Burns, the word bribery is a bit hard-sounding. Let us call it conscience money. Or, better still: I'll send each of them an envelope with a five-dollar bill enclosed and just put in a slip of paper with the word "Well-wisher" on it. You can tactfully hint to them what the purport is."

"I tell you, doctor, to settle the matter, you give me a hundred dollars in cash and we'll call it quits".

The doctor was already having a muster parade of his ready cash, but, alas, there was only ninety-two dollars and a signed document for a limited supply of alcohol.

"You give the ninety-two and that other paper, and the deed's done."

Silently the transfer was made, and with bent head and lagging steps the doctor made his way to his library, where he sat till long after midnight soliloquizing on the strange ways of the world, the flesh and the devil.

Next morning the postman deposited two letters in the mail slot of the doctor's front door. One was only an advertisement of some new serum for hayfever, but the other, bearing the blue embossed crest of the Judges' Chambers, held his attention for considerably more time than it should have taken him to read it once. The envelope was marked "Very Personal" in the corner, while on the top of the first sheet the word

"Confidential" was written in the small, copper-plate hand of Judge Harkness.

"Dear St. Clair:

"On behalf of the other chaps and the four officers of the law, I am writing to thank you for the little party your financial assistance and your script made possible. Perhaps some explanation is due. In so far as Spence, O'Connor, and myself are concerned, last night's happenings was a hoax on you. To put it in a nut-shell, we had got fed up on your petty persecution of people who do things you do not approve of, so when the chief showed me your letter about the niggers, I persuaded him to arrest us as well. The only regret I have is your very unethical, and, I'm almost tempted to say, hypocritical action in bribing our police officials. In view of the latter incident, we are confident that you will join us in keeping the matter quiet — our own tender little secret, as you might call it."

After reading it for the third or fourth time the doctor, slowly shaking his head, tore the letter into many pieces and solemnly fed them, one by one, to the flames of the grate-fire.

## THE INKBERRY

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE windflower swings in the woodland shade,  
A tethered star on an emerald glade;

The violet sleeps on the leaf-riched mould,  
A fragment of sky on a sea of gold;

The marigold sways by the moonlit spring,  
A glimmer of fire like a censer's swing;—

But the inkberry stands on the windy lands,  
An outlaw king with blood on his hands!

# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## MARIA CHAPDELAINE



HIS idyll of French-Canadian life was written by a Frenchman, Louis Hémon, who lived in Quebec Province for a year and a half in 1912 and 1913, and it was as a result of the complete intimacy he seems to have had with the people of that soil, especially near to Lake St. John, that this fascinating novel was written. And while the book has been in print (in the original French) at Paris, for some years, it is only recently that it has begun to impress French critics and even to blossom out into what might well be regarded as a literary sensation. For the *Revue des Deux Mondes* published an unusually fulsome and flattering review of it, and a little later on (in October, to be precise), the same journal devoted twenty-six pages to an appreciation of the author by René Bazin, who is himself a novelist of much distinction. In a word, Louis Hémon was born at Brest in 1880, and, victim of a railway accident, died at Chapleau, Ontario, in July, 1913. He is the author of several short stories and essays and besides "Maria Chapdelaine", of a novel entitled "Lizzie Blakeston".

"Maria Chapdelaine" is now available in English in two translations, one by W. H. Blake\*, author of "Brown Waters", a volume of charming essays drawn from his experiences in and around Murray Bay; the other by Sir Andrew Macphail,† who is

well known as an editor and versatile writer. The latter has some illustrations which are faintly and inadequately reproduced from the original drawings by A. Suzor-Coté, R.C.A., a French Canadian artist admirably equipped, in temperament, technique and sympathetic feeling, for visualizing the characters and scenes described in the book.

It is understood that Mr. Blake and Sir Andrew Macphail undertook, jointly, to translate this book, which had appealed to them almost as an epic; but by virtue of some disagreement, when the work was nearing completion they withdrew from each other and published, one independently of the other, two distinctive translations. All who are curious in a literary way will wish to procure the original French and compare the two translations with it. No great divergence will be found; and although there are variations such as may be found wherever there are two translations from one original, the story, and indeed, the revelation, remain. For "Maria Chapdelaine" is veritably a revelation, a revelation that many persons have felt but never have been able to reveal. We have heard, and still hear, much about the simplicity, ignorance and stupid piety of French Canadians, but in this novel these traits and characteristics are not admitted or condoned or brutalized: they are elevated by a master's touch and placed before discriminating readers with a dignity that is sublime. Let the skeptic in Ontario read this

\*Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

†Toronto: Oxford University Press.

interpretation of rural Quebec, and then let him ask himself whether the life of the farmer of Ontario is nobler than the life of the habitant of Quebec. It is a novel without malice, without one nasty line or word, without a villain, without intrigue, without jealousy, without passion, if one might except the passion of the pioneer, the settler who becomes restless the moment civilization begins to encroach upon the frontier. Such a pioneer was Samuel Chapdelaine, the father of Maria; and such indeed was Maria herself, the comely maiden of the backwoods, who endures in silence and at times in crushing loneliness the loss of her lover, who perishes in the forest's icy embraces; who resists the allurements of city life a second lover holds out to her, and who, in the end, clinging to her simple traditions and the ideals of her race, a martyr to the soil, remains where she has in fact taken root, doomed to become, as she herself wills it, the unromantic, impassionate, everyday wife of her nearest neighbour.

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### THE NEW WORLD

BY G. MURRAY ATKIN. New York:  
Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

**T**HIS first novel by a Canadian writer, a young woman who resides in Montreal, and who is the author also of "Flowers of the Wind", a volume of distinctive poetry, stamps the author as a penetrating student of human nature, of human tendencies and of life in general as it is to be experienced in the several spheres that she has subjected to close scrutiny. She selects as the principal personification in this book a character named Dante Ricci, son, one would suppose, of Italian parents who live in a Canadian city. Dante is introduced to the reader the very moment that the nurse, standing in the doorway announces to Giovanni, the father, "It is a boy". Thereafter the reader's interest shifts naturally from the dis-

agreeing parents to the agreeable offspring, whose progress through life into middle age—his humiliations and disappointments at school, his one unsatisfactory love affair, his adventures in business, his social successes abroad, his experiences in the war—is the progress of many average men. For the author depicts Dante Ricci as an average man, perhaps just an ordinary man. But she invests this ordinary man with powers for attracting extraordinary associates. Even in his school days he attracts Payton, a character almost Steerforthian, and in later life he and Payton come together again. As a young man he attracts Margherita, who is older than he in years but younger in spirit, though much subtler and wiser.

Suddenly he saw Margherita. And as he sat looking at her a sensation that most men feel once in their lives took possession of him. It was a sensation of yearning. He felt again as the trees must feel when the sap rises at the caress of the spring wind. It was as if all the blood receded from his heart, and then after a moment flowed back again, carrying with it a new power, a new certainty that whatever in life he had lacked, whatever in life he might yet lack, what he had waited for all his life was to see Margherita sitting at breakfast with her husband and Father Morot. In a moment self-forgetfulness was gone and he remembered his tweeds and his flannel shirt. Worse than all, he had not shaved, but even so he could not let himself be unnoticed, he had come into contact with a force too strong for him. Under her picture hat he saw Margherita's large dark eyes, and he got up from his chair and went to her as a needle goes to a strong magnet."

Margherita proved to be his undoing. Some might argue that she saved him from himself. Perhaps unhappily, she was married. But that circumstance did not prevent their love-making. But in the end this woman, who renounced her husband and might have got a divorce, renounced Dante also, because, as she explained to a third, but more innocent, lover, "Divorce is all very well for those who think it is very well, but it is not for Granny, and not for you, nor yet for me. I shall never go



back to Borghese [Her husband], but I shall not ask for a divorce".

Dante, while forgetting Margherita, was "working and thinking much of his dream of The New World." His book had been the first plank across the stream.

"And the thought that he worked to bring more forcibly to the minds of his contemporaries was the thought of the collective life. Each star in its own place. Each man in his own sphere, controlled by the whole, contributory to the whole and part of the whole, for the collective life of the community is everything, the life of the individual apart from the community matters only to himself."

Payton, Margherita, Father Morot—these are the vital characters of the book. Or is it merely that they serve to reveal Dante? At any rate, it is a book that suggests a profound knowledge of life, and there are in it epigrams and revelations that even Dante and Margherita wot not of.

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### CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR JOHN MACDONALD

Selected by his literary executor, Sir Joseph Pope. Toronto: Oxford University Press.

**SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S** correspondence, as presented in this selected volume, is one of the historical treasures of which Canada has all too few. It will be for generations a source of historical material, as well as an illumination on the personality of the first Premier after Confederation. It is true that the storehouse of Macdonald's correspondence has been previously drawn upon by Sir Joseph Pope himself in his two-volume "Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald", and his smaller volume, "The Day of Sir John Macdonald", but the stock is almost inexhaustible, for Sir Joseph states that including the present five hundred or more letters not one per cent. of the total preserved by Sir John had been used. There is something a little sad in the remark of Sir Joseph that the balance of the cor-

respondence must be left for "another hand and a later day". This may be Sir Joseph's intimation that he, too, is growing old, for he was the private secretary to Sir John, who has now passed away these thirty years.

This correspondence embraces communications passing between Macdonald and each of the six Governors-General of the Dominion up to his death, with Sir George Cartier, Sir John Rose, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir George Stephen, Joseph Howe, Sir John Carling, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Sir Donald Smith, Sir John Thompson, Sir Alexander Galt, J. A. Chappleau, Sir Alexander Campbell, Goldwin Smith, and many other men prominent in politics, religious denominations and other spheres in Canadian life, and with men of eminence in Great Britain. The subjects embrace the early incidents of United Canada from 1840 on, the steps which led to Confederation, the settling of the institutions of the new Dominion into permanent form, the acquisition of the Northwest Territory, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Washington Treaty, Pacific Scandal, Inauguration of the National Policy after five years of Opposition, and then the return to office, the decline of the position of the Conservative Party from 1883, and lastly the approach of old age and lessened activities which followed.

Sir John was a familiar letter writer, and, though some of his more sober communications are couched in the dignified language of a state document, he now and again threw off the official exterior and wrote with unvarnished candor concerning a contemporary or even an associate. Throughout his letters, his qualities of humanity are evident, largely accounting, as they do, for the faithfulness of his followers, while for years the Liberal Party suffered from the coldness of its Parliamentary leaders. Sir John's skill in meeting a political emergency is revealed again and again as he moved the wires behind the scenes to circumvent his great op-

ponent, George Brown, or accepted with the best grace possible a bad situation, and manœuvred accordingly.

It is doubtful if Canada or many other nations have possessed in modern times a leader so supremely gifted with the tactics necessary to handle political situations. An illustration of his political theories is afforded by a letter to an inquirer in 1866, when he said: "I have had several similar remonstrances from the City of Toronto against Reform appointments there, but my answer has been that, as soon as Toronto returns Conservative members, it will get Conservative appointments, but not before." This hint has evidently been fully accepted by that City for some years past. The manner in which Joseph Howe was brought around to accept Confederation is another piece of the history of that time which is amplified by the present correspondence.

Some further light is thrown on the appointment of Sir Francis Hincks as Minister of Finance in 1869. This led to protests by Sir Richard Cartwright to Sir John that he could not follow Hincks and he accordingly transferred his influence to the opposition. Sir Joseph Pope in a note on this incident, says: "Altogether, the selection of Hincks cannot be said to have realized Sir John Macdonald's expectations." Another disappointment was William MacDougall, who had been one of the Liberals to join the Coalition with Brown in 1864, and whom Sir John sent to the Northwest in 1869, as the first Governor after the purchase of the Territory from the Hudson's Bay Company. MacDougall was unsuccessful in coping with the half-breeds' unrest, and early in 1870 Sir John wrote to Rose, "MacDougall has returned here very chop-fallen, and at the same time very sulky. He has been pitched into and ridiculed by the press unmercifully, and is trying, after his fashion—which you well know—to put the blame on everybody but himself." Another stately figure which came to the front at this time was D. A.

Smith, of the Hudson's Bay Company, afterwards Lord Strathecona, who went out as an unofficial mediator, and of him Sir John supplies the following sidelight: "Dr. Tupper [afterwards Sir Charles] who accompanied him from Pembina, says he seems to be a very good man, but exceedingly timid. So that our selection of him was rather unfortunate." In the same year, Sir John, writing to a Montreal financier, says of Sir Alexander Galt: "Galt is unstable as waster and no one can depend upon continuous exertion in one direction with him for forty-eight hours." In another letter to Sir John Rose regarding the half-breed troubles, Sir John expressed hopefulness for the efforts of Bishop Taché, who had left for the scene of trouble, and says: "He is strongly opposed to the idea of an Imperial Commission, believing, as indeed we all do, that to send out an overwashed Englishman utterly ignorant of the country and full of crotchets, as all Englishmen are, would be a mistake."

The Pacific Scandal was Sir John's most trying period, and temporarily broke the intimacy which had grown up between him and Lord Dufferin, Governor-General at that time. After some weeks of jockeying, the investigation of the scandal took form, and after some of the evidence had been presented Lord Dufferin wrote a long letter to Sir John intimating his distress, regarding the Government's position, and telling Sir John plainly that "extravagant sums of money—derived from a person with whom you were negotiating on the part of the Dominion—were distributed throughout the constituencies of Ontario and Quebec, and have been applied to purposes forbidden by the statutes". Then followed the temporary retirement of Sir John until, encouraged by the vigorous Tupper, he took advantage of the depression of the middle seventies to announce the National Policy, and returned to office in 1878, just as Dufferin was bidding Canada goodbye.

Though Sir John's position of power and patronage brought many suppliants for office, he still retained a few staunch friends and through many years letters recur to and from Lord Lansdowne, Sir John Rose and others, where personal sentiments take the place of political and constitutional arguments. These add to the merit of the correspondence, as the record of a personality, and supplement the cold history in a manner to give uncommon value to the volume.

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### IRISH AND CANADIAN POEMS

BY MICHAEL A. HARGADON. Montreal:  
The Modern Printing Company.

CANADA has many links with poets of Irish birth or of Irish descent. Thomas Moore, the poet of all circles, found happy inspiration amongst Canadian scenes. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who was born and reared in Ireland was one of our leading statesmen and poets. Dr. W. H. Drummond, one of the most famous of Canadian poets, was brought up in County Leitrim, Ireland. Nora M. Holland, one of the sweetest of Canadian singers of the present day is a branch of the family tree of W. B. Yeats. Rev. J. B. Dollard, who like Miss Holland lives in Toronto, is a native of County Kilkenny. The blood of Arthur Stringer and dozens of others of our leading men and women of letters has a large strain of Irish in it.

Michael A. Hargadon is a recent addition to the Canadian-Celtic group. He was born and brought up in County Sligo, Ireland, the native place of W. B. Yeats. He has been in Canada a number of years, and he takes the inspiration for his poetry from both Irish and Canadian subjects. Happy in our Canadian atmosphere he sometimes thinks with reverence and affection of his own loved Ireland. Mr. Hargadon's poetry is of the simple, natural, unaffected style that gives music to the

ear and feeling to the heart and pleasant thought to the mind. One does not have to go to a dictionary or a professor to get at the meaning of "Irish and Canadian Poems". As to the author himself, the book contains an introduction by the author of "Reminiscences of a Raconteur", Col. George H. Ham.

M. A. Hargadon, though a new poet in Canada, is not a new poet in the world. Three of his books published in Ireland achieved great success there and in Great Britain, the leading papers of both countries paying glowing tributes to these volumes. In Canada such famous authorities as Bliss Carman, Arthur Stringer, R. J. C. Stead, Professor F. O. Call, Rev. J. B. Dollard and Dean Moyses of McGill University have written their tributes to the merit of the poetry of this author.

Mr. Hargadon is not a propagandist or a politician. He is a poet of peace, contentment, good fellowship and love. To his idea the world is large enough for us all, and all can be happy in it, and one has as much right to happiness as another. In "Irish and Canadian Poems" he deals with a variety of subjects, some of which are — Banff, Lake Louise, Acadia, April in Ireland, An Irish May, The Photograph Album, The Crossroads Well, Pretty Little Baby, The Faithful Lover, The Only One, The Country School, The Country Churchyard, and Stella. There are three delightful poems on Canadian heroes who lost their lives in the great war; reading these poems, the relatives of the Canadian dead will feel a thrill of pride and be happy that the sacrifice of their dear ones was not made in vain.

We quote stanzas from three of these poems:

#### ON LAKE LOUISE, ALBERTA

This lake is God's best picture; that is why  
He hung it on the mountains at the sky  
And set it in so beautiful a frame;  
Art galleries of heaven have none the same,  
And in the clouds the angels oft appear  
To be inspired by this creation here.

## SPRINGTIME IN IRELAND

A wavy lake of freshest green  
 Drowns all the sombre of the leas,  
 Pale cowslip fingers on the hills  
 Give fragrance to each passing breeze,  
 The pearly hammers of the showers  
 Beat velvet leaves out on the trees.

## HER PRETTY HAIR

Within her hair shade had begun  
 To have a dwelling made,  
 But, angels brushed it with the sun  
 And made it sun and shade.

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## VERSE AND REVERSE

BY MEMBERS OF THE TORONTO WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB. Toronto: The Toronto Women's Press Club.

THIS is an ambitious and indeed unusually attractive brochure of verse by writers who are supposed to be too busy day in and day out to devote much time to courting the muses. It is evidence, nevertheless, that they have courted, and not in vain, for there are in the collection many poems that are measurably above the ordinary and others again that would find a natural place in exclusive anthologies. But, then, some of the poems are by authors who enjoy a national reputation, while others are by writers who are by no means obscure. There are poems for the discriminating critic as well as for the reader who prefers something that touches his sympathies and arouses human sentiment. The book is a result of a "Poetry Night" last April, when anonymous poems were read, poems of such general interest as to suggest a collection for publication by the club. This present volume is the result. In all thirty writers are represented: Florence Deacon Black, President of the Club; Jean Blewett, Mabel Burkholder,

Annie Gray Butcher, Myrtle Leta Cherry, Virginia Coyne, Clare Shipman Donnelly, Helen Merrill Egerton, Jean Graham, Katherine Hale, S. Frances Harrison (Seranus), Maude Pettitt Hill, Margaret Hoskin, Mary Isabel Houston, Estelle M. Kerr, Lillian Leveridge, Florence Randal Livesay, Anne Merrill, L. M. Montgomery, Norma Phillips Muir, Mabel Crews Ringland, Louise Richardson Rorke, Lyon Sharman, Virna Sheard, Dora Smith, Florence Steiner, Charlotte M. Storey, Emily P. Weaver, Anne Elizabeth Wilson, and Charlotte Whitton.

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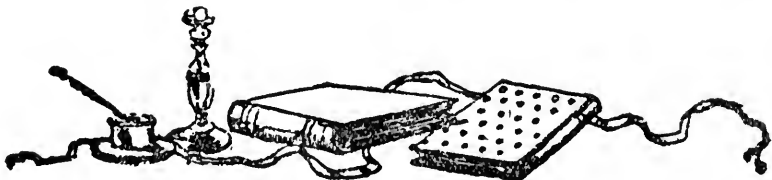
## A CANADIAN ANNUAL

"THE Trail Makers Boys' Annual" has now a well-merited place among Canadian holiday publications. It is unusually attractive in design, and contains contributions by such well-known Canadian writers as Marshall Saunders, Robert Stead, Hopkins Moorhouse, Frederick William Wallace, Douglas Durkin, and Arthur Heming.

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## NEW BOOKS BY CANADIANS

The bookshops during the Canadian Book Week displayed new books by the following Canadian authors: Basil King, G. Murray Atkin, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Hopkins Moorehouse, Frederick William Wallace, Douglas Durkin, John Frederic Herbin, Henry Herbert Knibbs, Nellie McClung, Arthur Stringer, Alan Sullivan, Ralph Connor, H. A. Cody, Robert Watson, W. A. Fraser, L. M. Montgomery, Nina Moore Jamieson, Marion Keith, Frank L. Packard, Archie McKishnie, Brookes More, and John L. Carleton.



# THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

## THE MUSTACHE CUP

THE mustache cup, after a long and honorable period of waning popularity, went out absolutely when Charlie Chaplin came in. It was invented by the same frame of mind that contrived the ear flap, the bridle blind and the goose poke. And now, its day of usefulness gone, it reposes on the plate rail, an object of curiosity and, perhaps, of decoration. But in the heyday of its fame it had its proper place and its real purpose: it reduced to the least common multiple the slithering and straining process that always distinguished the drinking of tea by those barbaric persons who gloried in a luxurious hirsute adornment of the upper lip. And it had another purpose, or at least it inspired a motive, perhaps an ulterior motive, by casting aside all hesitation when once a year the difficulty arose of choosing a suitable Christmas present for uncle John. Because the mustache cup, once its reputation had been established, was the fitting thing to give to all uncle Johns whether they grew mustaches or not, and all uncle Johns were supposed to expect mustache cups and to prepare for them.

Our uncle John, we soon perceived, was of all men the one for whom the mustache cup originally was designed. But he was too modest himself to claim any credit. Of course he knew, as we all knew, that nature and his own inclination had provided him with means for thoroughly testing the merits of this ingenious cup. Therefore, in choosing our Christmas gift, we offered him a delicate compliment.

Christmas giving in those days was almost the same as it is now: everyone gave out of a full heart and expected nothing—well, not much—in return. So that we really did not begrudge uncle John his mustache cup, mostly because it was pleasingly appropriate. And irrespective of that, he used to suffer us to pass our summer holidays on his farm, hoeing corn, weeding turnips, milking cows and helping with the new-mown hay. For all that we were grateful.

*It went out  
Absolutely*

*'Way down  
on the Farm*

*Gratefulness  
not  
Convincing*

Gratefulness, however, is not very convincing: in most instances it doesn't go far unless well supported by something tangible. That is the way we looked at it whenever it came to an expression of our appreciation of all that uncle John had done for us. And that explains why we gave him a mustache cup two Christmases in succession. But, as a matter of fact, the first one broke under, as grandad declared, the weight of its own responsibility. It was succeeded by a more ornate cup, one that was decorated with bands of gold and enough flowers for a funeral.

Flowers came everywhere into our attempts at decoration. We had lilacs on our bonnets, clover on our Chinaware, daisies on our calicoes, pinks on our muslins, strawberry blossoms on bedroom walls and a little of everything in the colored prints of the "Seasons". Perhaps that is why we liked them on uncle John's mustache cup. But uncle John himself had a more practical appreciation. He observed that the cup had at least one measurable virtue: it held twice as much as an ordinary cup and was a man's cup made for a real man. That opinion always pleased grandmother, because she had reared uncle John and was proud of the fact that while some men could scarcely grow a mustache heavy enough to disguise the upper lip, her John flaunted one that could be turned into a bow-knot. And as an item of family history, let it be known that uncle John ran to hair. He had hair in his ears, hair on the point of his nose; and it was his occasional boast that he had declined the honor of posing for a photograph to be used in a "before" and "after" advertisement.

It was an honor indeed when with four mustache cups on the table we all sat down to grandmother's Christmas dinner. It should be remarked that in some of the best families mustache cups were kept on hand—for convenience as well as protection. Grandmother always kept four—one for grandad, one for dad, one for uncle John and the fourth, a small one, for uncle Clarence.

Clarence was our uncle on mother's side. That really is not a reflection on mother, because many progressive men have been unable to grow heavy mustaches. As to that, inability was more lamentable in those days than it would be to-day. So that uncle Clarence was in a quiet way the laughing-stock of our little circle. But he did his best. He rubbed on his lip bear grease, hog tallow, vaseline, kerosine, goose oil and lamp black. And, willy-nilly, all that he could produce was a light coating of down. That, however, was sufficient reason for grandmother to place beside his plate the smallest of the

*Clarence's  
Coating  
of Down*

four mustache cups. And in placing it there, grandmother always contrived, somewhat adroitly and, I fear, perhaps not without a seasoning of malice, to place the cup halfway between uncle Clarence's plate and aunt Matilda's.

Dear aunt Matilda! Let us hope that when she passed to her reward, shriven of her sins, she was shriven also of those superfluous hairs that caused her so much chagrin and ignominy here upon earth. For if she was sensitive of anything it was of this unfortunate affliction. And yet she clung to her feeble mustache with a tenacity born of the fear that the more she tampered with it the worse it would become. And notwithstanding the urgent solicitations of three generations she persistently refused to cut, pluck or eradicate. She was grandad's sister, a condition that induced grandmother, as mute evidence of her disapproval, to place the cup so that one might infer that it was intended to be used by aunt Matilda, not by uncle Clarence.

Dear aunt Matilda! Even at that, she wasn't a bad old soul. She couldn't help being a bit crotchety, not hearing very well, and suffering day and night, but mostly at night, from gas and insomnia. She was one of those prim old creatures who believe in letting well enough alone; and as she never had trotted, as grandad used to express it, in double harness, she had become one-sided and perhaps self-centred. She pretended not to notice the character or the proximity of the cup, but drank her tea from another vessel with the relish that is a result of many years of practice and preferment.

Perhaps some persons might think that grandmother shouldn't have trifled with aunt's sensibilities. As to that, who can judge? For aunt Matilda was grandad's sister, and there was present all the time, although a stranger might not have discerned it, that glow of family feeling that rises to-day and smoulders to-morrow. And although aunt Matilda pretended not to notice the cup, we all felt her resentment, for she never failed, at the end of each Christmas dinner, with grandmother urging us to have another slice of pumpkin pie, to knock the cup, as if by accident, upon the floor. Thereupon, and invariably, we all would rise and repair to the parlor. And it was there that on a memorable Christmas one of us youngsters asked in all candor and sincerity, "Grandma, why don't you get a mustache cup for aunt Matilda to have all her own?"

The parlor was useful only during celebrations of this kind. And there grandmother would sit with us a few minutes, urging us to munch hickory nuts and sip a little of her elder-

*Dear Aunt  
Matilda!*

*Hickory Nuts  
and Elder-  
berry Wine*

*Fragments  
of China*

berry wine. Then she would slip out and gather up the fragments of China. It really wouldn't grieve her in the least, because we continued to give uncle John a mustache cup for Christmas, but instead of sending it to him we sent it to grandad's, so that it would be there for him whenever he might happen to drop in for a meal or just to enjoy a social cup of tea. We kept one also for him, in our own sideboard, just to show that we appreciated the importance of his mustache and were willing to cater to it, in the same way that the storekeeper catered to us.

It really was the storekeeper who introduced the mustache cup into our community. He was preparing for the Christmas trade, and as a pure speculation he ordered one of the cups. The novelty appealed, especially as it was attractively displayed against a background of candy hearts, harps, and gates ajar. And the following Christmas he ordered six, one, as it happened, for the minister, one for the farrier, one for Henry Perkins, one for the doctor, one for anybody that might happen to come along, and one for uncle John.

Of course, it was uncle John who gave the filip to the idea, because he was bolder than the rest, having been the first man in those parts to discard the dickie for the boiled shirt and to eschew paper collars in favor of celluloid. And notwithstanding his natural tendency to run to hair, he was something of a dandy, using Jockey Club on a silk handkerchief, wearing kid gloves and prunella shoes and adorning his bosom with one of those new-fangled four-in-hand ties. And he never considered himself properly dressed, even at Christmas time, unless he had on a white waistcoat and a mink cap with a peak in front and ear flaps that were tied on top with black silk braid. He clung to the old custom of carrying a snuff-box, which he opened and passed to others, especially on festive occasions, with fine formality. And then, after the sniffing, there would be a rich display of handkerchiefs that looked like miniature Paisley shawls.

Perhaps it was all this that caused uncle Clarence, observing uncle John's fame, to attempt a mustache himself. In all fairness it should be acknowledged that he did not come from a line of hairy ancestors. And without hairy ancestors one cannot grow hair. That seems to be a law of nature. At any rating, uncle Clarence, in our estimation, couldn't hold a candle to uncle John. But we should not forget that uncle John, everybody's uncle John, was the man for whom the mustache cup was invented.







THE RACONTEUR

From the Painting by  
A. Suzor-Coté



*THE*

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 3

## IMPRESSIONS OF ONTARIO

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM CALDWELL



HAVING been lately on a somewhat extended and extensive lecturing tour in Ontario, under the auspices of the Dominion Chataqua Association, I cannot but give expression to some of the many vivid and far-reaching impressions that came into my mind regarding Ontario and the Ontario people. I still have these impressions and they will be a part of my mental furniture for the rest of my life. They have helped me to understand Canada and the Empire far better than I did before. And there are a great many important lessons that Ontario and her people can give to the world to-day in the matter of Social Reconstruction of the times.

What I felt and what I feel about Ontario cannot but stand, of course, in some sort of relation to what I have long maintained about my own Province of Quebec. In this romantic and world-famous Province we have, as everybody knows, the reality and the problem of the two races and the two civilizations—the French and the

English, the French Catholic and the English Protestant, so-called. And this is a highly important consideration, for Canada, for the Empire, for this continent, for the world.

They had told me, some of my Montreal friends, that I would find Ontario both prejudiced and provincial, and that they were really sorry for me in my going up there to try to inculcate anything like broad ideals into the hard, practical heads of the Ontarians. I had, of course, my own ideas and persuasions about this, having already visited and lectured in Ontario. And I knew, too, how "hopeless" the Ontarians always seem to most of my French Canadian friends in the matter of any perception of the finer things represented by the older civilization of the Old French of Canada, or by the great Catholic tradition of the past.

In opposition to all this sort of prejudice and ignorance, or by way of an offset to much of it, I came back to Montreal and the Province of Quebec with an enthusiastic admiration of Ontario, as to begin with, one of

the most remarkable countries, old or new, before the world to-day. Ontario is replete, as I have just indicated, with lessons for the sociologically inclined, for all the reformers and reconstructionists of the day, not merely in the matter of temperance and prohibition, but in regard to many other things as well. I place Ontario in the forefront, too, of any or all of the various portions or peoples of the British Commonwealth. It is as British a place, and British with a big "B" as any place I have ever been in. And it is as ostentatiously and as decidedly British as any world-travelled Briton could well desire it to be. Ontario Liberalism, or Radicalism, and there is plenty of it, is all of the Whig order, a kind of broad constitutionalism or Conservative-Liberalism that is one of the finest things, and one of the sanest things, before the world to-day.

We might say, then, if you like, that Ontario is one of the best possible places for any Bolshevistically inclined person, any ultra-radical of the present day to go to—either to get rid of his malady, or simply to stay there and try to get on in a natural and human sort of way with the millions of average sensible people he will find there. Such a person, particularly if he were to come from the Old World, would find in Ontario, in a trice, everything that is characteristic of the life or activity of a new country, of Canada. But he will find there, at the same time, that all this great new life of a typical Canadian Province is being worked out along the lines of a broad, sound, nationalism, of a sound commonsense philosophy, of a sound belief in all approved good pactices and all approved good usages, in all really valuable (human and political) traditions.

In Ontario you will find, as I say, everything that is typical of Canada. You will find every phase of Canadian activity carried out to the highest degree of perfection, and under the best possible natural and artificial condi-

tions. There is farming, and it is such wonderful farming, in that famous Western Ontario country, farming with all the stimulus and all the different fostering devices of an enlightened state policy, of science, (both pure and applied) of modern contrivance, of the high personal initiative of its devotees. And the great tidy, prosperous, model farm of Ontario and the well-to-do Ontario farmer with his family about him and his up-to-date home, and his air of work well done, are among the sights, not merely of Ontario, as it were, but of the world. There is cattle-farming in Ontario too, and dairy farming, and fruit farming, and the wholesale culture of flowers, and so on, all under the most favorable auspices, including those of climate and soil. There is lumber and fishing and mining and engineering and railroad building and scientific manufacture and technical production of all kinds.

There is still in Ontario, for those who love it, the pioneer life, the active contact in many different ways with primitive nature—with virgin soil and virgin forest. All over the Province you can see either the primitive homesteads and clearings of the earlier days or the many signs of the new ventures that are constantly being made.

There is everywhere, as we have been noting, modern industry and manufacture and the endless activities of endless plants, big and little, the making of everything needed by man, whether by way of necessity or by way of luxury, or by way of sport, for every man and boy in Ontario gets in somehow some real sport now and then, both in summer and winter. And probably the most impressive thing you can see in all Ontario is the intimate association that exists everywhere between the primary activities that have to do chiefly with the soil and the secondary industrial and trading and commercial pursuits of the town and the manufacturing centres.

It is the small town indeed in Ontario, the small industrial centre, that sustains at the same time a most intimate relation to the life of a surrounding agricultural territory that is the backbone of the Province. And what with the recent remarkable developments of hydro-electric power in Ontario, what with the stimulus that is being constantly given by the Provincial Government to the fostering of municipal spirit in the different small country towns, it is to be hoped, indeed, that Ontario will long remain what she is to-day, a country rich in a multiplicity of prosperous and contented small country towns. Long may she show to the world the spectacle of those endless moderate-sized self-governing communities, centres, all of them, of a real common life, of a true communal activity, where tradespeople and artisans and farmers are all somehow sharing a common progressive life as human beings and as Canadians.

It is fine to think that, even as matters stand to-day, Ontario seems to have anticipated, as it were, in these endless smaller centres of the life of her people, the finding of so many sociologists and reformers — that we must all of us somehow get back to the life that is near nature, to the life that is lived under natural conditions, with access to the soil and the fields and the blue sky and the hills and the valleys and the rivers and the lakes.

The ordinary Saturday night in a town like Bowmanville or Chesley, or any similar place, is one of the characteristic sights of Ontario life. It contrasts so favorably for the visitor from the Old Country, with its orderly happy occupied crowds, with the Saturday-night mobs and the brawling and the drinking that many of us can remember to have seen on the streets of Edinburgh, or Liverpool, or London. On Saturday nights in Ontario the farmers come in, in their cars, to the centre of the little towns, to spend hours there with their fellow

citizens, to get the news, and to look about generally. They visit friends, take in a "movie", or a lecture, or a concert, or an Agricultural Society meeting. Their women folk do a prodigious amount of shopping. And their young people meet the town boys and girls in their homes, in the restaurants, in the ice cream parlors and the dance-club. Then later they all go home towards midnight, or after midnight, to come back again, many of them, to the churches on the morrow, or for pleasant social and recreative intercourse.

Again, the visitor to Ontario is naturally impressed particularly in the smaller towns, by the fact of the numberless attractive homes of ordinary people, homes that with their neatly kept lawns and their covered porches and their flower displays, rival, say, either the pretty cottages of Old England or of the New England States, or even the more pretentious suburban homes of the well-to-do of Canada and America. The Provincial Horticultural Society has its local Committee in every small country town in Ontario, and this Society has long been working hard to improve the general appearance of the grounds and the parks and the vacant spaces and the streets generally all over the Province. And both the Province and the municipalities do all they can, too, to encourage individuals to beautify their homes and their gardens and their walks by the planting of trees and flowers, by trimming and grading, and so on. The Women's Institutes of Ontario have also joined in this splendid work, the total result of which in the case of a town like Walkerton, to take but a single instance but a good one, is something of which any country might well be proud.

A cultivated gentleman in this last town of Walkerton (who, by the way, has written a valuable history of Huron County) quietly told me that, like many others, he generally stayed throughout the entire summer in his

home town for the simple reason that he did not know of any more attractive place to go to. And you will frequently find throughout Ontario large-minded business and professional men who gladly give days and years of their leisure time to help on the wonderful horticultural and municipal work of the Province and of its different communities. All over Ontario, for example, people talk in this very connection of the public service of a well-known St. Thomas doctor, just as all over the Province you will hear the story of Hanmer's cow. The cow was, I believe, a Holstein calf that with its mother was casually left by a poor farmer to his son, as all he could give the boy. This calf, they tell you, finally fetched the price of \$27,000 from a Philadelphia breeder. No one can fail to feel a certain pride on hearing a story like this. And it is quite typical of the life of the Province and of the chance opportunities that come to all there.

One of the best and the soundest of the many sociological experiments of Ontario is its recent tendency to go in for, in the golden autumn days, of a series of local picnic fairs or community reunions, at which shopkeepers and town workers and farmers and country laborers are all thrown together for a few happy days of recreative and social and, possibly, political association with each other. The local member of the Provincial Legislature, or even the Dominion member from Ottawa, is generally proud and glad to be present at such reunions and assemblies and to make his contribution to them. They are generally held in the local town park, that is also a fine feature of Ontario, and that makes you think of the village green of Old England or the market-place of Continental Europe. This Ontario town park is often, in virtue of its situation, its shaded groves, its many associations, and so on, a very miracle of a playground or a holiday rendezvous. It is generally a place indeed of which any citizen of any country might be

proud. There is a peculiar charm in fact about many of the wonderful natural Ontario parks, of which only those truly sensitive to natural, as different from artificial beauty, can have an adequate idea or impression. They are often (as is the case at Orillia, Cobourg, Kincardine, Stratford) situated on the shores of some attractive lake or on the banks of some fine winding stream—the Avon at Stratford and the Thames at St. Mary's. In other places, like Woodstock or Owen Sound, or Bracebridge, the parks have simply been carved and engineered out of the original primeval forest or bush. I shall to my dying day remember the Canadian, or the British, pride that I felt, in addition to my æsthetic delight in the place anyhow, as a fine ex-German Canadian who was motoring me through Kitchener and its surroundings, quietly and casually pointed out to me the spot in its splendid park where once had stood the statue of the ex-Emperor William. A local crowd had overturned this statue in those memorable August days, and hurled it into the broad stream that winds its way through the park.

I noticed a very interesting and significant modern development in Georgetown, in the matter of this drawing together of townsfolk and country folk. This was the institution by one of the big Canadian banks there, round the corner from its main office, of a rest room for country visitors while in town for the day. The bank had taken over for this purpose what had once been two shops, and had made out of them two charming little club rooms with papers and books and writing materials, one for men and one for women. These club rooms were open without the surveillance of any official to visitors from the country while in town. Of course a bank clever enough to do this sort of thing would soon make customers out of these visitors. But the Manager—it was the Merchants Bank—told me that the whole thing was sim-

ply a part of that drawing-together movement between town and country that is one of the good things that Ontario is determined to foster for all it is worth.

It may, to be sure, be the work of years, for even an old town like Cobourg has only been able to finish its main street recently, but in the course of time a fine broad asphalted street is sure to appear in most Ontario towns, new though the most of them are. And this impressive main street with its five or six competitive banks, with a good hotel and a good book shop and one or two fine general stores, is generally, as at Lindsay or Collingwood, a thing of which any town anywhere might well be proud. I came into Collingwood one faultless moonlight August night, and into Lindsay in a bright mid-August afternoon. And in both cases I was simply amazed and delighted at the sight of the fine wide main street that both these towns possess.

Organized play, again, or some sort of carefully devised competitive enterprise is evidently being made more and more a feature of the widespread co-operative movement between town and country in Ontario. And, of course, a typical sporting event, say a football match, or a lacrosse match, is as keenly contested a thing in a smaller Ontario town as a great hockey match in Montreal or Toronto. And it has the additional advantage of bringing out, in beautiful and inspiring surroundings, a whole neighborhood that is getting to know itself

and its members better and better all the time. A small town, of course, knows every contestant in a game by his nickname. I witnessed one typical football match at Listowel one summer evening after early supper. It was a match between an Owen Sound team and a Listowel team and the thing ended in a draw and a scurry home and a superb thunderstorm. But it was one of the prettiest and the most exciting events I was ever privileged to attend. The local band was there in the trees beside the grandstand. And there were the white-frocked maidens and the grown-ups all cheering their beloved town lads, just as lustily as did their immediate chums and fellow sportsmen.

Again and again did the thought and the conviction come home to me all through Ontario, as I worked my way through these dozens of attractive smaller towns, with their endless, pleasing summer scenes, that there must after all be something spell-binding about our British Empire life, about the life and the sentiment of our great British Commonwealth, something at least strong enough to cause those thousands of Ontario lads and men to tear up all the deep roots of their lives, all their business stakes and their heart stakes in their dear home towns, to go away across unknown and dangerous seas into sordid and bloody battlefields in foreign lands, to fight for ideas and ideals that were evidently dearer than life and peace and everything else in this world.

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In the February number Prof. Caldwell will discuss The Ontario "Spirit and Manner".



# BIANCA

BY JOHN HANLON



THE staircase was of marble, gleaming like the snow that nestled on the lofty crags towering in the distance behind the villa. It had many steps, descending in a long, graceful curve, as if the artisan who had evolved it in the long ago, perhaps even before the barbarian blight have swept into Lombardy, perhaps before the falling of the first petal of the rose of Rome, had found and loved in architecture a rhythm as true as that of music.

At the bottom was a hallway with high walls, also of marble, so beautifully polished, with so many shimmering lights, that no arras ever concealed their surface. Here and there were placed bronze rests for lamps or tapers. In the great doorway were hung curtains of sombre black. Beyond them, between the heavy doors of wood, clasped and hinged with metal, that were swung open, lay a vista of a garden—terraces shaded by cyprus, eucalyptus, orange trees, a harlequinade of flowers, whose fragrance drifted indoors; far away the sea enmeshed sunbeams in its ripples, bluer than the sky which folded itself around the distant mountain peaks.

At the top of the staircase was a corridor, wide and long, arranged with the furniture of the household, luxurious, intriguing although the blossoming of the renaissance was still a hundred years or more to come. Tapestry—shrouded doorways led to other apartments. At one end a narrow window looked out upon the garden, and beyond to a strip of silver

roadway, winding along the summit of gaunt cliffs.

In this corridor, grouped near the head of the staircase so that their eyes could feast upon the panorama that the doorway framed, were grouped the Lady of the Villa — Bianca of Saluzzo by name, and she was very fair, very regal in bearing despite her scant seventeen summers —and her attendants, the elderly Fiametta, little Costanza, Elisa of the golden hair, and demure Dianora. Squatting close beside them was Guglielmo, the dwarfed, humpbacked jester, his cap trimmed with tiny silver bells, jests brimming upon his lips.

There was that about the Lady which bespoke breeding and nobility, and her face was eloquent with loveliness. Her eyes were tender, but not always strangers to the flame of anger, and her head was surmounted with great coils of ebon-hued hair. She gazed towards the garden, as the women plied their needles, engaging in trivial chatter. Suddenly she spoke:

"Fie!" she murmured, her voice as delightful as a lute struck by skilled fingers, "the shadow on the sundial limps to spite me. It is slower than a snail among lilies at noonday."

Her women laughed among themselves.

"Madam might be a bride," said Fiametta, "awaiting the groom's first coming."

"And am I indeed much more than that? It was only five short weeks after our marriage that my dear Lord was called away to battle—and to-day the time is six months gone."



"Madam should not have allowed him to go. She should have proven that love can conquer even a soldier," remarked Costanza.

"And in proving so I should have proven myself unfit to be a soldier's wife—but, to-day, thanks to the Holy Mother, he is coming back to me. He would be here now if only Apollo would put the lash to his wickedly lazy horses."

"A foolish woman in sooth," cackled Gugliemo, "like an addled one released from prison who begs to be placed behind the bars again."

"Gugliemo," reprimanded his mistress, "your tongue runs too many miles without reaching a goal. Methinks it must grow weary with overwagging. Dianora, help us to beguile these dull moments with your singing."

"What shall I sing, Madam?" Dianora asked.

"The song you brought from your home up in yonder hills; the wistful yet pretty trifle of the damosel who gave her life for her lover. 'Tis a song of love meet for my mood."

"My Lady needs to drink vinegar," cried Gugliemo. "She waxes sweet to a stickiness."

Then Dianora sang, softly and sweetly, a simple folk lay with a gentle, lingering melody; a song of a maid of the mountains who had sacrificed body and soul that the man whom she loved might live. Meanwhile the Lady sat with half-closed eyes, toying with the petals of a flower, and dreaming of the lover who even now was galloping victoriously home to her. Presently she interrupted:

"Enough, my Dianora. Your song is too sad for me.—Elisa, unloose my hair, and dress it again. My head is wearied."

Elisa came forward and lovingly undid the long thick tresses, smoothing them out and combing them.

"What will Madam wear in her hair," she asked, "her diamonds or her cap of pearls?"

The Lady was silent for an instant. "No," she decided. "Neither. But weave me a garland of roses, of the criminson eglantine! My dear Lord will prefer them to jewels."

Her bidding was answered. Costanza ran quickly downstairs and into the garden to pluck the blossoms, and Elisa twined them into a garland, wreathing it through the Lady's locks. So the women plied their needles for awhile, and chattered and laughed, while Gugliemo made his jests and his little silver bells jingled. But the Lady grew restless again.

"O that His Holiness had taken all this strife with him when he fled to Province," she said petulantly. "These quarrels between Guelf and Ghibeline have only availed to keep my Lord from me."

"But my Lord must protect his estates," said Dianora. "To-day in Italy the sword is the only sceptre of the ruler."

"This petty domain means less to me than his absence," sighed the Lady. "I would that my Lord had remained in Florence."

"Madonna!" mocked Gugliemo. "Only a moment ago you exulted that he was a soldier, now you desire him to be a stay-at-home. Truly not even a chameleon could satisfy a woman."

"Fool," she said with sudden sharpness, "that tongue of yours needs clipping—. Fiametta, go to the window ere the dusk has fallen.—Can you see the cavalcade coming along the roadway?"

Fiametta strained her eyes in vain.

"I see nothing, Madam!"

The Lady sighed.

"My Lord lags worse than time. He should have reached here before now, according to the word the courier brought yesterday."

"Perhaps he is not so eager for the prison as you," thrust Gugliemo.

"Silence!—Would you be thrown back in the dust of the highway whence I picked you?" There was genuine anger in her tones, and Gugliemo cowered, "Look again, Fiametta,

and, if your eyes can see that which I desire, may Heaven bless them!"

Once more Fiametta gazed toward the winding road, shadows blotting out its whiteness bit by bit. Presently she cried out:

"Madam, I see a single horseman."

"A single horseman!"

"He rides swiftly, swiftly—outstripping the falling night."

The Lady smiled.

"He is so anxious to hold me in his arms again that he leaves all the others behind him."

She joined Fiametta at the window.

"My heart floats out to meet him on the breeze," she said. "My dear Lord.—My beloved Bridegroom!"

"He is almost at the gateway," cried Fiametta. "See how he lashes his steed. One would think it would drop from exhaustion!"

"He would kill many horses for love of me," murmured the Lady. "He would give his life, his soul, like the damosel in Dianora's melody."

"He has passed the gateway. The cypress trees hide him."

"I shall meet him at the doorway," cried the Lady. "He shall know that the doors of my heart are open, will always be open to him."

She ran down the staircase and stood between the looped-back curtains. The others followed, Guglielmo crouching behind, his little bells joyously atinkle.

A frenzied clang of hoofs drew nearer, nearer. Then a horse, its breast drenched with foam, its flanks bloody, came into view. Leaning forward upon its neck, was a man, exhaustion, terror evident in his position.

Costanza cried out, screamed rather:

"It is not my Lord. It is only Gilberto!"

The Lady stepped back, tears of disappointment in her eyes. The rider fell from his horse in front of the doorway, and it cantered across the garden gashing the sward with its hoofs. He dragged himself across the

threshold, leaving strange drops of a rusty reddishness as he moved. He clutched the hem of the Lady's robe.

"My Lady, my Lady!" he sobbed.

"Where is my Lord?" she demanded. "What message do you bring from him? When will he come?"

The women drew together, the chill of evil upon their hearts. There was no sound, not even the tinkle of Guglielmo's bells.

"When will he come?" she reiterated.

Still the rider was silent.

"Varlet, are you dumb? What tidings do you bring me of my Lord?"

Gilberto rose weakly to his knees. There was a pool of the rusty reddishness where his bosom had touched the floor. He gasped for breath.

"Madam—he will not come!"

Her long white fingers clutched her breast.

"He will not come! What mean you?"

"He is dead."

"Dead!"

She swayed backwards. Costanza stepped forward to support her. The rosininess of her cheeks had drained away. Elisa began to sob very softly. Then the Lady said mechanically:

"He is dead, Gilberto?—How?"

Once more Gilberto raised himself.

"Pedro of Monferatto slew him."

"When? Where?" It was Dianora who queried.

"But four short hours ago—on the outskirts of the town. He and his men fell upon us. They outnumbered us three to one—We were weary, weary with long marching.—They had been lying in wait for us for three days. Their work was bloody, rapid."

"But what of the townfolk?" asked Fiametta.

"They joined the men of Monferatto. They were angry because of their taxes in My Lord's absence.—None of our men are left but me."

"And you, Gilberto, — how did you escape?" cried Costanza, since the Lady was too dazed to speak.

"I fought near my Lord when the accursed Pedro engaged him in single combat. Another of the devils stabbed him from behind. I stood above him to defend him, but he commanded weakly, 'Go, Gilberto! Warn my Lady!' As he spoke, the blood was oozing from his lips. I escaped from the fray as best I could and rode as I have never ridden before. I——"

He sank forward upon the floor in the widening pool.

"My Lord is dead——" murmured the Lady in a strange, far-away voice. "Let us go up again, Costanza. I shall not greet him."

Very slowly, resting upon the arm of Costanza, she ascended the staircase. Dianora and Elisa followed her with Guglielmo, his little bells cruelly gay. Fiametta remained below. She ordered two of the retainers who had gathered outside to carry away the unconscious Gilberto. She looked towards the sea. A crescent moon was dropping down the purple sky into the still purpler water. She drew the heavy doors to, creaking discordantly, barred them, and unloosed the golden cords that looped back the curtains. They fell together with a muffled thud. With a torch that one of the men had brought her, she kindled the tapers. Then she also ascended the staircase.

The Lady was lying face downwards upon a divan. In her white robe, she seemed like a beautiful lily laid low by a ruthless storm. Yet she did not weep. She was immobile as a statue. The terror-stricken women grouped around her, but were afraid to touch her. Only Guglielmo crept close, quietly pressing his lips against the selvage of her gown, and from his heart, straight as his body was crooked, there issued forth a prayer.

Presently the women began to murmur in frightened, fluttering whispers, like a cote of doves into whose midst a hawk has swooped with eager talons. For a while grief held them numb; they uttered lamentations, in-

coherent, disconnected, but soon grief gave way to fear. Sorrow for their slaughtered master was overshadowed by dread of what might befall them.

Elisa gave expression to the common thought;—

"Pedro of Monferatto will come here," she shuddered, "he and his men."

"He will come here and his hatred will come with him," said Fiametta, "the hatred towards the house of Saluzzo which his black bosom has nourished for years."

Elisa wept again.

"What will become of us? Monferatto is ruthless. Melted ice, not blood, runs in his veins. His men are devils.

"The villa walls are strong," comforted Dianora, although with scant confidence. "We might resist him until word of all this reaches Florence and my Lady's father despatches aid."

"Not with the handful of swordsmen that my Lord left behind," said Fiametta. "He counted upon the villagers to defend us. Alack, the treacherous caitiffs are with the enemy."

"A few men with the cause of right in their hearts can do much in a stout fortress. Summon them, Fiametta. The time is short.—Bid them prepare for a siege."

Fiametta moved along the corridor towards one of the farther doorways. As she passed the window she screamed;

"Oh, the traitors!"

"What is it?" cried Costanza. "Does the Monferatto come already?"

"No, ah no! But look—our men are deserting us. Cowards, they have heard Gilberto's story and are afraid—See!"

The four women pressed about the window. A group of horsemen were riding hastily away from the villa, torches streaking the darkness with yellow.

"The beasts!" sobbed Constanza. "The beasts! Now we are helpless."

"We must take flight ourselves," said Fiametta. "Within the convent not many miles from here we may find sanctuary until succor comes."

"We must go now," urged Dianora. "We have no wealth of moments to squander. Monferatto wastes no minutes. Even now the hoofs of his steed may be striking sparks from the roadway."

The Lady seemed to have heard nothing of what they had spoken. Rigid she lay upon the divan, quick in body but dead in soul. Her eyes were dry, but dreadful.

"Madam," Fiametta implored, "rouse yourself. We must go!"

The Lady did not answer, did not stir.

"Madam! Pedro of Monferatto will soon be here."

Costanza joined her.

"Dear Lady, rouse yourself. Your life is in danger."

Almost inaudibly the Lady muttered:

"I have no life now."

In despair the women endeavored to awaken her to action, and Guglielmo also. As a last resort, he upbraided her bitterly for cowardice, but even this failed.

"What shall we do?" lamented Dianora.

"We might carry her on a litter," suggested Elisa.

"But the convent is far; she is heavy; we are weak."

"Meanwhile the moments go and Monferatto draws nearer." Costanza was quivering with terror.

They stood around her helplessly, something of the paralysis which gripped her settling upon them also. Presently there came the soft patter of feet and in ran Saladin, the great hunting dog that the Lord of Saluzzo had loved from puppyhood. He went to the Lady, licked her hands, her face with his huge red tongue, and whimpered as if he too knew that all was not well. Somehow the presence of the dog was effective where the entreaties of the women had failed. She

sat up stiffly, death-pale of cheek, and drew her hand across her brow.

"Bid the men make ready for the attack, Fiametta," she said suddenly, self-possession miraculously restored to her.

"Madam, the men have fled."

"How do you know?"

"I saw them riding away through the window."

"All of them?"

"I think so."

"But know so!—Go and find how many remain with us!"

Fiametta hastened away. The Lady sat motionless, erect, with fingers clenched. The others took the cue of silence from her. Only Saladin fawned at her feet and whimpered. In a quarter of an hour—it seemed longer than all the years since Christ—Fiametta returned.

"They are all gone, the cowards," she said, "all save the wounded Gilberto, Federigo, the lame groom, and the four garden boys. They would not desert you, Madam."

"May God bless them!" said the Lady.

"Madam," pleaded Elisa, "Let us fly to the convent. We may have time yet."

"Go you!" said the Lady with determination. "I remain."

"Madam!" Dianora gasped.

"I remain. I am the wife of my Lord. I shall not run away."

"But, dear Madam," Fiametta begged, "this is madness."

"I remain." She was adamant. "Hasten to safety, you women, and you, good Guglielmo. You have lives yet to live. I remain to say farewell to my Lord—it is all that I have left."

The women were dazed into silence. Then Elisa said:

"Madam, I shall stay with you."

"And I," cried Costanza.

"And I," echoed Dianora.

"I have been with you since you were a baby," said Fiametta quietly, "I shall not desert you now."

"Go you," commanded the Lady. "This is my business. I would not

have you place yourself in this jeopardy.

"Madam," Fiametta's resolution matched hers. "We have sworn to attend you. We are your servants.

For the first time there were tears in the Lady's eyes.

"Nay," she said very tenderly, "you are my sisters."

Suddenly Gugliemo, who had been gazing from the window, cried shrilly.

"They are coming! They are coming!"

The Lady seated herself with strange calmness. The women stood around her. They waited. Not many moments afterwards the clamor of steel rang out upon the outer surface of the great doors and brawling voices noisily demanded entrance. Saladin burst into furious barking. Gugliemo and the four women cowered together. Not so the Lady.

"Quiet, Saladin!" she commanded, and he obeyed her though his body shook with suppressed growls.

"Come!" she addressed her attendants, and her voice was crisp and cold as an icicle striking the ground in January midnight. "Let us open the door."

Putting her fingers through the dog's collar, she descended the staircase. The others followed fearfully a little way behind. Gugliemo's gnarled hands twisted in a way which boded ill for anyone who should attempt to harm his beloved mistress.

Outside the din continued, increased. Swiftly, without losing her hold on the dog, the Lady looped back the curtains. Then she slipped the bolt which held up the heavy iron bars. They fell to the floor with a thunderous clatter. The doors burst open and a flood of mailed men, armed with pikes and swords, swept inwards. Costanza and Elisa screamed, but the Lady breasted the tide as if she were a figure of granite. The muscles in her forearm tightened as she restrained Saladin. Gugliemo crept forward and crouched beside her.

The courageous dignity of her bearing momentarily halted the invaders. They stood facing her in amazement, admiration at once kindling in their eyes.

"A handsome trollop," murmured one of the men to his neighbor; "but Pedro the Bat will want her for himself. Those other pieces yonder—" and he leered at the trembling women in waiting.

"Where is your master?" asked the Lady, as if she were issuing an order to her own retinue.

In answer an angry, sonorous voice rose above the murmur of the men—"Back, fellows!"

The men divided and through the breach stepped Pedro of Monferatto, accompanied by his lieutenant. Pedro was a man who had seen the passing of fifty or more years, and from his face they seemed to have been years of perpetual winter, unbrightened by the coming of spring or of summer. The rigors of the soldier's trade had given him and had preserved his magnificent physique. He was tall and lean, but sinewy of arm and shank. His hair was black with no trace of silver and his eyes matched those of a falcon in keenness, of a leopard in cruelty. His nose was crooked, his cheeks and forehead pockmarked. About his entire countenance was something that suggested the fanatic ascete rather than the sensualist. His clothes were severely plain, but over his shoulders and sword was draped a cloak of scarlet.

"Five women, a fool, and a dog!" he said scornfully to the lieutenant. "Scarcely a garrison meet to resist the siege of this rabble we brought with us." Then to the Lady, with cutting insolence, "Are you the strumpet of Saluzzo?"

Anger flashed in her eyes, but composure did not desert her.

"I am Bianca of Saluzzo, his wife."

"'Was' were an apter word—He—"

"I have heard, my Lord of Monferatto. You need not tell me further."

His lips curled downwards.

"So you have heard! You deprive me of the pleasure of being your informant—But if you knew, why did you not endeavor to defend yourself. Your retainers—"

"Have deserted me."

He laughed.

"Wise fleas desert the back of a dog that is dead and go to another that can give them meat."

"Which proves that they are fleas, the vilest of the vile," piped up Gugliemo. The lieutenant kicked him with a heavily shod foot, and the blow left him sobbing and silent.

"My Lord of Monferatto," said the Lady, "if you have aught to say to me, I pray you to ascend the staircase with me and my women, out of earshot of these soldiers of yours."

"A gin," warned the lieutenant. "She has concealed the remnant of her men at arms above."

"My Lord of Monferatto has my word."

"The word of a Saluzzo!"—All the bitter hatred which filled the soul of Pedro of Monferatto was concentrated in the word—"Long; sour years ago its emptiness was proven to me—But to-day the vinegar is wine again. My recompense has come!"

"My Lord might show some courtesy to those his — [She fought back the word "treachery"] — arms have vanquished. Let him send some of his men above to discover if I have laid a trap for him."

The lieutenant gave an order and six of the soldiers ran up the stairs, their arms clanging against the marble. There was a lengthy pause. The Lady and Pedro of Monferatto stared steadily, challenging, at each other, but neither quailed. The men returned.

"She has spoken truly, sire," said one. "We can find no one."

"Will my Lord of Monferatto ascend with me now?" asked the Lady, "or is he fearful of five women, a fool, and a dog."

With a curse he stamped up the staircase. The Lady followed still

holding Saladin's collar. The women, Gugliemo, and the lieutenant brought up the rear. The men-at-arms lounged in the hallway, chipping at the marble with their weapons.

When they had reached the top the Lady said:

"Will my Lord deign to be seated?" pointing to a great chair, its carven arms inlaid with gold, which had been made ready for the coming of the bridegroom.

He did not heed her.

"Since you knew that your Lord had paid his just debt, the debt descended to him from his father," he demanded gruffly, "why did you not escape with these trembling simpletons of yours?"

"I am a daughter of Guiseppe de Lucca," she replied simply. "The motto of his house is 'Bravery in defeat'. Besides what safety could these weak women, these dear friends of mine, have found in this now hostile countryside, escorted only by this poor hunchback, or one of the few old men or striplings who have not deserted me. I bade them stay to trust to the chivalry of a warrior to whom victory should teach magnanimity."

"The Saluzzos of old thought much of women, of chivalry." Again the essence of wormwood welled in Pedro of Monferatto's voice.

The Lady stepped closer to him, supplication in her gestures:

"My Lord of Monferatto, do what you will with me for I am part and portion of your spoils—it makes no difference now. But I beg you to let my women go in peace. You can have no quarrel with them. They are gentle souls who came with me from Florence when I left my father. I alone am of the Saluzzos whom the fire of your hatred is kindled to consume.—Let it consume me too, then it may be sated!"

He did not speak.

"My Lord, I pray you, do what you will with me, but let my women go in peace."

"No, no, dear Lady," cried Fiametta. "I shall stay with you; your fate is my fate." The others joined her through their tears.

Like an automaton the Lady knelt before him:

"My Lord—"

He seized her arm roughly and wrenched her to her feet.

"Have I threatened to harm you or your women," he cried. "I am not a Saluzzo—for that I thank the blessed Virgin—I do not wage war upon women." The Lady had sunk weakly upon a chair. He stood above her. "You shall go on foot to the convent four leagues from here. I shall arrange for your safe-conduct. You must be gone by morning. Otherwise—his hand swept towards the men below. "My pack is hungry."

"I thank the Lord of Monferatto for his gracious mercy towards my women," said the Lady dully, "but I asked for nothing for myself. His sword is at his side. Here is my bosom. I am a Saluzzo. Let the flame consume the last fading leaf; apart from the branch it cannot live."

"You are a DeLucca. You have lived up to your motto.—Besides,"—again the awful bitterness—"you shall carry in your heart a tithe of the despair that has been my burden for years. That will be a portion of the reckoning."

"Sire," counselled the lieutenant, "she may go to her father; she may stir Florence up against you."

"What matter!—Soon I shall be able to crush Florence as a careless vineyard girl crushes a ruddy grape." He turned towards the stairs. "I shall take my men back to the camp. To-day they have earned the taverns and the brothels of the town.—But to-morrow morning I shall return. Till then, Lady Bianca, the door is open to you."

"My Lord of Monferatto!" The Lady had risen to her feet. For the first time she showed agitation and her voice trembled. "The burial of my Lord of Saluzzo—"

Pedro the Bat shook with sinister, fiendish laughter.

"Ha! His burial!—The vultures that nest near the gallows tree will be sextons for his naked body. That is where the cup of my delight trickles over."

Her white hands clutched at her whiter throat and she swayed forward. Gone was all the self-control to maintain which she had struggled so heroically.

"You craven— You—. To thus dishonor a gallant soldier treacherously slain.— To—"

Pedro seized her wrists, thrust his face close to hers. His madly glowing eyes burned into her.

"Hear me," he said fiercely, "this is my recompense. Long years ago I was only a puny, weakly youth. No dreams of conquest filled me then, no lust for bloodshed. I was studying in a monastery, amorous of a life of holiness and learning. Luigi of Saluzzo, the father of your husband, had dispossessed my father, had slain him. My mother dwelt in poverty with my sister, my only sister, the little Violante, a girl of fifteen. Books and my little sister were the only things that I loved. Luigi, long wearied of his wife, who had faded in trying to bear him a male heir, sated by his mistresses, coveted her April beauty. He tore her from my mother's arms, brought her bruised, insensible to this very villa. I followed to save her, to wreak revenge, even though I was a weakling. His men overpowered me, flogged me naked before his guests. Then they dragged me to the town at the tails of their horses and flung me into the pesthouse. I contracted the plague. These marks on my face—dear God, I have the Saluzzos to thank for them—"

Emotion had exhausted the ferocity of his tone. He continued wearily:

"When I came out, healed in body but sick at soul, my sister was dead. Luigi had thrown her into an unmarked, unconsecrated grave in yonder courtyard. I only returned to

the Monastery to burn my books. Love of life and learning had died with the little ravished Violante. Only one thing remained, hatred! For thirty years it has nourished me, for thirty years I have planned and schemed and waited.—To-day I am repaid for my waiting.”

He flung the Lady upon the floor and stamped down the stairs, followed by the lieutenant. Halfway towards the bottom, he paused:

“Stay,” he cried, “I will barter with you for the burial of your Lord.”

She dragged herself to the topmost step, gazing at him in questioning agony.

“Travelling minstrels no doubt have sung you the tale of the Lady who dwelt in England long ago—Godiva of Coventry?”

Eyes wide and immobile she nodded assent.

“Come to my camp to-morrow from here, even as Godiva rode through Coventry and his body shall be yours.”

A gasp arose from the listening men, a wail from the women, but the Lady lay as if turned to stone. Pedro continued on his way and reached the doors. The Lady arose and staggered a few steps down the stairs. Her words were smothered, almost inarticulate—

“If I come to you as Godiva did, my Lord shall have burial?”

“So I have said.”

“Give me the night to think!”

“Yes. ’Twould be no shame for you, no gratification for me if you rode in the darkness. But I know your decision now; there was only one Godiva.”

He went out and his men followed him. Soon the sound of hoofs arose and died away in the distance. The Lady had crumpled upon the staircase. Fiametta and Costanza carried her back to the divan. She was not unconscious, only very still, and she remained with her head buried in her hands until the tapers in the hall had burned so low that Fiametta stole

down to replenish them and to close the doors, although she did not bar them. Then the Lady awakened from her dreadful reverie.

“Dianora,” she said, “go to the stables and rouse Federigo. Bid him bring Centaur to the doorway within two hours, tether him there, and then flee with the others. Costanza, stand at the window and watch until the top of the mountains is tipped with the silver of dawning. Fiametta and Elisa, aid me in making ready.”

She rose to her feet steadily and, with the three women, passed through the doorway that led to her apartments. Gugliemo, crouching near the now sleeping Saladin, was left alone save for Costanza, who stood tensely beside the casement, staring into the blackness which veiled the far-off hills.

The moments passed, first with the slowness of death, then with ghastly fleetness. The Lady, with Elisa, Fiametta, and Dianora, came through the doorway again. About her shoulders was flung a cloak of creamy satin with a fringe of lace and clasped with great pearls. From its folds peeped a foot and ankle as delicately moulded as a cameo is carved. Her cheeks and neck were as ivory. Through her black hair still twined the garland of crimson eglantine.

The faces of the women were strained and pallid; there was terror in their eyes. Elisa sobbed and Dianora tore away one by one the beads which decked her gown. All of them stood as wan, as motionless as phantoms in a sculptured nightmare. Gugliemo sat in the shadow and now and then, as he trembled, his little silver bells made the silence tinkle like shattered crystal. Saladin whimpered and quivered as he slept.

Then Costanza, with steps that faltered, came from the window. They looked at her, awful, imploring. Dianora joined in Elisa’s weeping, while Fiametta leaned against the wall as if strength had deserted her. Only the Lady was calm, expressionless,



unshaken by the vigil; yet the little veins in the smooth curve of her throat throbbed noticeably.

Costanza spoke and her voice was as hushed as the rustle of leaves in the first breath of a wind presaging a storm, but every word had the impact of one of Vulcan's hammers:

"Above the rim of the mountains the sky grows gray," she said, the last syllables stifled in tears.

"The hour comes," cried the Lady buoyantly, spiritedly, as if it were a general giving the order for battle; then to Elisa, who had sunk to the floor and was clutching at her cloak: "Dry your tears, my little Elisa. What I must do, I do for the love of him and so I am happy."

She kissed each of them upon the cheeks with lips that were icy though firm. Guglielmo bent his stunted figure over her hands and pressed them to his mouth, leaving drops of rheum that glistened more brightly than the diamonds of her rings. She took a heavy golden chain, studded with rubies and emeralds, which hung about her neck, and gave it to Fiametta: "Take these and divide them," she said, "they are my legacy.

With the word "legacy", the weeping redoubled among the women, but Guglielmo turned a handspring and laughed in his queer, cracked way.

"Stay," said the Lady. "Did I not tell you that I was happy. I would not leave you with downcast countenances. My good Guglielmo understands."

From the terrace outside resounded the clanking of hoofs.

"It is Centaur," the Lady said: "we have had many rides together, but this will be the strangest."

The doors creaked as someone outside swung them open.

"Dianora," commanded the Lady, "as I go sing me once again your little love lay of the folk who dwell so near to Heaven." And Dianora sang, though her voice quavered and the false notes were almost as frequent as the true. The Lady went down the

stairs, walking with something of the grace of a Queen passing to her coronation. The train of the creamy cloak rustled behind her. Save for the blackness of her hair with the little blots of crimson of the eglantine, she seemed to melt into the marble, and, as she moved, the petals of eglantine fell one by one, lying in tiny heaps upon the stone like little drops of blood.

The Lady turned towards the silent group at the head of the staircase. "To-day Centaur and I are riding for love of him," she cried exultantly. With a swift gesture, she let the cloak drop, stood there for a second as Aphrodite might have stood upon the shore at Lesbos; then the curtains fell together again and she was gone.

Dianora's song broke short in the middle of a syllable. From outside echoed the clatter of a galloping horse; afterwards no sound except the sigh of the wind as it undulated the curtains, the sobbing of the women, and the tinkling of Guglielmo's little bells as he laughed and turned his foolish handsprings.

Costanza and Elisa sat beside the window. Costanza plied her embroidery nervously, and the needle often pricked her finger. Dianora was on the divan, staring dully at the ceiling. Somewhat apart Guglielmo lay upon the floor apparently asleep. The women at the window did not speak but kept their eyes fixed upon the winding strip of silver roadway fringing the cliffs above the blue sea which seemed a stranger to grief as it dimpled in the sunlight.

Then Fiametta, who had been away for several hours, came to them, her cheeks bloodless, her eyes sad.

"Our wretched Lady," she sobbed. "What tidings have you?" pleaded the others.

"She has bought the Lord's body with the price that the spawn of hell set upon it."

Costanza's embroidery fell unheeded to the floor.

"Who has told you?"

"I went to the cottage of one of the peasants on the edge of the estate. She had gone to the town with her husband early this morning and had heard the story. I begged her to tell me."

Elisa seized her wrist.

"Tell us everything, Fiametta!—Our poor Lady! Does she still live?"

"This is what the woman told me. Our Lady rode as swiftly as she could urge Centaur onwards. Bit by bit the growing light—O God that this last darkness could not have lasted forever—revealed her shame. The people whom she passed jeered and some threw stones, but she rode onwards, her hair unloosed, floating out backwards like a banner of death. When she reached the camp of Pedro the Infernal, she seemed as calm, as regal as that day she received the Cardinal, but her poor cheeks, always so pale, were pinker than the rim of a seashell with blushes. The soldiers laughed, called her vile names, but she did not falter. Then Pedro came with gloating eyes. 'I have taken you at your word', she said in a clear, firm voice. 'I have paid your price, now give him to me.'

"They led her to the tent in which his body had been flung, she dismounted, her charitable hair draping itself around her, and went in alone. Many moments dragged by before she came out, and, frail though she was, she was carrying his corpse in her arms, staggering beneath its weight."

"Our poor, poor Lady!" wailed Costanza.

"The soldiers did not jeer at her then. They were ashamed and began to murmur among themselves. Our Lady tried to place the body across her saddle-bow, but she was not strong enough; she stumbled and fell. Then even the icy heart of Pedro was melted. 'Madam,' he said, 'your courage has been a torrent of water upon the conflagration of my hatred. Not only will I give you the body of your husband, I shall see that he is buried with the honors due to a sol-

dier." Then he took off his crimson cloak and wrapped it around her. Then the peasant woman came away because she remembered that she had bread in the oven."

"What saint ever suffered such martyrdom for love of God as she has undergone for love of him," sighed Elisa, "She—"

Costanza interrupted her, leaning out of the window and sending a shower of ivy leaves earthwards. "Look, far away there!—A horse!"

"Can it be she?" cried Fiametta.

"I cannot recognize the rider.

But see how fast the steed gallops—It must be Centaur."

Dianora screamed.

"The scarlet cloak of Montferatto! It is our Lady!"

They watched spellbound, then Elisa shrieked:

"She has left the road. She is galloping towards the cliffs."

"In front of her is a drop of a hundred feet to the rocks below!"

"O God in Heaven!"

Elisa covered her eyes with shaking hands. Fiametta and Dianora had knelt upon the floor and were praying. Costanza alone looked from the narrow window, as if fascinated.

"She is drawing nearer the brink. She is whipping Centaur onward.—She has flung her arms upwards towards the sinking sun—Now—O God!"

Costanza left the window. There was nothing for her to see except the silver roadway, the strip of meadow ending in space. There was silence, broken by Fiametta, who rose from her knees and said quietly through her tears: "Come, we must bring our Lady home". The others followed her.

In the deepening twilight the little heaps of eglantine petals gleamed on the white steps of the stairway like pools of blood. There was a faint tinkling of bells through the stillness. Gugliemo in his motley garb, stunted, mishapen, dragged his body down the staircase and picked them up one by one. When his task was ended, he buried his face in them.



THE MAIN STREET

From the Etching by Dirk Baskteen  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# THE UNIVERSITY'S ROLE

AN APPRECIATION OF THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY

BY JOHN BOYD

**I**T was a happening of more than ordinary significance that when it became necessary to find a successor to Sir Robert Borden as Chancellor of

McGill University the one chosen for that high and responsible position should have been the chief executive of Canada's greatest transportation system and one of the greatest business concerns in the world. Some very prominent men have held the position, but appointments have almost exclusively been confined to those holding leading positions in public life or prominent in educational circles. In the choice of Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, a new departure has been made, and it is a departure that will undoubtedly be fraught with most important consequences, not only for McGill but for the educational interests of the whole Dominion.

The distinguished Principal of McGill, Sir Arthur Currie, characterized the appointment of Mr. Beatty both truthfully and aptly when he observed in making the formal announcement of the selection that there are in the world three kinds of men. The first kind is the man of theory and vision, of thought and also of aspiration, who has a ready remedy for all the ills of life but whose lofty ideals are never transformed into action. The second kind is the man whose main idea is to get a thing done

but in whose mind is lacking any ideal. The third kind of man is the one who combines theory with facts and whose methods are the outcome of high ideals. "And this," appropriately added McGill's Principal, "is the type of man needed in the world to-day, and in our new Chancellor we have found such a man."

No better or more truthful summary of Mr. Beatty's characteristics could have been given. A man of the highest ideals and conspicuous executive ability, he is more than a theorist; he combines theories with facts, and his high ideals are transformed into actions that redound to the benefit of the community.

What are the views of McGill's new Chancellor in regard to the mission of the modern university and the needs of education in Canada in general? The question is of more than passing importance in times like the present. Mr. Beatty, it may be stated at the outset, has certain very definite views in regard to the role that a university should play in the life of the community. He has a higher conception of the office of Chancellor than that of a merely ornamental position. On the contrary he believes that a university Chancellor should not only exercise some executive influence but facilitate intercourse between the teaching staff and those who desire to benefit by their teaching and between the university and those from whom it receives and to whom it lends support. Mr. Beatty, in short, does not

believe that a university, and above all a university of the character of McGill, should be isolated from the life of the community, rather that it should impart its light for the benefit of the whole community. This was the idea that he most strongly impressed upon the writer in a talk that I recently had the privilege of having with him. It is the idea that he sought to impress upon the many distinguished people assembled for McGill's centenary commemoration. To use Mr. Beatty's own words, "There is one especial danger that every university should fight against, namely, lest it lose touch with the life and intellectual needs of the people. It is a danger which might result from a too ardent pursuit of pure scholarship resulting in a state of mind which 'claims itself a sole exclusive heaven', to use the words of the poet Byron. It may result also from poverty and lack of funds to pay salaries which would enable the professors to mix in social intercourse with the man of affairs, to provide scholarships for poor but clever students, to give lectures at low fees in or outside the college buildings, and endow chairs for new subjects which modern conditions have rendered important. In his letter accepting the Presidency of the United States James Abram Garfield, who himself rose from cabin to White House, said: "Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither freedom nor justice can be maintained."

"Now the university and the people are the Mohamet and the Mountain. If the people will not come to the university the university must come to the people. An excellent example was set by the oldest university of England—a thousand years old compared to McGill's century—the University of Oxford, which instituted the now great University Extension movement, sending the very best of teachers into the industrial

centres so as to make a higher education more easily accessible to the working man. McGill university, in my humble opinion, must be prepared to reach not only within the college buildings, but to come off 'the hill' into the streets, the highways and byways, into the suburbs and country towns.

"Another danger which a university must guard against is that of becoming encrusted in tradition and precedent, of being strangled by a cast-iron curriculum. In a country of such rapid development as Canada the university must be prepared to meet new conditions and to open and keep open avenues for all those anxious to obtain higher education bearing on their careers. In the case of McGill this is particularly true, for McGill prides itself on being essentially a national, indeed an international, university, supplying the higher educational needs not merely of Eastern Canada but of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with a ready welcome to students from overseas or south of the international boundary. That proud position can be maintained only if McGill keeps step with the times, maintains an elastic curriculum and faculties receptive to new conceptions of education.

"We hear much of university atmosphere, of university ideals and standards, and we hope the day will never come when culture will depart from us and the intellectual progress of the university graduate will cease to be felt in this comparatively new nation. The possession of these is not inconsistent with practical efficiency and commercial progress. Modern materialism is softened by the practical idealism of the man who graduates from a great university and takes with him not only the knowledge, but the trained attitude of mind which enables him to reach his goal of a prosperous and happy citizen without in any way detracting from the



EDWARD WENTWORTH BEATTY, K. C.

Chancellor of McGill University

intellectual pleasures which may be his and which he may afford others."

Such in succinct compass is Mr. Beatty's conception of what the duties of a university Chancellor should be and the role that a university such as

McGill, Toronto, Queen's and other great Canadian educational institutions should play. McGill's new Chancellor does not believe that a university should be isolated from, but rather that it should form part

of the life of the community. Rightly or wrongly there has been a rather widespread feeling that the universities were inclined to hold themselves aloof from the people. Certainly the modern conception of what a university should be has been of slow growth. Years ago when the writer was a student at McGill the popular idea of a university was undoubtedly that of a place that was intended primarily to be devoted to the pursuit of pure scholarship or the preparation of its students for some particular sphere in life. Those were the days of Dawson, of Leach, of Margraff, of Darey, of Chandler, of Harrington and of other men noted in their special departments of teaching. The great department of the university apart, of course, from the Medical Faculty, which in McGill has always been preeminent for its work, was the Arts department and then the classics naturally held the predominant position, though the demands of science under Dawson, himself an eminent geologist and scientist, were beginning to receive more attention. But it was before the time of Macdonald's princely gifts, and there were no great Science, Chemistry and Engineering buildings. Neither was there a Peter Redpath Museum and the library was confined to a portion of the Molson Hall, which was then the centre of all university reunions. But inadequate as the equipment of the university then was, judged by present conceptions, the teaching was not negligible. Dean Moyse, then a young man not long from England, had begun that course of lectures which was to implant the love of English literature in countless minds and influence the lives of many. Other of the college professors were recognized as experts in their particular departments, and though materially considered it was the day of small things for the university great results were achieved by its devoted band of teachers. Men

went forth from the halls of McGill whose careers have shed glory upon the university. Into the public life of Canada went such a man as Laurier and many of lesser note, and graduates of McGill won distinction in art, in literature, in the professions and the practical sphere of life throughout the world. Still, as I have said, in those days the university, as a university, was not popularly supposed to enter into the life of the community. But time has changed all that. With the march of modern ideas it was realized that a university could not afford to occupy a position of aloofness. Public support was necessary if it was to become what it should be and munificent donations from individual citizens made the association between the university and the public the closer. This has become more and more the case in recent years. College professors, too, are no longer regarded as a race apart, they are coming to a greater and greater extent into close touch with the life of the people and helping to meet the intellectual needs of the masses. It is this demand that the new Chancellor of McGill recognizes, and he has signalized his appointment to a position which makes him an important factor in the higher education of the country by making clear the faith that is in him. As to education in general Mr. Beatty has equally definite views as was shown by his statements to the writer. He does not believe, for instance, that the ideal of popular education is to be found in the cramming of facts into a pupil's head but in training the mind of the pupil to discriminate between real facts and mere appearances, and to apply the training so acquired to the practical affairs of life. The object of schools and universities, in his opinion, should be, not to turn out walking encyclopædias, but healthy and clear-brained citizens, who will be able to distin-



guish between facts and appearances, between correct and false reasoning, between things that can be done and that can not be done and between things that should be done and that should not be done. The preparation at the school and the university should, in short, be but the beginning of a life-long application for which the earlier training should fit the pupil or student. Mr Beatty is modern and democratic enough to be a strong believer in visual education, particularly through the medium of moving pictures. Anything that will impress things as they are on the mind of the pupil, is in his view of benefit. In brief Mr. Beatty's view of what popular education should be is that it should help in the making of good and useful citizens, men with properly trained minds who will be able to exercise their training and knowledge for the benefit of the community.

And now what of the personality of the man who thus with courage and lucidity outlines the greater educational needs of the times? Mr. Beatty is known to the public, chiefly as President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. But before being appointed to that high and responsible position he had had a notable career both at the Bar and in the railway service. Born at Thorold, Ontario, on October 16th, 1877, the future President of the Canadian Pacific and Chancellor of McGill was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto Model School, the Harbord Collegiate Institute and the University of Toronto. He followed the law course at Osgoode Hall Law School and read law in the office of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin & Creelman. Called to the Bar in June, 1901, he shortly afterwards entered the law department of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. That was the beginning of his connection with the great corporation of which seventeen years later he was to become the

President. Step by step he rose to the highest executive position displaying signal ability in all the duties he was called upon to perform. He was appointed Assistant Solicitor of the Company in 1905, General Solicitor in 1910, General Counsel in 1911, and Vice-President and General Counsel in 1914. In January, 1916, he was elected a director of the Company and in October of the same year, in addition to being Vice-President and General Counsel became a member of the Executive. Two years subsequently, in October, 1918, he succeeded Lord Shaughnessy as President, thus becoming the executive head of one of the greatest business corporations in the world when only forty-one years of age. The very fact that he was chosen for such a responsible position at such a comparatively early age was in itself an evidence of the outstanding ability of the man.

Mr. Beatty has been well described as a man of action, but he is more than that. Carefully trained in some of the best educational institutions in the Dominion, he possesses a judicial mind, a sound judgment, great executive ability and untiring energy. All his actions, too, are prompted by the highest ideals. In him is to be found that somewhat rare combination, a union of the ideal with the practical. Mr. Beatty has shown himself a thorough Canadian with unlimited faith in the future of the Dominion. Since his appointment as President of the Canadian Pacific, a position which makes him a conspicuous figure in Dominion affairs, he has been called upon at frequent intervals to make public addresses and all his speeches are marked by constructive thought and a sane optimism. He is a believer in Canada, proud of its historic past and confident of its still greater future. The difficulties of the present, great as they may be, present in his view no insurmountable obstacle if Canadians will only

have faith in their country and work together for its progress and prosperity. In his educational positions he has always emphasized the importance of the teaching of Canadian history to the youth of the country, an evidence of his patriotism and staunch Canadianism. From the days of his graduation he has always taken the deepest interest in education, and it was in recognition of this fact that he was chosen as Chancellor of Queen's previous to being appointed Chancellor of McGill.

In his personal characteristics and sympathies Mr. Beatty is broad-minded, tolerant and thoroughly democratic. It has been the good fortune of the Canadian Pacific—and undoubtedly one of the reasons of its immense success—to have always had at its head men who were in close touch with the public. Sir William

Van Horne was one of the most democratic of men, Lord Shaughnessy is always approachable and Mr. Beatty has followed in the steps of his illustrious predecessors, being personally popular both with his associates and the public. It is therefore not surprising that his first act as Chancellor of McGill should be to make an appeal for a closer association between the universities and the people. That such a man—the architect of his own fortunes—should have risen when only forty-four years of age to be President of the Canadian Pacific, a director of the Bank of Montreal and many other leading business concerns, Chancellor of Queen's and Chancellor of McGill should be an inspiration to the youth of Canada, whilst his years furnish an assurance of long and invaluable service to the country.

## IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By ROBERT CARY

**S**TUPENDOUS rock, austere, majestical,  
 Serenity and stars abide thy zone;  
 Steep day, and glinting suns, and many a cone  
 Pierces the cloudy heights etherial  
 Like shafts to lost sublimities. Where fall  
 Huge avalanches, and where the tree-nymphs moan,  
 Because Medusa turned thee into stone,  
 There sittest thou, a Titan yet in thrall.

Ye sagebrush wilds, ye cataracts, ye towers,  
 Ye myriad wonders crowding over me:  
 Sheer walls and canyon'd streams and snow-clasped flowers,  
 And thou, bright sun, I feel the weight of thee.  
 Crush me not down! Though least among thy powers,  
 I sing, thou emblem of Eternity!



HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING

It was the keenness, the courage, the straightforwardness, the sincerity, the absolute integrity of the man, as here depicted in his countenance, that led to his great victory as leader of the Liberal party in the general elections on December 6th. In the natural course of events he becomes Prime Minister of the new Government at Ottawa.



The Scotch River as it meanders now into the Nation River

# A LITTLE JOURNEY IN GLENGARRY

BY ALDEN GRIFFIN MEREDITH



HE Scotch River was running ice free full from bank to bank."

So writes Ralph Conner in the "Man from Glengarry".

The peaceful stream now meandering into the Nation River scarcely resembles the full and flowing river of the story, and it would be difficult to reconstruct the setting of that powerful tale of warfare and struggle with the grim forests.

The Nation River, just above where the Scotch River enters, is crossed by a primitive ferry engineered by a smiling and comely maiden whose fair hair, blue eyes, and stalwart arms betoken her a descendent of those

"braw lads" of the days of "The MacDonald Gang". The road along the placid Nation River shimmers white in the hot August sunlight. A few groups of trees and alder bushes fringe the River, but on either hand the fields lie verdant except for fences. The Vision of the Pioneer is realized. Acres of cornfields are falling to the march of the machine. Civilization in all its crudity has taken possession of the land. As a result of the clearing away of the forests, the streams have shrunk. Roaring torrents, for a short time after the spring thaw, they overflow to a somewhat dangerous extent the surrounding country, and it has become necessary to dredge the bottom



The Nation River shimmers white in the hot August sunlight

of many of these small streams that the Spring water may have room to sweep its tempestuous way towards the larger rivers.

It is a relief to leave the rough ill-kept roads of Prescott County and enter that of Glengarry. Neat farms, well clipped hedges, and groups of trees, enhance the natural beauty of the country, and speak of the more refined taste of the inhabitants, or their forefathers.

MacDonald, McInnes, and McMillan, are seen on the rural mail boxes, and by the time the town of Alexandria appears it is pretty safe to address any small boy as "Mac", and get a grinning response.

In Alexandria, formerly Priest's Mill, are the remains of the grist mill erected by Bishop MacDonell, the Fighting Bishop, for the needs of his flock; one of the multitudinous enterprises achieved by this wonderful man, whose influence still hovers like a benign protection throughout the Province. But one must go to St. Raphael's for the earliest and most

personal relics of that great educationist.

From Alexandria to the "Front", (the River St. Lawrence) there are no troubles for the motorist. The fine road laid out by the military, and still called the "Military Road", runs all the way to the gleaming river; and in those days of the corduroy road the bush track and the trail must have been an untold blessing to the early settlers.

At St. Raphael's the life history and work of Bishop MacDonell is being preserved and arranged by the loving care of Rev. Father Campbell, himself a native of Glengarry, whose charming personality and enthusiasm in his undertaking stir the heart and stimulate the imagination of the too-forgetful modern Canadian. He has had the small log cabin (the "Iona College" of the Great Bishop's day, where such men of mark as Rev. George Hay, of St. Andrew's, Rev. Michael Brennan, of Belleville, Rev. Edward Gorden, of Hamilton, and many others, received their education



This house at Williamstown, built by Sir John Johnson in 1784, is said to be the oldest house still standing in Ontario

from Bishop MacDonell) moved to a better site and properly repaired, so that all the relics of the past, consistent with constructive necessity, should be preserved: now it is a high school, carrying on the work of its founder. The great hand-hewn beams are straight and sound and the broad planks of the flooring, worn by the feet of the Glengarry boys, are still "going strong". Father Campbell is collecting and placing in the college such personal relics of Bishop MacDonell as he can obtain, including a fine portrait.

The "Bishop's House" stands near the College and except for a few unfortunate "modern improvements" is little changed. It is a convent now under the charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, whose quaint and picturesque costume is rarely seen. Again that wondrous charm the hand of man can be seen in plank, panel, and architrave.

The old church of St. Raphael's stands to-day as it was planned and erected by the man whose abilities

were so manifold and whose influence has been so lasting. To celebrate the centenary of the church and at the instance of Father Campbell, the parisoners of St. Raphael have erected a Chapel to the memory of Bishop MacDonell.

Prior to the building of the church the parish was founded by Rev. Alexander MacDonell, who brought with him nearly the whole of a parish from the north of Scotland in 1786. This priest was one of the earliest Catholic priests or missionaries, other than French, who settled in Upper Canada. His chapel was called "The Blue Chapel"; and, St. Raphael being the Patron Saint of all travellers, on leaving Scotland Rev. Mr. MacDonell solemnly commended his ship to the care of that Saint; and, upon landing, erected and dedicated the Blue Chapel in grateful thanks for their safe voyage.

If you are favored, and also fairly active, you may be allowed to climb the ladder to the tower, and from there look down on the massive



The old Church St. Raphael's stands to-day as it was planned and erected by the man whose abilities were so manifold



Rev. Father Campbell shows two old chairs that are as old as St. Raphael's



The Iona College of the Great Bishop's Day. Now it is used as a high school carrying on the work of its founder



The Bishop's house stands near the College. It is a Convent now, under the charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross





Ruins of "Glengarry House", which was destroyed by fire in 1813

trusses, the axe marks more than a century old, joined by wrought-iron straps, forged by the hand of some early Scottish blacksmith in whose work there has been no flaw and which is a credit to his craft.

Descending into the Sacristy Rev. Father Campbell shows two old hand-made chairs, as old as St. Raphael's, that in all probability took part in that never-to-be-forgotten event for Glengarry, the Bishop's Jubilee, February 16th, 1837. Through a driving blizzard came Protestant and Catholic, priest and layman, to do honor to their great man.

The second outstanding event taking place was on June 18th, 1843, after the death of Bishop MacDonell, when the Highland Society of Canada, meeting at Williamstown, and accompanied by an immense multitude of persons from every part of the country, marched in a body to St. Raphael's, where a tablet dedicated to Bishop MacDonell's memory

was solemnly consecrated and placed in its present position.

Glengarry is a county of soldiers. Settled by the United Empire Loyalists and by the disbanded regiments in 1786; what wonder that when, in 1914, the call to arms was given Glengarry responded so nobly! In how many homes to-day in Glengarry are treasured the musket, kilt, and plaid of the soldier ancestor whose descendants have lived to again achieve glory in the service of their country and their King, and to uphold the traditions of the Men from Glengarry.

At Williamstown is the oldest standing house in Ontario occupied and in good repair. It was built by Sir John Johnson, son of Sir William Johnson, in 1784, from whom the town derives its name.

From the verandah of the house can be seen the remains of the slaves' dwellings on the River Raisin. On the smooth lawn stands a magnificent

elm which spreads its branches in a protective attitude over the house, and which looks quite ancient and venerable enough to have been a primeval giant at the time of its erection.

It is near here on a branch of the River Raisin that Capt. John Hay, United Empire Loyalist, also established his home in 1786; and one of his sons, Rev. George Hay, was educated at Iona College and became Vicar-General of the Diocese of Kingston.

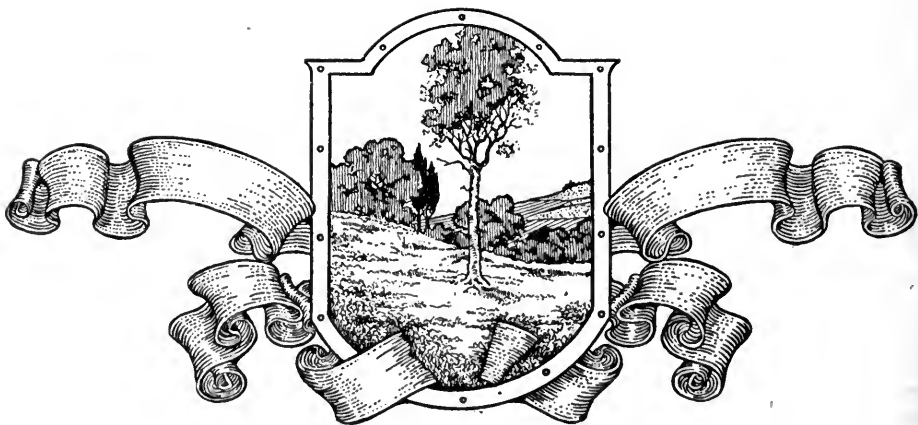
To all classes of the community good roads are both a blessing and a source of profit, but in Glengarry their advent is working a change in the local color of the county that many lovers of the picturesque will deplore. The old stone wall, representing the endless toil of a past generation, in clearing the now fertile fields, has been sold to the road builders. At intervals, along the highway, are vast collections of field stones, large and small, awaiting the coming of the stone-crusher, which will be used when the projected wider highway is commenced; while for miles back in the country the new wire fence holds its characterless reign.

The long straight ditch on either side of the highway, the engineers'

pride, and perhaps most necessary, cuts its relentless way through avenues of trees which lie like vanquished giants by the roadside. There are times when the slogan of the road engineer is, "Death and destruction to the beautiful".

On a small island at the mouth of the Raisin River, and opposite Lancaster, is the Cairn erected by the 52nd Regiment of Highlanders in honor of Sir John Colborne. From its summit the view is of rare beauty, especially so on a peaceful August evening with the setting sun casting the glamor of its variegated colors on the surrounding country.

Stone House Point, grand old monument of past endeavor, storm-battered and neglected, what dignity and strength there is about you! This ruin, once the largest stone house in the Province, was built by Capt. Alexander MacDonald and his brothers, United Empire Loyalists, under the name of "Glengarry House". It was destroyed by fire in 1813 and never rebuilt. Capt. MacDonald was the first Speaker of the Legislature of Upper Canada. An air of sadness hangs about the old ruin. The once fine driveway is still faintly to be seen, but before long all trace of this once famous home will be effaced.



# FLAG DAYS FOR CANADIANS

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS

I, THE UNION JACK. FIRST UNFURLED JANUARY 1ST, 1801



NATION'S flag is something more than a patchwork of color on a piece of bunting. Its design and coloring have a history, and sometimes tell a story. Certainly this is so of the British flag. Perhaps, in all the world, there is no flag that bears upon its folds so interesting a story, or has its history so plainly written in its various colorings and markings, as has our own Union Jack.

The original English flag was the banner of St. George, a red cross on a white ground. When England and Scotland were united under one sovereign in 1603, James I's new subjects south of the Tweed flew this English "jack"; but his Scottish subjects clung to the banner of St. Andrew—a white diagonal cross on a dark blue ground. Then, in 1606, to avoid confusion and misunderstanding, King James issued a proclamation authorizing the use of a "Union Flagge" on certain specified occasions; but it was not until the union of the parliaments of England and Scotland in Queen Anne's reign that the new flag was called by its present name.

Nearly a hundred years later, in 1801, the Irish parliament was merged into this union parliament of Great Britain and a further addition was made to the flag. To the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, with their grounds of white and blue, was

added the cross of St. Patrick, a red diagonal cross on a white ground.

There we have the Union Jack as it is to-day, but there is one point about its growth that is well worth noting: "The history of these successive blendings shows most plainly that the triune flag arose not from union under one sovereign, but from legislative union under one parliament. The Union Jack, therefore, has become the emblem of the British constitution and the British race. It is now the symbol of loyalty to one sovereign and the existence of government under British parliamentary union; and therefore wherever displayed, it indicates the presence of British liberties and British law."

Our flag has come to us, then, not by way of strife and bloody revolution, but by union and co-operation. In the combination of the three crosses, due honor has been given to each of the banners of the three kingdoms, while the story of their union has been visualized in a manner at once beautiful and remarkable. The colors of the Union Jack are red, the emblem of courage; white, the emblem of purity; and blue, the emblem of truth. It is red with the blood of heroes; it is blue with the blueness of the sea; it is white as the stainless soul of Justice, which it represents wherever it flies.

North and south and east and west it flies, over wide untenanted spaces and over crowded cities, over lands

just emerging from barbarism and over ancient civilizations. On every continent it floats, over hundreds of tribes and races. Not a church nor a faith is there without worship under the British flag; not a language among men which is not spoken somewhere 'neath its shadow. Above the broad veldt of South Africa, through the spacious bushlands of Australia, across the young provinces of the Dominion of Canada, over the forests of Newfoundland, and above the templed cities of India our flag floats, and wherever it floats it is loved and cherished.

Why is this? We need not ask if we but remember what our flag flies for. It flies for the government of the people, by the people and for the people. It flies for liberty to all who will use it and not abuse it. It flies for the honor of the spoken and the written word. It flies for the spread of truth and peace throughout the world.

Such is the flag we honor to-day, and these are the things that it stands for. Surely as we gaze on its fair folds with its three crosses spelling out duty, service and sacrifice, we do well to believe with the poet that it is not only worthy of our love and

reverence, but that it is beyond all peradventure "the best of flags on earth".

#### THE UNION JACK

'Tis thy flag and my flag, the best of flags on earth—  
Oh, cherish it, my children, for 'tis yours by right of birth.  
Your fathers fought, your fathers died, to rear it to the sky;  
And we, like them, will never yield, but keep it flying high.

'Tis thy flag and my flag—there's not a wind that blows  
To stir the tropic waters or to sweep the Arctic snows,  
But spares a breath to wave anew the flag that's never furled,  
The Union Jack, my children—'tis the envy of the world.

'Tis thy flag and my flag—across the ocean wide  
Our kinsmen look upon it with a thrill of love and pride;  
It speaks to them in distant lands, wherever they may roam,  
Of Honor, Faith, and Freedom bright, of Country, King and Home.

'Tis thy flag and my flag—dark millions own its sway,  
And know that 'neath its ample folds their night is turned to day.  
With us they join in heartfelt prayer ascending to the sky,  
That God will bless the dear old flag, and keep it flying high.

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In the February number will be outlined the Treaty of Paris, by which Canada became a British possession.





YOUTH AND OLD AGE IN NOVA SCOTIA

From the Photograph by  
Edith S. Watson



# WAITING AT THE TROC

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS



CAPTAIN DOWLING, whose front names were Martin Gregory, whose job was machine-gun officer in a battalion of Canadian infantry and also whose army appellation was "Emma Gee"—for reasons obvious to the military readers—arrived five minutes ahead of time, as usual. Also as usual on occasions of this kind he wiled away those five minutes, and ten minutes more, by pacing up and down the lounge, watching the three crystal doors which were always on the swing, and striking attitudes suggestive of fatigue and patient devotion in positions in which he could not possibly be overlooked by the person for whom he waited. As nothing came of all this—and that was not much less than he had expected)—he checked his cap and stick and went up two flights of heavily-carpeted stairs to the great tea-room. He inserted himself edgewise in the crush and saw, through the guarded doors of bright glass, all the familiar glories of that afternoon objective of one-fifth of all the junior officers in London. He was admitted at the fourth opening of the doors by their suave guardians in frock coats. Inside, his immediate troubles were ended, for he was favorably known there to a waiter of more than foreign extraction—of several foreign extractions, in fact—and was quickly established in an obscure corner at a table for two.

"In ten minutes," he said.

The waiter, with a glance at the empty chair, bowed and permitted himself a flicker of a smile.

Now Dowling felt lonely and deserted. A sense of desertion always possessed him about the time his minutes of waiting neared the half-hour mark. And he was tired, for he had spent the morning and a bit of the afternoon wangling a two-days extension of leave out of the War Office. All reasons for extra leave are good, in my estimation; and Dowling's reason was the best in London. That wasn't the one he had presented for the consideration of the War Office, however—and so he had obtained the extension.

He lit a cigarette and looked about him over the crowded and cheerful room. His glance, incurious and fleeting, went casually here and there. Suddenly it checked, narrowed and held. He turned his head sharply to the right, then turned it slowly and slyly back again. He placed an elbow on the table and shaded his eyes with his hand. From the shadow of his hand he stared at an officer seated three tables away, half left.

A number of questions presented themselves to Dowling. Who was the officer three tables forward whose face arrested his eyes and thoughts with such swift and startling authority of suggestion? Was the suggestion of friendship or of enmity?—was it happy or unpleasant?—was it of the war or the vague years before the autumn of Fourteen? Was this officer the actual source of his emotional

curiosity as well as the immediate cause of it, or did he simply resemble the real claimant to his attention?

Dowling asked himself these questions slowly, concentrated mind and memory on each in turn, and failed to produce a single answer. In that case, why the devil did he feel this curiosity about the fellow?—this thing that was more than curiosity? That question also proved a poser. He could find no starting point to think from or remember from; and yet the claim of the stranger's face and shoulders to his attention was insistent. Stranger! It was unreasonable to suppose him a stranger—as unreasonable as this startling and insistent curiosity concerning his identity.

Dowling enjoyed a three-quarters view of the officer's face. He sent his memory roving for some place or incident by which to associate those commonplace features with some momentous or extraordinary turn or check, or some unusually uncomfortable or joyous occasion, of his military career. He searched the camp at Valcartier, the high seas, Devonport and Salisbury Plain. He searched the Western Front of his acquaintance—and the ways leading to it—billets and battles, trenches and dugouts, casualty clearing stations and hospitals. He went back, in spirit, to every mess in which he had ever belonged, and even to those in which he had dined as a guest, elaborately and fully, or briefly on "bully" and cheese and ration rum. But the illuminating occasion was in none of those places.

This mental searching was not entirely barren of result. Now, despite his failure to remember anything of the officer who sat three tables away, half-left, Dowling was convinced that he did not like the fellow, whoever he was, and never had liked him. By what hidden processes of thought he had arrived at this conviction he neither knew nor cared. He was sick of the fellow—and yet he could not keep his mind or his eyes off him. He

sat back and rubbed his eyes with a silk handkerchief, but no matter how much he rubbed he could not polish his vision sufficiently to make out the collar badges of the offensive unknown. He was about to look at his watch, which he had ignored for fully ten minutes, when a light hand touched his shoulder and his heart went up singing like a lark from the ground.

Her cheeks were aglow and her eyes a gleam. She wanted to know if he could ever find forgiveness in his heart for her; and he tried to look as if he couldn't ever.

"Twenty minutes late," she remarked, and her eyes asked him to agree with her in that simple misstatement of fact; her eyes said that surely one so big and kind would gladly do so small a favor for a young person who loved him to distraction.

"No," said Dowling sternly, "you are forty minutes late."

She looked helplessly at a tiny watch on her wrist.

"It needs regulating," she said.

"Regulating!" he exclaimed. "Why, it doesn't even go—and never has since I have known you. If it does me out of many more forty minutes I will regulate it with an axe."

"How long have you known me, Greg?" she asked.

"Ever since three o'clock of the afternoon of the third day of April, Nineteen-Sixteen," he replied, in matter-of-fact tones. "Perhaps you remember. That was the second day of my leave—and I had five left. We lost your brother and had tea at Richmond. Next day we had tea here, and you were on time. On the third day, April Fifth, we all went to Richmond and I told Bob what I thought of you—that is, what I thought of you to date. It was a fairly long story, even then, and old Bob thought it an extraordinary tale, for he had known you all your life and couldn't see anything in you to rave about. Next day we managed lunch together—and you were fifteen minutes late."



"And you were not cross," she replied.

"No, for I really believed in that old watch then."

"I wear it because it is pretty and because Dad gave it to me, long ago. I tried to get the jewels out of it once, long ago, to have set in a ring; and it hasn't gone since. But tell me about us, Greg."

"Well, we had tea together on the fifth day, and again on the sixth day—and that was the seventh and last of my leave. I told you what I had told Bob—and you seemed to think more of it than he did. I got back to London on the Tenth of October, with eight days to the good. In those eight days we lunched together three times, had tea together six times and dined together every night—and you were more than ten minutes late for every appointment but two. As for this leave—why, I am a joke to half the commissionaires in London."

"Greg, you are a dear to remember everything, like that. I shall never be late again. It was silly of me to be late to-day—for I didn't want to be, you may be sure of that. When I got your wire and saw that you had wangled the extension I was so happy that I wanted to be very good, so I collected all the magazines in the house for the hospitals and then wrote a long letter to Bob—for I have only written twice to him since he got his last wound. Then I found out what time it was—and I was horrified! Greg, you *do* forgive me?"

"Forgive you," he repeated, in a very low voice, looking straight into her eyes. "My dear, I think I should enjoy your being late if it was not for the loss of precious time. Your reasons are always so dear and convincing—and utterly idiotic. Forgive you? My dear, if you were to start in chucking Mills bombs around this room I'd forgive you, I do believe—for you have chucked something into my works that has blown me higher than all the cordite and

lydite and dynamite in creation could hoist a dead cat."

Her face glowed with rapture of pleasure and love and all the glories of this world and several others seemed to move in the depths of her eyes.

"You say wonderful things, Greg," she whispered — "such wonderful things, and so beautifully, that I sometimes believe you are a poet."

"Lord knows!" he returned. "I've often felt that way since I met you. Poetry! My girl, if I were to cut loose about you it would make the 'loves' and 'doves' of those long-haired poets of the Café Royal sound like a dud falling into the middle of a Belgian farmyard after our 'Old Barrage's' bombardment of Vimy Ridge. A poet? I don't know if I am a poet or just plumb crazy!"

She sighed with gratification and touched one of his hands with one of hers across the table. She glanced up and away from him suddenly; and his glance followed hers instinctively and swiftly straight to the face of the officer who had been sitting three tables away, half-left. The officer was close beside their table now, looking down with recognition in his eyes and an embarrassed, inquiring smile on his lips. But he was not looking at Dowling. Dowling stared, then glared: and the other felt the glare, met it for a fraction of a second and then hurried on in the wake of the lady with whom he had been drinking tea.

"Cheek!" exclaimed Dowling, continuing to glare after the retreating stranger. "I have seen him before, somewhere or other—confound his cheek! I wonder where that was. I feel that if I ever see him again I'll be very liable to push inwards a considerable portion of his facial anatomy. Confound his cheek!—looking at you!"

And he looked at her himself, for sympathy. He started slightly. He leaned forward, staring at her.

"What is it?" he asked, in a changed voice. "He knew you! You know

him—and you did not speak to him. Why did he grin like that?" he demanded.

"I knew him slightly, long and long ago, and I didn't like him," she said. "Bob knew him. I disliked him, Greg, and that is why I didn't speak to him just now. It is years since I last saw him—nearly two years."

Dowling's expression relaxed.

"Well, I don't like him either," he said. "Queer, for I don't often take a dislike to a fellow—especially a fellow in uniform. But he certainly looks a proper bouncer. What's his name?"

"Lestley," she replied.

Dowling considered that and shook his head. His brows were puckered. He said that the name meant nothing to him, that he could swear he had never heard it before, and yet he could swear with equal assurance that he had met him before—that he had seen that face before.

"What is his regiment?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "He was not in the army when I knew him. But why waste time talking about him, Greg?"

"But he's got my goat, for some reason or other. I don't feel that way about a man without a reason, dear. I was sitting here wondering about him and hating him and criticizing the caste of his countenance before you arrived. I have never seen him since I met you; I have never seen him with Bob; but I have seen him somewhere, sometime—and I have an idea that we didn't sit and hold each other's hands on that occasion. When did you see him last, dear?"

"Long ago. It must have been in June—about the middle of June, nineteen-fifteen. Why are you so interested in him, Greg?"

"Because somewhere 'way back in my head I have something on him. It is so far back that it has grown into the bone, I fear. The middle of June, 'fifteen? I was in town then, with my first blightly one. Has he been away ever since?"

"I don't know, my dear boy—and I don't care. Very likely he reminds you of some German machine-gunner you have met in your official capacity. Greg, it makes me sad to think of the times you were in London before you found me—when you came up from Salisbury Plains and back with your first blightly one."

"Same here. And to think that it was only by chance that we ever met! If the Old Man's groom hadn't chanced to look too long on the red wine—a thing he had never done before—then the Old Man's horse wouldn't have cast a shoe two miles out of Bruay, when I was riding him; and but for that I wouldn't have attracted Bob's attention and dined with him that night and made a date with him for next leave; and but for that date with your brother there would never have been a date with you. Chance!"

"No, it was fate. Come for a long walk. Let us walk in Green Park, where we can talk undisturbed about our fate. We must not call it chance, dear. We were bound to find each other somewhere, somehow.

They walked to Oxford Circus, and from there to the park; and all the way they talked of Fate and Chance and Love and many other things that this war has made popular as subjects of conversation—but, all the while, Dowling was conscious of the fact that his companion was anxious to keep him away from his speculations concerning Lestley; and little, fretful questions gnawed him. They were in the park when he closed his fingers on her arm lightly and turned and looked down steadily into her eyes.

"Is it the usual thing to cut a man you know just because you don't like him?" he asked. "He must have given you some cause for feeling down on him like that."

"Why do you harp on that man?" she asked. "Do you want to spoil the evening for me? Why do you make me unhappy?"

"Did you ever care for him?" he whispered huskily?"

"No!" she cried, halting and facing him. "I always disliked him."

Her eyes blazed; but as she gazed up at him he noticed that they dimmed with tears.

"But you are hiding something from me," he insisted heavily. "Dear, I hate myself for this—but just the look of that fellow has raised a devil in me: Why did he grin at you like that? What did he mean by it? Does he know something—someone? Is there someone you cared for?"

"No," she said, in a low voice; and she looked at him with tragic eyes. "He knows nothing of me that I would not have told you gladly if I had not thought it would be a waste of our precious time. I had forgotten his very existence until we saw him today. As for someone else—someone I used to care for—Greg, do you doubt my love for you? How often have I told you that I never loved a man before I saw you? Or do you think I have met and learned to love someone else since that April day a year ago?"

"No, no!" he cried. "I am a fool!"

"You have allowed a devil of cruelty and distrust to be raised in you by the sight of a face you do not like—by the face of a stranger," she went on. "And now you have raised a devil in me. You choose to shatter our happiness wilfully—oh! my dear, as if no dangers threatened it from without!—as if to-morrow and the next day would last for ever. But in me there is no distrust of your love, for I judge yours by my own. But you have hurt me cruelly—and I shall stab back though I live the rest of my life in tears for it."

"Don't," he whispered. "Little girl, I was a fool! Forget it."

"Not yet," she said. "Wait. Listen to me. You suspect me of hiding something from you—and so I shall tell you, now, the only thing I have ever hidden from you."

He tried to speak, but no words came. He stared at her in silence, gray-faced. But he held one of her slim wrists tight in his right hand, and she did not try to withdraw it.

"I dreamed of someone before I ever saw you, Greg," she continued, evenly. "And I still dream of him, sometimes. They are romantic dreams—but when I am with you I never think of him. When I am with you I have everything I want in this world and in the world of dreams—the beginning and the end of love—but alone, sometimes in the gray of morning, I feel a little ache of regret for that other."

"Regret! My God!" he said dully.

She moved half a step closer to him. Her eyes were on his, searching yet tender.

"Do you love me so much?" she breathed.

He glanced quickly around him. People were moving in sight on the central paths. His eyes returned to hers and his fingers closed yet more tightly on her wrist.

"So much?" he said. "You know. You see."

"Then listen, dear. I have hurt you, for hurting me—and now the devil is cast out. I have told you a truth; and it has sounded, even to me, a little more than the truth. I have never spoken to him; I do not know his name; I have never seen his face or touched his hand; and I don't know if he is alive or dead."

Dowling took a deep breath, misery passed from his eyes like a shadow and the color came back to his cheeks.

"A joke!" he exclaimed. "A pipe-dream! Moonshine!" He gripped both her wrists and looked down at her with the trembling lips and re-kindling eyes of one returned to life from a conscious death or awakened from a sleep of horror. "I've been afraid before, many's the time—of catching a chunk of shell in my middle, and that sort of thing—but you had me cold. And it served me right!

Let's go to dinner now—away from here, quick. This place looks to me like my own graveyard now."

So they left the park and returned to Oxford Circus. The spring twilight filled the great street like a tinted tide. They went on slowly and joyfully towards the sister circus, walking so close together with such trusting determination as to frequently impede and embarrass the traffic. Both were silent—one with relief and joy, the other with joy and already a twinge of the bitter-sweet of remorse, a sweetness that she knew would become all bitterness in three days' time. The magic twilight deepened about them and the discreet lamps appeared. As they turned up a side street on their left, she asked, "Did you feel so terribly, Greg? Was it really like death to you?" And he replied that it was worse than being killed—that if every man who died over there suffered such a death as he had suffered for a minute, then war would be Hell beyond description of words and no mistake.

Throughout dinner they gave themselves to the happiness of the moment, remembering that the extension of joy was only for the morrow and the next day. He had been a fool—and love had burned out his foolishness. She had told a terrible thing to hurt him—and love had made a fairy tale of that. For two days there was nothing to fear; and after the two days only the commonplace horrors of loneliness and physical perils of war. All was right with the world—in that quiet corner of that quiet restaurant, at least.

They did not leave the table until after nine o'clock. Then they walked all the way to her door, very slowly and happily, and then away from the door and twice around the square and slowly back to her door again, happier than children ever were even in the days of our own childhood. They said good-night twice on the bottom step and thrice on the top step, and he

promised to call for her at ten o'clock in the morning.

Dowling went to his club in Pall Mall; and in the reading-room he found, as usual, half a dozen fellows whom he knew. One of these was fresh from France, with nine days and a balance at the bank and the whole world before him; three others were in the middle period of leave, when a man suddenly gives ear to a thin, far echo of the voice of duty and a more distinct sound from the paying teller and pauses to make calculations on the backs of envelopes, striving to harmonize his assets with his remaining days of sure and careless life; and the others were arrived at that numbing stage of material activity when leaves and credits are alike exhausted. Excepting the first, they were a dull crew. Dowling had seen several of them more cheerful in dugouts. And the bar was closed.

The last arrival—the rich fellow with nine days and almost four months' pay—had a room at the club and an expansive and understanding heart. So he took the others to his room and gave a private party with his own private refreshments. They soon felt better. Even the bankrupts in time and Treasury notes brisked up and beheld visions of future leaves. Four of them, including Dowling and the host, sat in to a game of auction at half-penny points. Others were gay, but Dowling was happy. The glow at his heart was of a fire that would outlast leaves and separations and death itself. He was comfortably sorry for the others—even for the possessor of wealth and nine days. For that matter, his normal attitude toward mankind in general had, of late, become one of mild pity. He sometimes wondered how they had the courage to carry on at all; for what could they see in life who saw not as he saw? They might do in innumerable Boches—but where lay their reward? Promotion, an

M.C., a D.S.O.—very likely, poor devils! He was very happy, seated there with his comrades-in-arms but in reality raised high above them with his thoughts of to-morrow and the next day, and his wonderful memories. All the while he played his cards, and sipped his whiskey and soda, and smoked cigarettes in a long tube, these thoughts of his unique and enviable situation in life kept stirring in his brain. His thoughts took their own way, uncontrolled as in dreams, for his attention was on the game. He was conscious of them, that was all—of their pleasant trend and of the glow in his breast.

He was playing hearts, to his own bid of four, and had the book bunched and everything in hand for a little slam, when suddenly his subconscious ear heard and reported what was going on behind the surface of his mind. He played out his hand and threw away two tricks—but even so it was enough for game and rubber. Then he got one of the onlookers to take his place, examined the score with every evidence of interest, forked out fifteen shillings and said good-night.

We speak of the sudden “popping into our heads” of ideas, convictions, suspicions, as if they were bestowed full-fledged upon us by some outward agency—but in truth these things are the results of hours perhaps of days, of activity in a corner of our own brains, brought suddenly to our attention. Thus the fairy tale that Dowling had heard six hours ago in the park was presented suddenly and shockingly to his attention as a menacing reality. Six hours ago he had named it for a fairy tale, a joke, moonshine; and to the best of his belief he had not given it a thought since then; and yet here it was now, all uninvited, in complete and sinister possession of his every thought. He recalled her words—“I dreamed of someone before I ever saw you, and I still dream of him, and they are romantic dreams. I have never spoken

to him. I do not know his name or if he is now alive or dead. I have never seen his face or touched his hand.” A joke, yes—but was the joke in the invention or the telling? Was it an invention? She did not say so. She said, “When I am with you I never think of him.” Lord!—then of whom did she think when he was in France? “Sometimes in the gray of morning I feel a little ache of regret for him.” And he had called it moonshine! It was real. He, not she, had called it a joke. She had taken it seriously enough, had assured him of her love—assured and reassured him—had told him, “When I am with you I have everything I want in this world and in the world of dreams.”

He crossed Waterloo Place, went eastward to the Square, down to the Strand and down Villers street to the embankment. It was a cool, clear night. He leaned his elbows on the coping of the wall and looked down at the dim gleaming of the river. He did not doubt her love for him, or any look of hers or word of hers—but he doubted himself. What did he lack? What was lacking in his love for her? Something of romance, of fineness, of poetry—else why should she remember and regret, even in her dreams, one whose face she had never seen?

The “maroons” began to crash, rudely awakening the great city to the fact that the flying Boches were on the way. Dowling immediately turned from the embankment and started westward at a brisk pace, taking little heed of the sudden, renewed activities of the streets. He forced his way through the straggling crowds that vanished into the uncomfortable security of “tube” stations, herded by Boy Scouts with piping voices, and policemen and special constables in shrapnel helmets. The great searchlights washed pale against the stars from horizon to horizon, wheeling high and running low, crossing and merging and concentrating on some

spot of the vast arc of heaven, parting, sweeping wide and wheeling up again. The noise of the "maroons" gave way to the reports of the outlying A-A guns, and here and there the crooked red of bursting shrapnel gave a touch of warmth to the white radiance and pale shadows of the sky. Fragments of shell and shrapnel bullets rattled on roofs and pavements; and soon the monstrous, dry crashes of exploding bombs were added to the din.

Dowling continued on his westward way. He passed several officers and exchanged cheery "good-nights" with them, for the exhilaration of the bangs and crashes loosened every service man back to the friendly manners of the field. He passed two very young naval men laughing with two girls in opera cloaks in an open doorway. At last he reached her house. All was quiet there and in the houses around. He saw pale figures at the windows of unlighted rooms. He stood in the shadow of the wall and watched the house as if to guard it. He heard the songs of the swift engines high overhead; but soon they passed, and soon the crashings ceased and the gun-fire slackened and died away.

Dowling left his post then and hurried eastward to his modest flat in a little street off Charing Cross Road. But the flat was not there; and the house that had contained it was fallen to a heap of ruin within its own foundations. Men still worked in the heap, and a crowd stood about it, and an ambulance drew away slowly from the curb. Dowling stood on the outskirts of the crowd and lit a cigarette. His kit was gone—everything of it but a few muddy garments and his trench boots, which he had left in France. Worse still, all her letters were gone. He heard a girl cry out, and then fall to sobbing, near at hand in the crowd. The crowd shifted, as if to make way for someone. A man said, "She is lookin' for

a friend who lived in the house." And a woman said, "She's a-lookin' for a captain, poor thing—an' him on leave from the Front."

Dowling thrust his way into the crowd and found her. She stood motionless with her hands to her face. He cried her name and caught her in his arms. As they made their way to the open a sergeant said, "Glad it's turned out a mistake, sir," and a tall man in a dressing-gown and bedroom slippers patted Dowling on the back and a woman said, "Lucky for you, miss, he was out skylarkin' instead of home in bed where he had a right to be."

Clear of the crowd they walked slowly, his right arm around her. She told him that she had tried again and again during the raid to get him on the telephone, but could get no answer from his number. Then she had rung the club and learned that he had been seen to leave there before midnight. Then she had come to find him, to see if he was safe—all the way alone and on foot, with her hair in braids.

He told her of his leaving the club and walking to the embankment instead of home, because he was worried, and of walking to her home during the raid.

"They say it was one of the first bombs dropped that hit there," she said. "If you had gone home from the club, Greg—oh, my dear!—and that is what I thought a few minutes ago."

"Jealousy saved me—jealousy of that fellow you dream about," he replied, drawing her closer against him. "I would have gone straight to my digs but for thinking of him and wondering how he made such a hit with you. As it was—well, he made me miserable but he saved my life."

"Now I love him," she said. "For his first service I only dreamed."

"Tell me about it; for whatever romantic thing he did I will do a thousand more romantic—and you'll not only love me, but you'll dream of me and of no one else."

"It concerns that Lestley whom neither of us likes. I had met him two or three times, and did not like him. Once Bob and Sis and I had gone for a long run with him in his car. That was when Bob was still in training—in June, 'Fifteen. One morning soon after that I was in Victoria street when I met Lestley in his car. He drew up and I stopped. He asked me to get in; and when I said I couldn't he wanted to know why, and when I said I didn't want to he didn't believe me. He was that sort of conceited cad; and he had been drinking. Then he tried to make me get into the car."

"Hah!" cried Dowling. "Go on. Go on."

"He had hold of my arms, pulling me—and laughing all the time—when suddenly a thin yellow cane swished down across his wrists and he let go of me. I saw someone in khaki beside me then; but he shouldered me out of the way before I could see his face. He had one arm in a sling. He dropped the yellow stick and hit Lestley with his fist. I saw that—that, and Canada on his shoulder—in one backward glance; and then I ran away. And that is all, Greg."

"All!" he exclaimed. "Not on your life! *If you had waited to see the fight we would have gained almost a year!* Oh, you little scare-cat! I trimmed him with one hand—my left. You ran away without identifying me and I was too busy to notice you."

"You, Greg!"

"Yes, I am that figure of romance, that hero of your dreams. That is where and when I first saw Lestley's classic phiz. He hadn't a mustache on it then. And you ran away—and so we didn't meet until the following April!"

"Dear, it is wonderful! We are watched over, you and me and our love. If we had really seen each other then you would not have worried last night about the man I dream of. You would have gone straight home from the club."

"God! That is so!"

He kissed her then, full on the lips, in Regent street.

What matter? There was a war on; and the iron shards of hate lay on London pavements, and Love was still triumphant over fear and death; and up the east, behind the shadowy roofs and spires of the steadfast city, flooded the gold and pink of a May dawn.



# A DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

BY BILLEE GLYNN

IN THREE CHAPTERS

## CHAPTER II.



BESIDES being "an angel," as Myra called her, Margaret Allan "did things" in black and white. She did none of them very well, and she realized it herself, but it was pastime nevertheless, so she had fallen into this habit of pen-and-ink and crayon sketches—and most of the scenes about and people she knew had "suffered her attacks", for that was the way she put it. It was small wonder, then, that very soon after his arrival she conceived the idea of drawing John Hamilton. To say the least he was a striking figure, and by reason of such an unusual model, perhaps, the girl this time decided on a painting. She had broached the subject to him just as soon as she felt herself well enough acquainted, so it came about that he sat almost daily for her, with the patience so characteristic of him, in the Japanese summer house, while she painted. The first picture took a week, but partly through accident, partly in itself, proved an absolute failure—so they had to go all over it again. Both were enjoying it thoroughly, and the time didn't matter. Ever since that second meeting, when she had accused him so straightforwardly of his crudeness, John Hamilton had endeavored to be particularly nice to her—to make up in gentleness for the other things he couldn't help, and which he had

gathered from the ends of creation. He owed it to her for her kindness to Myra, he said to himself, and this was true. Yet there were often times in the silences of those sittings—as he watched her working with brush and met her eyes glancing around at him every now and then—that the man with a queer sense of self-desertion felt that somehow he was growing a stranger to himself. There were times, too, afterwards in the purple float of the twilight, generally when he was alone, that he would stand for minutes gazing out toward the sunset—the way his trail lay—a pondering, uneasy expression on his face. Yet this rest was doing him good. Myra told him he looked ten years younger. The girl expressed something of the same thing one day as she drew.

"Do you know," she said, "you've improved wonderfully in these last two weeks—the lines of your face, I mean. You're not nearly so gaunt, so deserty like."

"What!" he exclaimed, with a real note of alarm. "I hope I'm not getting a tenderfoot, stay-at-home sort of expression, am I?"

She smiled with a lingering, askance look out of the hazel eyes at him—a part of the expression that was more characteristic of her than speech.

"You knew, of course, when you said that," she breathed, after a moment's pause, her face again turned



toward the picture, "that I am what you would call a tenderfoot and a stay-at-home."

The sudden hurt in the tone brought John Hamilton to his feet, absolutely forgetful of the fact that he was posing for a picture.

"Why, Miss Allan," he began, putting out a hand as if to touch her shoulder, then letting it fall awkwardly, since she didn't look up. "You know I could never throw anything like that at you—you know I wouldn't. I was not talking about women—I wasn't even talking about men. I just meant that some of us had found a certain thing we had to follow. Surely you know what I think about you?"

She turned around at him with a little earnest stare. "I am sure I don't," she doubted. "I am sure I don't!" She repeated it, tapping her finger emphatically with the end of her brush.

For an instant the man paused, fumbling for words—then he spoke slowly. "Why, I think of you," he said, "just what Myra thinks of you. I think—I think you are the finest woman I ever met."

Then he stood there with an odd sense of confusion, and the girl glanced up at him with a surge of something that instantly controlled itself, and might have been gladness—in her face.

"Perhaps," she half apologized, "I shouldn't have said 'gaunt and deserty' either. I meant only that there is a certain tenderness about you now there wasn't at first. I think it's from being with Myra—from feeling for her. I don't mean, you know, that you were not in the habit of feeling things, but just that they weren't things of that kind—were they? It does a man good sometimes to know there's a woman in the world—perhaps most of all a woman like Myra."

John Hamilton, on his chair again, sat in a sort of reflection. "Poor Myra," he said at length. "I wish I could do something for her."

A short silence followed, in which the girl made a couple of strokes with her brush. Then she looked around at him.

"There is something you could do for her if you wished," she stated slowly, as if she had thoroughly considered the matter. "You could stay here with her and not go to Australia. Why do you want to go there, anyway, so far away from her and all that interests her?"

John Hamilton smiled gravely at the sunshine glinting in at him through the door. He seemed to weigh his words as he spoke.

"Myra's heart," he said, "is so completely filled with her husband that no matter how much she appears to like my visit, I could not in the long run add one iota to her happiness. I could not give her any more comforts than she has—so it is simply a case of myself. Piece by piece, Miss Allan, I think I've told you the whole story of my life, and yet you don't seem to understand me."

She dropped her brush and came a step toward him, something bright and eloquent in her face. "I do understand you," she declared quickly. "I didn't at first, but I do now. I think you're big and brave for all you've been through—I know that it's your sort of men that have won the wilderness for us—and I know the passion to go on that comes to you. I think that in its way is big and brave, too—but I don't think it's so much so as giving it up for somebody else. And Myra wants you."

Her companion had got on his feet, his hands clenching and unclenching themselves behind his back.

"Miss Allan," he averred—so that her cheeks flushed suddenly—"I know that you believe in what you say. You are pleading for Myra — and yet you're mistaken—you're wrong. Just as I've said, I couldn't make her a bit happier than she is by staying, or give her another comfort. And even if she needed me—even if she needed me—"

"Well, if she needed you?" put in the girl eagerly, filling the break.

The man, looking straight into the sunset now streaming in the door at him, drew a strange, hoarse breath.

"If she really needed me," he stated slowly and in a tone queerly tinged with regret, "if she really needed me—well, I guess I'd just leave her what money I got—and have to go on following the trail."

He still stood looking outward during the tingling silence that ensued, and could not see the expression on the girl's face; the mouth that had drawn itself open, as it were, in a little, gaping wound.

Then, without saying anything, she turned and began putting away her brushes and paint. A sigh somehow seemed to haunt the roses that clustered around.

"With just one or two lines which I can retouch myself," she said, at length, "the picture will be finished."

And yet it was as if she hadn't spoken—for the former silence still clung there—remained with them even after they had parted.

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The next day, as it happened, was Sunday—a warm, mellow day with a lilt of wind. John Hamilton arose early and was out wandering with a boy's delight in the bit of a park which the town afforded—till his shoes were shining with wet, and striding so close that the fragrant evergreens plucked at him with glad, clinging hands and seemed to have splashed their dew in his eyes. His elation was new to him—strange, indeed. It wasn't as before a ripple blown on the calm appreciation of the child of nature—for it had youth in it. Moreover, and deeper still, it was founded on ecstasy—a thing that the man, had he thought about it, would have resented from all the grimness and nonchalance of his years of wandering. He didn't think of it, however; but simply ascribed these new fluctuations of his spirit to being

with Myra again—the holidays with her he meant to enjoy.

Coming back to breakfast, he found his sister in one of her prettiest moods. Picking her up, chair and all, he carried her to the table, and she held his head down and wouldn't let him go till he had kissed her three times in front of her husband. Then she poured the coffee for "her two men", as she called them, and John Hamilton, out of the joy of his heart, toasted her with a Western toast. "And why didn't you tell me before?" he said, when they mentioned the famous forest of redwoods close at hand. "I'm going right out there and lie around the whole day."

He did—glancing lingeringly and with an air of comradeship toward the Allan place as he went; but no one there was yet stirring. In spite of his high feelings he was haunted by a half-poignant regret that he had been so rude—for that was the way he now thought about it—to Margaret pleading for Myra the evening before. What he said was true, of course, but he need not have said it. So he thought of these things under the redwoods, and under a redwood a man cannot help but dream, too—even though he may not know it.

When John Hamilton reached town again, people were on their way to evening service in the different churches; as he swung with long strides up to the Allan residence, Margaret was just coming out of the gate, attended by a strange gentleman in high hat and frock coat. She paused long enough to smile sweetly and introduce her companion, and John Hamilton went on his way feeling a sudden silence within himself, and carrying his impression of Mr. Clarence Burton—a man of polish, coldness, and business sagacity. Myra, on her own account, told of him casually a little later. He lived in S—, a little town twenty miles distant, was a prominent merchant there, and for three years had been deeply in love with Margaret Allan. Myra—without

being asked about it—did not know whether Margaret would marry him or not. She certainly wouldn't if she didn't like him well enough, and she didn't see how she could do that. John Hamilton asked why, but in such a manner that the question seemed simply to drift—and fell into a smoking silence while his sister regarded him keenly out of the corner of her eye. Whatever the inward workings, however, there was nothing in the nonchalant, dreaming exterior of the man upon which to fasten feeling or analysis. After a while he went out and continued his smoke under the quiet of the stars—and for an hour perhaps stood, his arms crossed on the front gatepost, looking out towards the west. Then the shimmer of a white dress came down the walk—and Margaret Allan paused and said good-evening.

John Hamilton stirred—as the sea stirs suddenly—with a sort of half sigh. "Oh," he said, "you are back so soon?" The words seemed to linger significantly in the air.

"From church?—why a long time! I have just been up to Mrs. O'Keefe's, and thought I would drop in and see Myra on my way back."

He opened the gate for her, then resumed his former posture, clicking the pipe between his teeth. Inside, the girl made a movement as if to go on, then glanced at him and paused again. Her breath came with a slight suffering, and she appeared to be weighing an impulse—yet there was nothing to that effect in her words.

"Myra's light is out," she said, "and she must have gone to bed. But I'll go home this way."

John Hamilton made no response, but turned and went with her. They passed through the little gate and down the avenue of palms in silence. Once she glanced at him, as though to read his thoughts, but after all he was a man of quietness, and there might be nothing unusual in his manner. At the steps of the house she stopped apparently to say good-night,

then stood battling, it seemed, the same impulse as before. This time, however, it mastered her, and she put out a hand that touched with the shy point of a finger John Hamilton's coat sleeve—then fell to her side.

"Mr. Hamilton," she asserted, "I know I can trust you. I know you have a quick knowledge of men—and I want to ask you something. What do you think—of Mr. Clarence Burton?"

Her companion looked up, but with no stare of surprise to wound her struggling sensitiveness. Perhaps, indeed, he didn't feel it.

"Why, Miss Allan," he returned, "I think he's all right—in his own way. Why did you want to know?"

She paused, looking at a leaf she plucked from a hanging rose tree, and tore it in bits between her fingers.

"Because to-day he asked me to marry him," she said at length, "and I am to let him know in two weeks—when he comes back a week from Sunday."

The silence that ensued twitched like a newly-lit street lamp. John Hamilton, as it were, burst into it, yet he spoke quietly enough, too.

"Are you going to?" he articulated.

The girl suddenly crumpled the bits of leaf between her palms. "I don't know," she replied. "Good-night."

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The week which followed seemed to gently sigh past—a sigh unconscious, however, behind expressed endeavor and comradeship. It was the time of year when Margaret Allan always turned her attention to the grounds—a work of which she was so zealous—and made any new arrangements she had in mind. On this occasion, besides other lesser changes, she had decided that salvia would be a much prettier border than the dogwood already lining the oval of palms; so the dogwood was rooted out, the ground cultivated, and the planting of the sylvia begun. As the girl remarked to John Hamilton: "Those red blos-

soms have always haunted me since I visited Stanford and saw them growing in such profusion there—and I simply had to have them. The dear old dogwood, I am sorry for it, of course, but one can't help everything always, can one?"

Naturally, too, she must do the planting in her own careful way; not scatter the seeds willy-nilly, but place them in one by one, and at equal distance apart—and the ground, as well, must be all generally shaken up again before planting with a kind of trowel, and patted afterwards for good behavior.

"They say salvia does not grow well in this section," she explained, "and that is the reason I am so particular."

"But it will take you a long time to plant all the ground you have ready at this rate," suggested John Hamilton in rejoinder. "Have you so much patience?"

"Indeed I have," she replied. "All the patience in the world—with flowers, or shrubs, or men," and she glanced playfully up at him. "And you see I have lots of time. If you get tired, though, you needn't work for me, mind."

John Hamilton wasn't tired, however—not even if his efforts had been accepted only after apprenticeship. He wasn't even thinking of being tired. Neither was he the sort of man to stand on the other side of the fence and smoke his pipe while he watched a woman do her own planting—though he might have had lots to reflect upon had he done so. It was much more pleasant, after all, on Margaret's side—and not to reflect at all. So every afternoon found them planting salvia together, in a talkative or industrious fashion, as the notion took them. As Margaret had said, there was lots of time. And Myra, whenever her chair was moved to a certain window and she could glimpse them through the foliage, smiled and hoped to herself a little, but said nothing that could be in any way suspicious to a man of the trail

—unaccustomed and uncaring for women. Their intimate relations, indeed, she accepted on both sides in the most matter-of-fact way. "One cannot help but be friends with Margaret," she remarked at the tea-table one night. "She is such a perfect woman. When she marries Mr. Burton I am going to miss her a great deal." And to Margaret she said: "I am glad to see that you and John are such good friends." This evidently was all of her observation, and she had even quit having her chair wheeled outside as had been occasionally her pleasure.

There were times, however—in spite of his apparent enjoyment, perhaps because of it, in fact—when John Hamilton was seriously troubled about himself. Times when he stood with that uneasy expression on his face and wondered at the tentacles of another personality, stretching up from nowhere, as it seemed, and crowding the things of custom in his soul. It was only a mood, of course, he understood, and there was no reason that his friendship with Margaret Allan—the only friendship with a woman his life had ever developed—should show itself in connection. It was just a morbid feeling, that was all, and yet a feeling that grew on him with the days and which he couldn't bear—of being shut out when the sun beckoned on the bend of the horizon in the west.

He was standing one night looking in that direction, his arms on the gatepost, as usual, when the servant came to the door and called to him. And when he entered Myra's room she handed him a letter which she said the postman had brought that afternoon, but which she had forgotten to give him. He opened and read it, his face and whole bearing lighting suddenly.

"It's from Robertson," he said, "the owner of 'The Jackpot'—which I am going to work for him. He's arrived in San Francisco, and tells me to be there on business a day before we sail

—a week from yesterday. That means I leave on Friday, or Saturday morning, sis. This is Monday, isn't it?"

But a look of blight had come into Myra's face. "Have I used you so badly," she said, "when you're so glad to get away? I would not try to prevent your going, of course, when you say you have to—but it hurts to see you so very glad about it."

He went to her, bending over her and caressing the rumpling, wayward hair. "Forgive me, girly," he pleaded. "It was only the part of me that won't be still that spoke. Though I cannot stay myself, you know my heart is with you."

So by and by he soothed her back to her dimpled, smiling little self—and spoke to her of the letter no more.

Mentioning it to Margaret Allan the next afternoon, however, it was with the same zest he had betrayed to Myra—the ecstasy of the camp struck and new ground. With the letter in his hand the whole habit of his life seemed to rouse itself, in a throb of relief like wine, and swing back to him—utterly dominant and forgetful.

The girl glanced up at him in her quiet way, then down again. As usual, he had found her planting salvia seeds—and planting them carefully. Her hands paused for just an instant as she listened to him, then her face, turned away, bent lower over her task—as she gouged out a refractory root. When she looked up at him again, the next minute, it was with an expression almost as zestful as his own.

"It's nice to be going so soon, isn't it," she said. "I do hope you'll have a pleasant voyage and like Australia well enough to settle there."

There was at once a carelessness and sincerity about the words—a sort of metallic ring — that somewhere touched a shadow in the man, a disappointment he couldn't name. She had said the proper thing, of course, yet somehow it sobered him strangely. Was it the woman herself, who seemed different to-day, now that he had time to realize it—different with a woman's

unexpectedness? John Hamilton was not much on analysis.

"Oh, I don't think I will settle there," he almost corrected. "I shall come back to America in the end."

"But I have heard that Australia is such a fine country." It was the same tone — and her companion paused, crushing a twig in his hand.

"They have different stories about it," he said gravely.

To this the girl made no rejoinder, but went on planting salvia seeds. As for John Hamilton, in the moments of silence which followed, he sat there realizing his strangerhood to himself — worried at his sudden change of tone without reason, and at the morbidness that had again come over him. Even his manner of announcing his news was not his usual self. A new trail was nothing uncustomary, nothing about which to boast—to be boyish over. A habit, that was all, for which he put out his hand as he put it out for his pipe and tobacco—to enjoy with quiet and relish.

Yet it was with a part of that same manner — with an inward spirit of combativeness almost — that he again took up the conversation. He spoke not of Australia, a land to settle in, but other lands beyond. Some of them were old lands, perhaps, but he had never seen them yet—and a man must keep moving. China and Japan had old mines worth investigating. Siberia was practically unexplored and India—he must see India and the countries around.

The girl listened for a while, smiling brightly—then stirred to her feet with a restless movement.

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton," she interrupted, "I received a present Saturday which I intended showing you, but forgot. Would you care to walk to the house with me now? I would like to know what you think of it."

Her companion was on his feet immediately, and followed her down the walk in silence. His senses were again groping in shadow — at the certain bright aloofness in her, a newness that

worried him because of its seeming power of impressing itself and swinging his own moods. In the habit of selecting his impressions and holding them calmly without analysis, sensitiveness bothered him, because he couldn't reason it. And now—even the bunch of dull red roses in the parlour, where she had ushered him and he sat waiting her return, seemed to flare up at him, to smother his senses. Even while he thought of them calmly they flared—new roses that seemed to change from wilting to blooming in an unexpected manner.

When the girl returned to the room she carried a large framed picture, and, turning it about, held it on the corner of the table for his inspection. There was a half gay challenge in her manner that seemed to tremble tensely with the moment—but John Hamilton's gaze was glued on the picture. It was that of the girl before him and Clarence Burton. The man was standing smiling down at her, and she was looking up in his face. The attitude bespoke all her gentle sweetness. There was a gladness in the man's bearing, as though the blossom of her womanhood were his to pluck. His hand, indeed, seemed to go out to her. The framing was a peculiarly beautiful arrangement of pieces of shell on an oak base that waved out at the sides and corners in imitation of clinging seaweed.

"He got it enlarged in San Francisco from a small snapshot we had taken," the girl explained, "and sent it to me by yesterday's express. Don't you think it's beautiful?"

John Hamilton paused before he answered. He cleared his throat slightly and rose to his feet before replying.

"It is," he said, "very beautiful." He wasn't looking at the picture, however, but at the roses. He was wondering why their colors had

taken to leaping about his brain — roses that bloomed, that wilted and flared up again.

"Yes," he repeated, getting a hold on himself before his manner might become strange. "It is a very beautiful picture. It is a wonder he did not keep it for himself—though it is likely he has another copy."

"I suppose so," rejoined the girl. "I shall ask him when he comes down. I told you, I think, that he was coming next Sunday."

There was a significance in the words that John Hamilton did not miss. He had a vision of his burros running away from him once in the desert with the water-bags strapped to the saddles. There was a crush of loneliness and unalterable fatality about his heart.

"Sunday," he announced; "that is the day I am to sail. Yes, you did tell me he was coming Sunday."

The girl had set the picture down and was looking at him out of bright, combative eyes; spear points they were, distancing her aloofness, and smiling at former associations.

John Hamilton smiled back at her bravely, and then stepped toward the door.

"I will not be going out again this afternoon, Mr. Hamilton," she made known. "And if you will just set the box of seeds, or any of the other little things, off the drive for me, if they happen to be on!"

John Hamilton did so—then went for a long walk to the redwood forest.

When he came back that night, Myra told him that she had never seen him look so worried. He made reply he had no reason, then. And neither was he yet sure in his heart that he had. Why, after all, should a woman's lightness of manner worry him just because he had been used to her tenderness and depth. Yet it did worry him—and all the next day.



THE FURNACE MAN

From the Painting by Marion Long  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition





# NEW YEAR IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM

BY MABEL BURNS



NEW YEAR in China! Looked forward to with as avid a delight as children here look for Christmas and Santa Claus. Like children too, the Chinese people adore holidays, and chief of all their holidays and festivals ranks the time-honored New Year season.

"*Kong shi fah ts'ai!*" (I respectfully wish you may get rich.) On every hand we hear the words as friend greets friend, bowing low with clasped hands and beaming face, as has been the custom from time immemorial. Riches and wealth are the gifts most desired from the gods; material, not spiritual, things are placed highest.

The narrow streets are filled with a good-natured, jostling crowd of well-dressed people. Everyone, from the poorest coolie to the wealthy gentry, must have a holiday garment for the occasion, and the tailors are kept busy for weeks beforehand, preparing new clothes for those who can afford them. Those who have not the money for a new robe rent one from the pawnshop where a thriving business is carried on during the last days of the old year. At any rate, by whatever means it is obtained, on New Year's Day everyone struts about in his or her best "bib and tucker" or, to be more accurate, coat and panta-

loons, visiting each other, praising the new clothes, and, of course, asking the inevitable question—"Hao to ts'ien"—(how much money)?

Suppose, on Easter morning you were to meet your neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, both gaily attired in new spring raiment, and your first remark was, "How much did it cost you?" Imagine their surprise and disgust at your ill-manners. But customs vary greatly in different countries, and what is polite in China might be considered rude elsewhere.

The Chinese New Year does not come on January the first. It varies each year and may come as early as the 21st of January, or as late as the 19th of February. This variation occurs because the Chinese year is lunar, the beginning of which is marked by the first new moon following the passage of the sun into the constellation of Aquarius. With the lunar calendar, the months are formed according to the changes of the moon, and the first of the month always comes at the time of the new moon. This gives twenty-eight and twenty-nine days to the months, which are thus called "large moons" and "small moons". Such computation brings about forty-eight weeks in the year, so once in a while an extra month is added, giving thirteen months during that year. Generally it is the fifth moon that is doubled,

and so the calendar reckons two fifth moons for that year.

When the Manchu dynasty was overthrown, and a Republic set up in its place, the New Government decided to abolish the lunar calendar and decreed that the sun calendar of the Occident should be observed. However it proved a very difficult matter to make the mass of the people give up their old established New Year, especially as the New Year festival is the most important holiday of the whole year with a people who are abnormally fond of holiday-making. During the first year of the Republic we saw three New Years celebrated within a month of time. Some of the Chinese observed the foreign New Year, others decided on the middle of the month, while the bulk of the people held to the centuries old New Year, the same over which their ancestors had rejoiced in the days of long ago. Even now, although the officials and others in government employ, observe the Western calendar, the majority of the Chinese go quietly on their way, holidaying as of old and paying no attention to the innovation.

Preparing for the New Year festivities occupies nearly half of the twelfth moon of the old year. There is so much to be done—members of the family visit the parental home to eat the yearly feast. It is curious to note that certain things must be carefully avoided at this meal; for instance, no one must eat soup, because if he did, whenever he went abroad, wet weather would follow in his footsteps.

Then the houses and shops must be cleaned and all the cobwebs swept down. This, they think, will prevent great numbers of hairy caterpillars from forming and causing them annoyance.

The Kitchen God comes in for a full share of importance at this time. On the 23rd of the twelfth moon he is worshipped by the officials and gentry while on the 24th the ordinary people

are allowed to worship him. He has an altar in every kitchen, before which candles and incense are burnt daily. On the 24th, before this shrine, incense and a yellow paper "report form" are burned. A feast is also prepared to put him in good humor, for he is going to make his yearly trip to Heaven to report on the doings of the household under his jurisdiction.

Among the articles in the feast spread before him, are candies and syrups of special stickiness. These are not provided because of any great fondness the idol may have for these dainties, but because the Chinaman is shrewd, and superstitious enough to believe these sticky substances will glue together the jaws of the departing Kitchen god, and so prevent him, when he reaches heaven, from telling too much about what he has seen of the doings of the family on earth. Sometimes his lips are rubbed with glutinous candy to "sweeten" his report of any wrong-doing he may have noticed.

Away the Kitchen god goes—to return at midnight of the last night of the old year, when he is welcomed back with flaming candles, smoking incense sticks, and amid an uproar of bursting firecrackers. As soon as he enters, the door is closed, so the luck he has brought back with him may be kept for the coming year.

The custom of watching the old year out is carried to extremes in China—the rule is not only to watch the old year out and the new year in, but in addition to remain up all night. During these sleepless hours many expedients are employed to bring the much-desired luck and so avoid misfortune. Often an old straw sandal is dragged across the floor while various members of the family beat it with sticks. By this "Beating the Rats", as it is called, they believe they can prevent rats breeding in the house. One cannot blame them for wishing to get rid of the rats—they

are such a plague in the East—but if a more practical scheme were adopted, there would be more likelihood of its success.

The end of the year is always a hard time for the man who owes a debt. He is hunted diligently until he has paid it. But if he can manage to hide away, or elude the one to whom he owes the money, then the New Year's sun does not shine on a happier face. His debts cannot be collected now 'until the year has once more run its cycle. This custom of cancelling debts, results in the last hours of the old year being exceedingly busy, as men hurry about collecting accounts.

Sometimes in the wee sma' hours of early morning, one can see a man with a lantern searching the streets and by-ways. He is not Diogenes, hunting for an honest man, but a wrathful Chinese creditor hunting for a dishonest one. It is not permissible for a man to dun another for his debts on New Year's Day, but using the "social fiction of the artificial light" he seeks for the lost until the first rays of the morning sun cause him and his lantern to retreat. Maybe a few hours after he will meet the man he has been seeking, on the street, but nothing is said regarding the debt—the broad smile on the one and the look of chagrin on the other is all. The latter may feel like speaking his mind and relieving his feelings, but New Year's Day is sacred to good fellowship and kindly feeling. Woe betide any one who forgets himself and swears or quarrels on that day. The dreadful ill-luck will dog his footsteps all through the year.

This exceptionally good custom, prohibiting the use of profane language, is one that could well be continued throughout the year, and one that is very difficult for the Chinese to observe, as they are remarkable for the variety and virulence of their swearing. To listen to a coolie

cursing another and all his ancestors, would make your blood run cold (provided you understood what he was saying). There are few people who have such complete mastery of the science and art of cursing.

Other curious superstitions surround this time. The floor must not be swept lest the house be inflicted with fleas through the year. Alas! like the rats these little pests need more energetic and drastic treatment. To prevent too many snakes visiting the house and compound, superstition demands that the steel-yard and scales be not brought out or placed where they can be seen. Similar superstitions surround many of the familiar household utensils and belongings.

The gates of compounds and doors are gay with "*Hsi men ts'ien*"—"Happiness door money". These bright red streamers hang from the lintels and flutter in the breeze. Characters in gilt are worked out on the bright red, glazed paper; these characters mean happiness and longevity. There are five of these fretted and gilded papers—one for each season to insure Luck during that season, while the middle one is the leading one and will bring Luck for the whole year.

Besides these, on either side of the entrance, are pasted "*ch'uen tuec*," or door scrolls, on which are written characters expressing appropriate and suitable sentiments. A glance at the color of these door scrolls will tell you whether the family has been recently bereaved. If either father, grandfather, mother or grandmother has died recently, the scrolls used are white in color; if the priest is still in the house chanting litany for the dead, they are orange. If a death has occurred during the past year, the scrolls are of blue paper; within two years light red or pink, but if there has been no bereavement, the scrolls are bright red—the 'joy color' of China.

On the outer doors of compounds and shops are "*men shen*" or door gods. These fierce looking gods are supposed to keep away the evil spirits, bogies and devils that otherwise would haunt the dwelling, and they certainly are ugly enough to scare away anybody or anything. The common people use paper gods, brilliantly painted, and paste these, facing each other, on the wooden doors or shutters of their home. Inside the dwelling another pair of door gods is used. These are milder in their appearance, and are supposed to look after the welfare, and tend to the wants of those who live in the house.

The New Year holiday does not consist of one day only, such as is the custom in Western countries, but continues with unabated ardor for fifteen days. The official holiday lasts only for the first five days, and shops are shut and remain closed during that time. However, those who can afford to do so, keep the shutters of their shops closed for two weeks and then open up gradually, sometimes taking down a shutter a day until the whole shop is fully opened.

Gambling is carried on openly during the first five days, and nothing is said, but after that the official issues a proclamation forbidding its continuance.

Among the curious customs of this time is the one of Greeting the Spring. On the 7th of the month a big procession goes out of the East Gate. The official of the city rides out in state and anything that he thinks will add to his dignity is sought eagerly. One official we knew, thought he would look more imposing if he could have a foreign, tall, silk hat and frock coat. These, in his opinion, would add the finishing touch to his personal appearance, so he did not hesitate to send a request to a resident foreigner desiring the loan of the coveted attire. However, much to the official's regret, he had

to head the procession without the foreign ornamentation.

When the procession is outside the gate, greetings are made to the Spring. The officials and others leave their chairs and bow low, making obeisance towards the East, and then the official turns over a few sods with a plough. There generally is a cow or water-buffalo, made with a framework of bamboo, covered with paper of various colors—the five colors used are red, black, white, green, and yellow, representing the five elements of nature, metal, wood, water, fire and earth. By means of these colors an augury of the coming year is forecast. In some places a blind man is led up to the cow or water-buffalo and much depends on what color he touches. If it is the red paper, the coming year will be one of drought and disastrous fires; the blue indicates epidemics; while the white foretells downpours of rain causing a poor harvest. However, if he touches the yellow paper, the year will be one of prosperity and peace.

The merry-making during these days is noisy and continuous. Such a hurrying to and fro! Such a din and racket! Firecrackers on every hand! The men enjoy these even more than do the boys. Trumpets and drums add to the clamor—everyone must make merry and the more noise the merrier it is, to their way of thinking. Small boys and big ones too, beat drums and clang cymbals. The Chinese band plays, and, contrary to the Occidental idea of music, the various noises on all sides seemingly only add to the attraction and harmony of the band—while to us it would seem the maximum of noise and minimum of harmony. Shades of our bandmasters! If a real native Chinese band were to come to one of our cities and give a performance! It is said that at a concert given by Europeans, where the talent was excellent and the orchestra quite renowned, the Chinese composing the

audience remained stoical and calm, showing no enthusiasm—until, at the end of the first part of the programme during the intermission, the violins and other stringed instruments began to tune up. A perfect storm of applause greeted them, to their great amazement!

A favorite amusement among the younger and more energetic members of the community consists of dragon and lion processions. The dragon is exceedingly popular. Its body is composed of a long piece of colored cotton or silk, and has a head and tail attached. Scales are painted on, in most realistic fashion, and these, combining with the fierce looking head, make a hideous creation. It is supported by means of sticks inside the body and is carried by ten or more men generally from the better classes of society, whose feet appear underneath giving a grotesque and incongruous effect. The feet of these bearers move together, keeping time, and the rhythmic sound of the footsteps on the stone slabs of the street is quite musical and pleasant.

Concealed by the form of the dragon the men skilfully play the hidden sticks or supports which they carry and cause the serpent to writhe and undulate in the most gruesome and lifelike manner. The more pretentious of these dragon processions are

accompanied by music—the clanging of cymbals, tooting of horns, blowing of trumpets and wailing of flutes. Added to this is the cracking of constantly exploding firecrackers; enthusiastic hands hold long poles covered with “golden rain” as they sometimes call these noisy and popular articles. The whole forms a combination of enjoyment that is inexpressibly dear to every Chinese heart.

After nightfall the dragon is lit up inside, and is a fearsome looking creature indeed.

The height of gaiety is reached on the 15th of the month, when the famous Feast of Lanterns is held. Lanterns are displayed in great numbers, inside the houses, on the streets, and in front of the shops. These are made of every conceivable shape, featuring butterflies, insects, lions, elephants, and many other kinds of animals and flowers.

This grand climax is assisted by a display of fireworks and, of course, the inevitable strings of firecrackers. Big and little, young and old, all join in the merry making and feasting. Crowds of well-dressed happy people throng the streets, lined on either side with rose-colored lanterns. A truly gala scene with the soft, twinkling, many-hued lights, and happy beaming faces.



# YOU GOTTA SHOW 'EM

BY CHARLES W. STOKES



THEM guys who 'are all the time preachin' at you to get back to the land," said Ray Peterson, "had oughta spend a little time on the land themselves. It shouldn't oughta be 'Go back!' but 'Come back!' But would it?"

"You can search me," said I. "I never mentioned it."

"D'ye think there'd be such gobs of advice handed out about goin' back to the land if some of the—the gobbers knew what they were really talkin' about?" he persisted.

Ray, I should explain, was just then paying the East a visit. He had descended upon it to consummate certain big deals involving large areas of wheat-lands and hundreds of thousands of beef cattle, somewhere in the West. His mission had been exceedingly successful, that I knew, for he was taking back a sizable wad of eastern money and a dozen head of pure-bred milkers. Now, business concluded, he was in his own peculiar way seeing the bright lights. Ray is an incorrigible 'waybacker, which means nowadays an inability to envisage any hotel room at worth more than two dollars a night; and we sat together in a café where a charming meal can be obtained at a dollar and a half per head—for which amount the West pours out its most prodigal cornucopia.

"An' say," he continued, "it ain't so much a question of gettin' the fellers back to the land anyway—it's the girls. Pretty darn hard to get the

girls. You gotta show 'em. But they're the most important after all, believe me."

"Who is she, Ray?"

"Who's who?"

"The girl you've been asking to go back with you and be a farmer's wife."

He blushed. "Nix! I know batchin' gets monotonous after a while an' that a Chink cook ain't the last thing God designed in the way of household furniture. I likewise admit that durin' my recent travels I've had the chanst of givin' the once-over to some real swell dames that'd make some of them guys back home look sick if ever they got their lamps on one goin' back to boss my outfit. But nix!"

"Well, shoot," I said meekly. Ray stretched out his legs, felt for the tooth-pick that wasn't there—for this was a real refined café where you get it at the cashier's desk—and after a few moments of thought loosened his lips.

Us Westerners (Ray said) like to think we can ring the bell with the women every time. Nobody ever did, of course, not since the world began, but the delusion dies harder in our neck o' the woods than elsewhere. Our simple natural dignity, bred of long contact with the wide blowin' breezes of the prairie, an' all that, makes a reg'lar riot down east—that's what we all come down east expectin' an' believin'. Why, our natural range, if we only knew it before we started, is really the nootral background that protects us against our crool enemies! These here Eastern dames

don't fall for it so quick as you'd think after seein' the movies. Their idea of a farmer still stays just the same, which is that he is a natural-born nut. But sometimes a rancher can get away with it. Why one an' not the other, the Lord only knows—except that a rancher sounds nobler, perhaps, an' listens like bein' a faster spender.

Nobody ever put me wise to this, an' so I hadn't hit the bright lights longer than was necessary to buy me a meal than I tried the simple-rancher-God's-gentleman stuff on a waitress girl in the hash emporium. But she didn't believe in the movin' pictures, and didn't read no Western fiction, an' I come near bein' pinched for a masher. Cost me an X to dispel the cop's sceptical ideas on that Western chivalry dope.

However, I pushed it by another time. I was sittin' in a little bit of a park, night before last, an' felt kinda lonesome, to be honest—wonderin' whether there wasn't a skirt round that felt the same an' wanted company but didn't have no come-on game. An' just then there blew along an' sat beside me a real near-swell dame in one of them dark things you can always recognize a store-girl by an' them fashionable swade shoes that musta set her back all of two week's wages. An' before I had time to really study the layout, she was cryin'. Yes, honest Injun, she was cryin'. Did you ever see anythin' more like those sob scenes in the moving pictures?

"You must excuse me, miss," I says, after listenin' to her about fifteen minutes, "but is there nothin' I can do?"

"Sir!" she cries, indignant. Why do they always say "Sir!" and not "Nix!" or "You big stiff!"?

"Yep, I know I'm always a big Buttinski," says I, "but you don't seem to appreciate the beautiful scenery, while I do, an' you might at least move on."

"You're pretty darn fresh," says she. "Or is it the wind what's so raw to-night?"

"Madam," I says stately, "in my country no man ever saw a woman cry an' remained silent."

"Why, look who's here!" she cried. "If it ain't our old friend Hick from Rubesville! How's the crops? Got the hay in yet?"

"Go on with your smooth city ways," says I, "I'm only a rough Western rancher what thinks all women is angels an' lets the free winds of God's heaven blow through his whiskers. But I'm wise enough to know a real lady."

"You better can that open air dope," says she. "I've heard it all before."

"I bet you have," says I, "seein' you were raised where it came from."

She give me a startled look. "How'd you know that?"

"Easy! Takes the has-beens to pick out the am-ers quickest. Why, you're a rube too—come from the country to work in a city department store. It's wrote all over you."

"Gosh," she says, "I hope not! But say, I don't want no country jay buttin' into my private affairs."

"That's all right, sister," says I. "I know that though you don't have no livin' wage you wouldn't go back to dad's farm for a million dollars. So Walter an' you have had a rupture, hey?"

"Yes."

"An' you expected to see him come crawlin' back on his knees?"

"Well, you ain't a mile from the truth."

"So, notwithstanding that he will to-morrow, that leaves to-night free," I says. "I'm a stranger in this burg, an' I ain't no con man nor no white slaver, an' I ain't had no one to speak to me for two days but waiters an' taxi pirates an' big financiers. My name," I says, "is Ray Peterson, an' if you're not occupied, I'd like to have you snatch a bite with me."

"You're a queer nut," she says. "My name is Hannah Winter, an' I guess I can take care of myself. Where'd you like to go?"

"Pick it out yourself, Hannah," I says.

"I wouldn't do it only I hope Sidney hears of it an' gets sore." Sidney, of course, was his name, an' not Walter.

So she led me to a food house, an' by the looks of it I knew she was on the level. One of them quiet little haunts where the vicar goes when he wants to investigate the underworld but can't pay the price for the real glitter of sin.

"Guess you're half starved, an' all that," says I, "an' your eyes will glisten at the sight of real food."

"My, you guys in the backwoods do read some bull about the poor workin' girl," she says.

"Do tell! I guess, Hannah, we'll begin on lobster salad, which ain't substantial enough to be a meal nor wicked enough to lead no one astray." So we et an' et an' talked awhile. An' believe me, bo, she wasn't no bum looker neither. "Got your good looks at the old farm?" says I.

"I ain't so darn ugly, am I? Ain't homely enough ever to go far for a job?"

"Anyway, this here gloomy city, shut in all day from God's blue heaven, ain't robbed all the roses in your cheeks."

She laughed—an' believe me, it was the truth. Some complexion had Hannah! An' some little figure!

"When you goin' back?" I asks.

"Back?"

"Yep. B-a-c-k, back. To the old homestead, where Ma an' Pa wait for you."

She seemed to kinda stiffen. "Never," she says. "Not in a million years."

"A million years is longer than till next Thanksgivin', Hannah. Didn't you never have no village sweet-hearts?"

"Not a one, thank God! If I had, I shouldn't of been here, should I? I'd have been married now, with half a hundred kids—"

"Have a heart, Hannah!" I says.

"Well, half a dozen, anyway, an' a husband that didn't shave only on Sundays, an' wears his overalls in the parlor an' eats his meals on oilcloth. Some life!"

"You certainly are a gloom," says I. "But think of—"

"Hell!" she says.

"Hey?"

"I meant it. Listen—I was raised on a farm, an' I lived eighteen years on a farm, an' got up at five-thirty every mornin' to get the breakfast, an' did all the chores that a girl hadn't oughta to do. You're not married?"

"No," says I, "but—"

"No more farm for me," she says firmly, "not if the last kid in the world hadn't no milk."

"Your ma stood it."

"Yes. That's why I quit—because my ma stood it. We only live once."

"What does Walter do for a livin'?"

"He's in the Dress Lengths at the same place as me," she says, defiant. "I'm in the Sheet Music."

"When you goin' to be married?"

"Next raise he gets."

"An' he gets now—eighteen per, perhaps?"

"Sixteen."

I looked at her, bo, with a certain amount of—what d'ye call it?—in my wind-swept, sun-tanned face. "Listen here," I says. "I'm a farmer—no fancy rawncher, but a plain bum of a farmer. Last year, with the high price of grain, I made twenty-seven thousand, net, outa wheat alone—an' I had the cattle too. But call it twenty-seven thou. How many times does eighteen dollars go into that?"

"Search me."

"This year I'll probably make near forty thousand. Not bad, hey, when the H. C. of livin' begins to squeeze that little ole eighteen per."



"I wish now," she says, "as I'd taken you to a place where you coulda spent more."

"Did you ever think," I proceeded, "exactly what eighteen iron men will buy? True, a guy can live on it—I done it myself once—and take a dame to the pictures an' to the soda outfit. By goin' light on lunch he can do that every night of the week an' keep his pants at the cleaners reg'lar. But keepin' a wife comes higher than a sweetheart, by the time the rent's paid an' the credit-furniture wolves thrown a bone. Then you get them half a dozen kids, an' you'll hafta cut out the pictures, an' Walter'll have to wear his winter overcoat four years, an' borrow a mornin' paper once in a while instead of buyin' it."

Hannah flushed. "You can keep your ole sermons," she says.

"Well, kiddo, you're gettin' it just the same. All I want is for you to be honest an' own up you'd be better back on the ole farm."

"I wouldn't go back to *your* ole farm," she says, "if that's what you mean."

"Nobody axed you to, sir she said, sir she said, sir she said."

"No sir. No more farm for me."

"Not even—"

"No. I quit."

"I bet Walter wasn't raised on no farm?" says I. "More likely raised in the Dress Lengths, hey?"

"That ain't fair," she retorts. "He'll perhaps get on some day. He's got brains, though you wouldn't think so sometimes."

Well, sir, that about finished it. Ringin' for the check, I thanked Miss Winter for her sweet uplift, an' took her address so 's I could maybe send her a picture postal. I parted from her with extreme regret. The evenin' being still comparatively young, I dropped into a burlesque for the last act.

"Eh?" I asked—you understand now that Ray had finished and that it was I speaking who had begun in the first person. "What's that last?"

"Burlesque," he repeated.

"That was reprehensible in you, Ray, besides being anti-climax."

"I knew it," he said. "But I meant it. Besides, a fortune teller once predicted that I'd meet my death by chokin' over Chinese cookin'. A woman," he added sentimentously, "is only a woman, as Kiplin' once remarked, an' a good cigar's a smoke—though why he didn't say nothin' about a good pipe is a mystery. But likewise a good farm ain't so bad, an' a good husband with a good farm ain't no ten-cent smoke neither. Back to the land—nix!"

He reached again for the tooth-picks that were not there. "All the same," he said, "I guess Walter's kinda sore on me for makin' a date with his dame for to-morrow night".



# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

The defeat of the Meighen Government was overwhelming. In four Provinces not a single Conservative candidate was returned. In the three Prairie Provinces Mr. Bennett was the only candidate of the Government to live through the cyclone, and he had a majority of only six in West Calgary. British Columbia alone of all the Provinces gave a Conservative majority. In Quebec the average Liberal majority is 4,000. The total Liberal majority in the twelve divisions of Montreal is 88,000. In Ontario where the Conservative managers professed to believe they would carry fifty or sixty seats they have only thirty-seven. Even in Toronto it is significant that only half the registered vote was polled and that the Conservative figures fell below expectation. In the Prairie country the Progressives not only swept the rural divisions but every city constituency except West Calgary was taken by Liberal or Progressive candidates. One recalls a couplet in "The Mystery of Gilgal", in John Hay's "Pike County Ballads":

They piled the stiffs outside the door,  
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Meighen could have expected any other result. There was doubt as to whether Mr. King or Mr. Crerar would have the largest group in the next Parliament, but few of those who had any real knowledge of the temper of the country ever believed that the Government could stand better than third in the polling. It was expected, however, that the Conservatives would carry five or six seats in Nova Scotia and that the Progressives would do better in Ontario. There never was any real prospect that either Conservatives or Progressives would take a single constituency in Quebec. The tariff was the only issue through which the Government could have hoped to make any appeal to the French ridings but this peril the Liberal candidates escaped by declaring for protection as clearly and strongly as their opponents. So in most of the constituencies of Nova Scotia and Ontario the Liberal candidates stood as avowed protectionists. In the industrial district of South Waterloo even the Progressive saw almost as much virtue in protection as did his Conservative opponent. In North York Mr. King had the support of the bulk of the manufacturers. The industrial district of which Brantford is the centre gave a Liberal majority of 1,900. Over and over again Mr. King gave pledges that there would be no radical revision of the tariff. Mr. Crerar assured the country that free trade was far in the future. Even *The Manitoba Free Press*, the chief champion of the Western Progressives, had a word of comfort for the industrial interests which the Government sought to consolidate in its support.

We heard little or nothing during the contest of the pledge which is contained in both the Progressive and Liberal platforms to increase the British

preference from  $33\frac{1}{3}$  to 50 per cent. Nor was much said save by Mr. Crerar and Mr. Fielding of any renewal of negotiations for a reciprocal trade agreement with the United States. Those who insist that the country never pronounced more decisively and unequivocally for protection can produce abundant evidence in support of the position. The contest affords a salutary warning against the adoption by party conventions of too definite platforms in advance of an election. Conditions change and pledges become embarrassing. Neither Liberals nor Progressives ran true to their "chart". Even the platform of the National Liberal and Conservative party was not so stiffly and stubbornly protectionist as were the speeches of Mr. Meighen and his associates during the contest. The tariff does need to be revised and probably the press and spokesmen of the defeated Government would have been wiser to admit the necessity for a rational readjustment of duties, downward where reduction is desirable and upward where by judicious increases new industries can be created and old industries stabilized and expanded. At least Mr. Meighen failed to make the tariff the chief issue, and clearly the country was not alarmed at the prospect of revision by a Liberal Administration.

## II

If the country pronounced in favor of protection it is just as certain that in the older Provinces it declared against class and group government. In the rural communities of Ontario thousands of farmers must have cast their ballots for Liberal or Conservative candidates. In the last Provincial general election the farmers elected forty-three members to the Legislature. In the Federal contest only twenty-three Progressives were returned. In the whole Dominion only two representatives of Labor were elected. It is likely that Labor suffered by what was generally regarded as an unnatural alliance with the organized Farmers. The alliance has prospered in Ontario but cannot be permanent. In his appeal for "a People's Party" Mr. Drury has recognized that government based upon class divisions cannot be strong or enduring. Coalitions exist by trading, bargaining and compromise. This has been the experience of Great Britain. The weaknesses of the system were revealed in the history of the Union Government in Canada. The experiences of other countries teach the same lesson. One feels that in Ontario Mr. Drury will become leader of the Liberal party and the two-party system be re-established or the Conservative and Liberal parties will re-establish themselves and the Farmers become a negligible political faction. The prospect of a union between Liberals and Progressives at Ottawa under Mr. King suggests a union of Liberals and Farmers in Ontario under Mr. Drury. But neither of the old parties has much affection for the Agrarians and the consolidation of the two groups into one political organization may therefore be a slow and difficult process. Mr. King, however, has the position of advantage and with control of the immense patronage which is vested in a Federal government should easily secure an adequate working majority. From the standpoint of Quebec the tariff and the railways constitute difficult problems for a Liberal-Progressive alliance but difficulties yield to political necessity. What does seem to be certain is that the tariff will be revised with reasonable consideration for the industrial interests and that new machinery for control and operation of the National Railways will be devised.

It is by no means certain that the Liberal group from Quebec will stand unanimously against "public ownership". One doubts if there is a complete understanding between Sir Lomer Gouin and Mr. Ernest Lapointe. The younger Liberal element of Quebec under the direction of Mr. Lapointe triumphed over Sir Lomer in the contest between Mr. King and Mr. Fielding

for the Liberal leadership and it is believed that Mr. Lapointe has a closer relation to Mr. King than any other member of the Quebec Liberal delegation. On the other hand it is unjust to describe Sir Lomer Gouin as the mouthpiece of the financial interests of Montreal. As Premier of Quebec he was not the servant of any interest or faction. There is an iron strain of independence in his character. Few men in public life in Canada are less pretentious or less emotional, and few have greater resource or greater courage. In any body in which he sits he will not be far from the head of the table. Whether he is in the Cabinet or out of it few men will exercise greater authority in the new Parliament. In all his convictions and in his general political outlook he greatly resembles Sir Wilfrid Laurier and he has exactly the characteristics of strength and reserve for which Laurier was distinguished.

One never was impressed by the story that Sir Lomer Gouin sought to displace Mr. King as Liberal leader although doubtless there were influences that desired to bring that about. There was a common and resolute determination in Quebec to restore the authority of the Province at Ottawa but there never was any design to seize the Premiership. Nor is it at all certain that Quebec will attempt to exercise any undue authority in the new Parliament. It has what it wanted—victory and “vindication”. Even if Mr. King had been defeated in North York he probably would have been Prime Minister. There are decencies in public life which forbid the assassination of a general in the hour of victory. The faction in the British Liberal party which would gladly have deposed Campell Bannerman was powerless when he had carried the country. There is no evidence of any intrigue against Mr. King and it is clear that no intrigue could succeed. Very vital differences over public policy may develop among Liberals and Progressives but there seems no reason to doubt that Mr. King will enter upon his career as Prime Minister with a united Liberal party in the House of Commons. If the Senate is wise it will respect the clear judgment of the country, refrain from partisan meddling and take a sympathetic attitude towards the new Government.

### III

One other story which was exploited during the election in black type and terrifying headlines probably will not long survive the polling. The country was asked to believe that the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in league with Lord Shaughnessy, other directors of the Company, and the Bank of Montreal, were engaged in a far-reaching conspiracy to destroy “public ownership”, and through Sir Lomer Gouin establish a great private railway monopoly and autocratic control of the country by Montreal financial interests. No doubt Mr. Beatty has his views and his sympathies. He has not pretended to believe in governmental operation of railways. Over and over again he has declared his position with frankness and dignity. But there is reason to think that Mr. Beatty abstained from interference in the electoral contest, that the Canadian Pacific Company was not the electioneering ally of any party, and that the “conspiracy” against the National Railways of which it was alleged to be the centre never existed outside the imagination of excited political partisans. Mr. Beatty has taken and has held to the position that governmental operation of railways must be judged by its results and that the people must be allowed to decide the issue for themselves without financial intimidation or corporate pressure. He has believed that the business of the Canadian Pacific Railway is to give efficient service and cultivate the goodwill of all elements of the population and all sections of the country, and subject to a reasonable concern for its own revenues to co-operate with the National Railways where co-operation for the general public welfare is required. In-

deed there never was an election in Canada in which there was less interference by the so-called "Interests". In most constituencies the manufacturers were divided and voted as Conservatives or Liberals in confidence that the tariff would be revised in the national interest and that the pledges of the political leaders against revolutionary fiscal legislation would be respected. It is true, however, that there never was a greater output of platform rubbish in any electoral contest in Canada and fortunately not a few of the demagogues were rejected by the people they sought to inflame and mislead. Again one may quote the dorky who lost the proceeds of the church festival at poker and put in as his defence, "Pastor, we is all human and de game am werry exciting". But somehow or other through all "the tumult and the shouting" democracies when they go to the polls reveal a remarkable reserve of wisdom and patriotism.

#### IV

In the meantime if the Conservative party is wise it will call a truce with "Rome" and Quebec. In other words it will turn from the past and look to the future. The history of Confederation teaches many lessons which should now have a common significance for all the Provinces and all elements of the population. Quebec has offended at least as much as she has been offended against. History will not justify the attitude of Quebec politicians towards Riel and the Northwest Rebellion. It never has been wise for one Province to attempt to dictate educational policies to other Provinces. No advantage could come to the French minority from forcing a debate in the House of Commons on the regulations affecting French teaching in Ontario. The constitution should be respected but interpreted always with generosity towards racial and religious minorities. It is amazing that public men should attempt, and should persist in the attempt, to represent conscription as a conspiracy against Quebec.

In Ontario separate schools are absolutely guaranteed by the constitution and whatever justification there may be for Archbishop McNeil's agitation equity seems to demand that in communities where separate schools exist no Roman Catholic who desires to support the schools of which his Church approves should be required to divert any portion of his taxes to public schools. It should be possible through a judicial commission to find a solution of the problem which the whole Legislature could accept. It seems to be certain that French will be the language of many communities in Ontario and that any attempt at arbitrary suppression of the language will be futile. In none of the schools of the Province can we afford to neglect English; in all the schools of the English communities we would be wise to give greater attention to French teaching. Let Quebec have its political triumph of the moment and let the rest of us forget the issues which in the past have created discord and division. We have upon our shoulders all that a united people can carry and the time is opportune to put into the background all those baneful racial and sectarian differences which have so often bedevilled the country and for which neither French nor English, Catholic nor Protestant, is without responsibility.

Finally it is necessary that the parliamentary constituencies should be readjusted and representation by population established. A system which gives a double share of political power to the townships cannot be defended. It is unreasonable and intolerable that 40 per cent. of the voters should be able to determine the result of a general election and impose legislation upon the country to which a decisive majority of the people may be opposed. The problems of the cities are far more complex than those of the country. It is as easy in these days to reach the rural as it is to reach the urban voters. The

battle for representation by population which we thought was won many years ago will have to be fought over again if a battle should be necessary to correct inequalities and injustices in defence of which it is hard to believe that any single, substantial argument can be offered.

## V

Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty, whose book "Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him", has just been published, has begun a series of sketches for the *New York Times* under the title, "In the White House Looking Glass". In the first instalment Mr. Tumulty is critical of such books as "The Mirrors of Downing Street" and "The Mirrors of Washington". He says:

"To one who has spent eight years as a watcher in the President's listening-post—that's just what the secretaryship is—nothing is more tiresome than the twaddle of professional belittlers. Of late the public has been fed up on a number of books dealing with official life and official persons in the capital. The object of the authors, by and large, seems to be a search for whatever is bad and an effort to gloss over or omit everything that is good. The writing of these books is like painting a picture with all shadows and no lights, or if any light creeps in despite the artist, covering it up quickly with a half shadow. The authors view with alarm; they never point with pride. They seek out the motes and expose the blemishes, and draw a veil over whatever is wholesome or pleasing."

Professing to know something of the men lampooned, Mr. Tumulty declares that the authors of these books commit two grievous faults. They do not do justice to the men selected for their shafts and they create the impression that "playing for effect" is the chief aim and object of public men and that real work is a thing unknown to governments. The American publisher of these books has written a protest to the *New York Times* against the criticism to which they have been subjected in its columns. It has been said in *The Times* that such anonymous attacks constitute "a form of lynching" and that "the idea of the anonymous writer who, secure behind his veil, can present with impunity the weaknesses of a subject, seems if not cowardly at least in bad taste". The publisher argues that he takes the same responsibility for anonymous books as an editor takes for anonymous articles, which appear in his newspaper. But no such position can be sustained. A publishing house has no public character, no political relations, no direct connection with social or reform movements. The editor is directly responsible for what he prints and, what makes all the difference, the newspaper has its own character, its own prejudices, its own spites and animosities, and all that appears in its columns is illuminated and interpreted by the public understanding of the medium of publication.

Moreover, a newspaper attack which lives for a day is something very different from the deliberate issue of a book which is designed to give permanence to a writer's caddishness, venom and malevolence. It is true that such books have no permanent effects. They are not taken too seriously. They are soon forgotten. But so far as they have any effect they are "a form of lynching", and the whole object is to produce something that will sell, to defame and slander if need be for revenue, and to escape the consequences. In "Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him" Mr. Tumulty, necessarily perhaps, has much to say about himself and gives many columns to his own letters and telegrams. This somewhat obtrusive fact led someone to write to the *New York Times* as follows, "I am reading Mr. Tumulty's autobiography with great interest. But who is Mr. Wilson?" For what he writes, however, Mr. Tumulty does not hide, as others have hidden, behind either an editor or a publisher.

## VI

In Mr. Tumulty's book "Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him" it is disclosed that the Democratic President was strongly opposed to war time prohibition and the Volstead Act which made prohibition a fundamental and constitutional law of the country. He held that the anti-saloon forces took advantage of a war emergency to declare the country "dry" by Congressional action. The Volstead Enforcement Act he described as the wrong way of doing the right thing. "You cannot," he said, "regulate the morals and habits of a great cosmopolitan people by placing unreasonable restrictions upon their liberty and freedom. All such attempts can only end in failure and disappointment. In the last analysis, in these matters that seek to regulate personal habits and customs, public opinion is the great regulator."

Mr. Wilson contended firmly and consistently that the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer under proper governmental regulations should be permitted and held that that such a modification of the extreme demand of the prohibitionists "would make it much easier to enforce the amendment in its essential particulars and would help to end the illicit traffic in liquor which the Volstead Act fostered by its very severity". It will be remembered that finally the Volstead Act was passed over the President's veto but to the end he was unwilling to accept the decision of Congress. He prepared and delivered to a trusted friend a "wet plank" to be submitted to the National Democratic Convention at San Francisco if an opportunity offered. But the atmosphere of the Convention was so unfavorable that it was not even laid before the Committee on Resolutions. "We recognize," said Mr. Wilson's draft proposal, "that the American saloon is opposed to all social, moral and economic order, and we pledge ourselves to its absolute elimination by the passage of such laws as will finally and effectually exterminate it; but we favor the repeal of the Volstead Act and the substitution for it of a law permitting the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer." Mr. Wilson is witnessing a great vindication of his position in favor of a League of Nations in the Conference at Washington called by a Republican President and sanctioned by the party which accomplished his defeat. In the United States no constitutional amendment has ever been repealed, but it is far from certain that Mr. Wilson's attitude towards prohibition will not also receive a final "vindication".

## VII

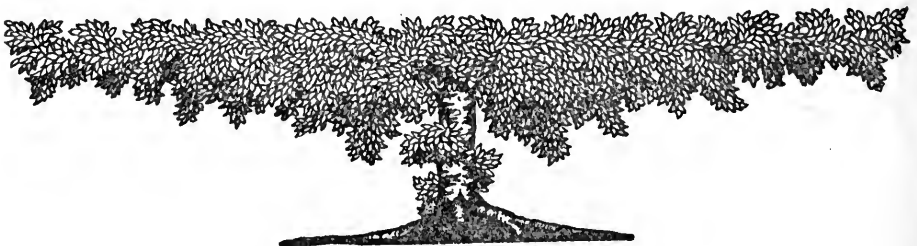
There has been more of surprise than of anger in Canada over the severe references of a section of the British press to the Grand Trunk Award. It does not seem to be understood that the arbitration was a judicial and not a political proceeding. In Canada it is generally believed that the Grand Trunk could not carry its obligations in respect of the Grand Trunk Pacific and continue as a solvent, going concern. The arbitrators had to consider the actual situation which was created by the Grand Trunk's assumption of these obligations and not the question of the moral responsibility of the Government of Canada for the inauguration of that disastrous enterprise. If they had concerned themselves with moral and political responsibilities they would have rendered a judgment which on appeal would have been open to successful legal attack.

No public man in Canada is more sensitive to considerations of equity or more jealous for the credit of the country than Sir Thomas White. This was demonstrated again and again while he held the office of Minister of Finance. During the war there was generous recognition in Great Britain of his quality and capacity. Among Canadians there is a universal conviction

that in the position of an arbitrator between conflicting interests he could not be swayed by any improper personal or political appeal. So Sir Walter Cassels is not only a judge distinguished for impartiality and integrity but for years acted as Counsel for the Grand Trunk Railway itself. His is exactly the type of mind that would command respect and confidence in any judicial position in Great Britain. During his long practice at the bar, before he became a judge, he never was regarded as a partisan or prejudiced advocate. It would therefore have been difficult to select two Canadians better fitted to render justice in the Grand Trunk arbitration than Sir Thomas White and Sir Walter Cassels. There is the further fact to be remembered that the Canadian government which is accused of deliberate robbery of British investors specifically provided for an appeal to the Imperial Privy Council if the British interests concerned should desire to challenge the award.

It seems also to be overlooked in London that in 1920 Canada paid \$26,469,478, and so far this year has paid \$30,000,000 for Grand Trunk commitments and obligations. Under all the circumstances it is perhaps not unreasonable that the Canadian Government should resent any suggestion that the credit of the Dominion in London should suffer through its dealings with the Grand Trunk Railway. The company which controlled the Grand Trunk was not Canadian but British. There was no conspiracy between Canadian officials and the Government of Canada to impair or destroy the property. The responsibility for what has happened lies upon the London management and cannot be placed elsewhere. On page thirty-nine of his judgment Mr. Taft said: "It can be stated with confidence that had the policy of the Company, as dictated from London, been as prudent, as wise and as effective as the local management through the officers of the Grand Trunk here, the fate of the property would have been different."

For many years there has been a strong and general feeling in Canada that the Grand Trunk was seriously handicapped by oversea management. Over and over again it was represented that so long as the ultimate authority rested in London there would be delay in decisions vital to the welfare of the road and lack of vigor and elasticity in its policy. But all such counsels were rejected or accepted only partially and grudgingly. Naturally there is resentment now over any attempt to put responsibility for the Grand Trunk's failure upon the Canadian Government and to injure the credit of Canada over the hard fortune of an enterprise which was controlled in London and under strictly British management. The truth is that the Government of Canada was not anxious to take over the Grand Trunk and other railways but recognized that the country would not sanction further grants of cash and credit to companies which had drawn heavily upon the Treasury and seemed certain to be dependents upon public aid for many years to come. The choice was between receiverships and governmental operation and as yet it is not certain that we chose the lesser of two evils.







THE KNOCK-OUT

From the Etching by George Bellows  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# THE OLD SWANSEA LIGHTS

BY HELEN E. WILLIAMS



WINONA STRANGE had arrived at that psychological stage in her literary career where she didn't want to meet

people so much as she wanted people to meet her. So when one of the rocking chair contingent at the Eastgate informed her that she would meet a very brilliant man at the Westcliff, where she was moving in order to be nearer the high rocks Dana Britton had painted into fame, she only smiled, murmured something about brilliant men having their time heavily mortgaged, and hurried off to keep an appointment with herself in Britton's deserted garden.

Juniper Heights is a box of compacted sweets, and the boardwalk through Dana Britton's woods — a pergola of alluring vistas enhanced by sarabands of dancing lights and shadows—symbolizes the sections of this sea-bound box of nature's sweets. Following its serpentine, as if conjured up by some genie of the bottle, Winona saw figures appear and disappear. Perambulated infants and children going to rear wondrous sand structures on the beach—adolescence bound for tennis and golf tournaments at the Club—strolling lovers, detached female intelligences, old couples whose serene faces indorse W. L. George's dictum that marriage is the only insurance company which issues policies against loneliness. Taking one of the many diverging sections, Winona found herself on a path moss-grown and winding as paths much loved are apt to do. The

denser undergrowth fell back. An almost tropic profusion of ferns, sun-dappled, greeted and waved her on. A resinous breath, tiers of mighty-girthed trees from which seemed to emanate a mystic strength, the voice of the ocean—remote, sonorous, compelling — echoing through the cool arboreal aisles like an organ through a cathedral—she was in "The Sanctuary". Beethoven's fancy that in the country every tree is saying "Holy! Holy!" did not seem preposterous. Incense was here. Puny desires died. The god in nature called to the god in man—and was answered.

Emerging presently she saw across the road another luring pergola-like path, which after a little was gated by two tree trunks, knotted at the top, forming the entrance to Dana Britton's garden. As much as possible the garden and cottage had been kept as in the artist's lifetime. A border of bright flowers ran along the inner side of the hedge. On the lawn overlooking the junipered expanse sloping down to the ocean and up to the high rocks, were two old juniper trees and a boulder with Dana Britton's name lettered in black. The studio was only open on Saturday afternoons when an old colored servant, who had acted as body-guard for Britton's father in the Civil War, did the honors with many bows and flourishes, and the eyes in the portrait of the artist himself appeared to follow the inspection of his work gravely, as if he would remind that his *chef d'oeuvre* was honored elsewhere. The tonality of any art is enhanced by

a correspondence with something actually felt in the subject. That something, which Britton felt and painted, was still to be sensed in his garden which seemed steeped with personality, with the muted voices heard only in places where men have lived and thought largely and no longer live or think at all. Great pictures had been conceived there. Why not even a great novel? Winona lingered late.

"I adore it!"

Winona Strange had hurried through dinner and was out on the Westcliff piazza, drinking in the sunset.

"To see it at its best," remarked a voice like a caress, behind, "you should go up on the Grand piazza."

That was the worst of these small hotels, aggrieved Winona. Someone was forever coming up, breaking in, patronizing the scenery, proffering suggestions.

"My name is Jasper Carew, and I have been coming here for nearly twenty years," continued the stranger after a brief side scrutiny of the willowy girl with a cameo-like face framed with bronze hair, as if reading her thought, "which gives me an excuse to play host to newcomers. Only I object on general principles to resorting to that ancient conversation-opener, 'Is this the first time you've been to Juniper Heights'. To begin a conversation that way is as bad as to begin breakfast with a cereal."

Winona laughed and turned round.

"We began ours with—"

"A peach of a sunset. And I repeat that the best place to enjoy it is the Grand piazza."

Winona shot one of her swiftest appraising glances over the brow of a thinker, the eyes of a humorist, the finely-chiselled features of an aristocrat, the military physique of an officer too young to be called old and too old to be called young—and reached for her old rose sweater, but Jasper Carew anticipated by the fraction of a second.

"That is exactly what you should have done," he approved, as they went down the steps together. "Words are the daughters of earth, but actions are the sons of Heaven."

The Grand was a palatial summer hotel cresting the extreme point. The upper piazza, encircling three sides of the structure, commanded a superb view, and gave the sensation of being on shipboard. Most of the resorters were tangoing and bridging it within, a few promenading. Winona and her escort joined the rest, who had drawn their chairs close to the railing and were watching the light paint companion pictures on the herculean canvas of ocean and sky. It was like being present at the creation of a masterpiece. Framed by the vast arches the wonder grew. The sun, setting, spilled a whole paint-box of colors. They softened. They blended. Faded out. The anchored dories in the bay turned black. Rocks lifted into view their tawny manes. Along the salt marshes beyond the club the slow-slipping tide was etching fantasies of pure effect out 'where the loneliest wave met the loneliest star', and the very isolation created a sort of rapture. Turning, Winona caught the red glow of the Pierce Island lighthouse, and saw the Old Swansea lights with their magnified reflections across the water.

"A goodly place, a goodly time," she murmured. "From this distance those lights evoke all the wonders of Arabian Nights. They are what each one has lost or never found. Everything that might have happened and never will."

"You see the Magic City, too?"

Minutes passed. The moon rose out of the ocean. The path of glittering moon-shavings widened, spanning the bay. Jasper Carew began to talk. He rehearsed plays he had seen in a score of cities. Salvini and Fechter lived again.

"Most people are such absurd little human equations and need lots of subtraction, but you add up well," Winona told him in a pause.

"Ah, but there is a figurative quality about you which sets me adding, or rather you are like some potent seidlitz that puts sparkle into those with whom you come into contact."

"So many men have told me that. I wonder why," she replied.

"Because we can't make you out. You are like wild roses and fraxinella smelled together. What are you anyway?"

"A rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent, a little honey, a Dead Sea apple and a handful of clay," quoted Winona glibly.

"What?"

"A woman—I mean a writer. There is supposed to be a distinction, you know."

"You remember the old Arabic proverb that when God wishes to destroy an ant he gives it wings. Pygmalsions juggle their legion Galateas very dexterously, but they have been known to turn and rend them."

"Mine are domesticated, and yet sometimes I wonder if I let them go—An editor once wrote me that anyone who wrote as well as I ought to write a great deal better. And I am beginning to understand why I don't write better. When a joy or a sorrow has come to me it has seemed too sacred to "write up". I don't want to puncture my heart, dip in my pen and produce a masterpiece."

"And yet every story, or novel or play if it lives must live personally. Don't be one of those writers who lose themselves in nothing, love nothing, forever are concocting cold stories after cold recipes, putting in a little of everything except themselves, really but the mouths through which the plots cry, "We are imitations". To be a brain is not enough. We must pay a price for saying anything worth while well. It must be born out of us, out of our flesh and blood, knowing and being. It is not enough to put an idea on a character as a coat is put on a form. Wine and cocoa each need a vessel for delivery, but the most beautiful China will not make cocoa

intoxicate. So much modern fiction is cocoa—or dandelion tea."

"My short stories are not cocoa-ish, but they are like those little waves, each complete enough in its own way, each the exact replica of the other. But it's the seventh wave that rolls the farthest up the beach, and it's time for my seventh wave."

"All such form far out in the deep," Carew reminded her.

"And break getting there," she finished the metaphor.

When they had listened to the surf playing lyric improvisation on the rocks for some time, Winona went on, her eyes on the Old Swansea lights, "I am writing a story about Juniper Heights."

"A love story?"

"A love story. That is, I suppose so. When I began writing, I knew exactly how my stories were going to end, but now they have a way of writing themselves, and I never know what the characters are going to do or say next. However—would you care to hear the synopsis?"

More than once Winona Strange had thought what a good book might be written under the caption, "Adventures in People". Meeting new types she always had the feeling as of one embarking upon uncharted seas of high adventure. When these seas dwindled to lakes and ponds, she reasoned that that did not prove that there were not seas. Her acquaintance with Mr. Carew was like Columbus discovering America as a seashore, and then going into the interior and finding it was a continent. During the days that followed she liked to see his statuesque, white flannelled figure moving about, his head just a little higher than any other head. Liked his voice, and eyes, and neckties, and way of never deferring to stupidity, but always assuming that everyone was on the same level as he. (A mountain peak does not know it is a peak). He was always in focus, a man who inspired in others quickly rooted confidences, and exerted influences.

Winona gathered from various sources that he had been an expert player in the game of hearts, where a man seems to want more than he asks for without accepting what is proffered. Saying more than one can possibly mean is equivalent to saying nothing. If the time ever came when he fell in love he could say, as Paris did to Helen, "Alone you can possess the object of many women's prayers."

There were the members of the unfair sex expert in catching men's opinions on their own minds and tossing them back across the flirtatious net. There were the beautiful magazine cover girls, whose mothers smiled upon him and tried to precipitate matters by ingratiating remarks like, "There Gertrude is on the rocks now, Mr. Carew. Ned Castles is with her, but he doesn't count. You go right out." Bromidettes addicted to uttering canned platitudes. Highly colored and decorated sirens, whose daring line of conversation and general aroma wafted their kind afar. Fair, fascinating buds too clever to appear clever, possessed of come-hither eyes, and that indefinable lure which attracts men. Carew dismissed them all with the epigram that it was in the nature of a key to want exercise.

Once when Winona expressed surprise that some verbal audacity was not resented by a haughty "soul" he threw out, "Oh, women like you to say things like that. It constitutes one of their chief pleasures to be ruled by a man. There are only two kinds of women: those who love men for loving them, and those who love them for being indifferent. The latter have become so accustomed to homage and seeing men fall prone that they prefer an emperor to a slave."

Jasper Carew never wore out his arresting remarks with repetition. They were not allowed to fade from use. So they were remembered.

The two had fallen into the habit of strolling along the boardwalk, up and down the juniper cliff to Britton's

garden. It was their orbit, and when they got out of it they got back as soon as possible. They were out of it one afternoon when a tennis tournament absorbing the summer colony in agglutinative spectatorship, they loitered at one of the tables under the trees while pussy-footed colored waiters dispensed sundaes and ice-tinkling drinks. The ubiquitous Ned Castles caught sight of them and between sets came over for a word.

"He is like a ship in full sail but bound for no port," Mr. Carew commented, as he returned to his game. "And his liking for me comes from the feeling of reinforcement I give him. He told me he had dreaded coming back this year for fear I might prove an illusion dispelled. Life jars him because he has not as yet found the inner antidote. 'To the man in shoes the earth is carpeted with leather.'" Young Castles is a barefoot boy, spiritually, and when the stony and muddy environment comes he suffers. But I think he will grow his shoes."

"When I was a little girl—let's go to Dana Britton's: I feel as though we were missing something—when I was a little girl my mother used to say, 'Yes, you may come with me, if you will promise not to say "How beautiful!" more than five times.' Always I have craved beauty. And isn't the good and beautiful as much life as the wicked and ugly? Why must the breaking of one commandment be the eternal theme of novelist and playwright? Why isn't it considered as good art to commend as to condemn?"

"How interesting the Troglodyte is! How laudable the bat!"

"No, but—"

"Yes, but. Mooning after flashy, impossible Utopias and philandering with over-dressed ideas will never bring the millenium. Just as difficulties prove a man's native worth, so good is tested by evil. It is impossible to be a great writer without having intense susceptibilities. If you haven't them it is a sign you are a small one. Human passions are the

elements in which you live, but you must learn how to ride the storm. Don't evade any tragic or unpleasant fact in life, for to do that is to remain subject to the evil. A man or woman who 'hurts' us really gives us a chance to see some wrong way and get away from it. The poison ivy round this path can harm no one who doesn't touch it, and in the moral world there is no accidental touch. Human ivy cannot poison merely by being near a victim.

"This was dramatically illustrated to me last night. A friend at the Grand found a woman weeping in a corner, and taking instant pity on her loneliness spoke to her and later, when I chanced to turn up, introduced me as a cheerful specific and, that I might work freely, rose and left me with this lovely blonde. 'Swear you are not a clergyman,' she began, and then she certainly let herself go. She marvelled herself at her frankness, and kept saying, 'I don't know why I tell you this.' But I had no definite repugnance. Rather a pity of wonder—as Dante might pity the circles he saw but did not touch. Preoccupation is a mighty word. Troubles are ever seeking empty cottages for the summer."

They had been walking along the boardwalk. Branching off, Jasper Carew led the way to a mossy ledge behind the eminence known as "The Pulpit", and they sat down. All down the slope the sunlight cast tangled shadows. Squirrels scampered over pine needles and up tree trunks. Cool breezes that savored of the sea fanned their faces. The boom of the surf on the bathing beach was but a monotone.

"How is the Juniper tale progressing?" Mr. Carew inquired.

"Laura wrote some verses last night."

"Good work. Have she and Marcus fallen in love yet?"

"Mercy yes! Ages ago. But they don't know it yet."

"The ideal stage."

"Is it? Arthur Symons says love's moment is a moment of farewell. That it is 'a blindness and a madness and the wave of a great sea that breaks and is a grave'."

"And Arthur Symons's 'Silhouettes' have been likened to patchouli. Don't get your ideas of the big things of life second hand. Follow, or rather, don't follow but *be* nature, which creates everything fresh. And don't call your novel 'The Grand Man'. George Washington by being a man had states, cities, streets and even a pie named after him. But no real man would ever take his name from things, though these may all take his name. Even your heroine. If you are going in for a hero have him at least protective."

"Sometimes I am afraid I am not big enough."

"You will grow. Remember that every great work of art is an evolution."

"I am sandy flats . . . Marcus can make an epigram, but not love. I've tried to gravitate him toward Hymen's altar, but—"

"Whatever you do *don't* 'gravitate him'. He must gravitate himself. He must pace up the aisle with his bride under his arm, over his shoulder, or any other quick and effective way."

"Laura—"

"Don't you worry about Laura. That will give her all the virtue of a shrinking violet, *and* the savage rapture of the sunflower. Some woman—I forget which—said to me once that women like to be forced to give what they long to give."

"You know altogether too much about women," said Winona decidedly, "but tell me. What should Marcus say?"

They looked at each other and smiled.

"I love you! I think I have always loved you.' You are the Heights, and the Old Swansea lights, and everything that is behind me, and everything that is before me. I love you! —I—er—How's that?"

"*Anyone* could say that. Pretty nearly everyone has. I want Marcus to say something original."

"Love is not original. It is old as the sons of men and the daughters of women."

"Perhaps Marcus will Romeo better at home. I am leaving to-morrow."

"You are leaving to-morrow?"

"Yes." One of Marcus's epigrams occurred to her as apropos. "Holidays should be only holidays, the mayonnaise, as it were, on the salad of life. I have had about as much of the condiment as is good for me."

Carew made no comment.

"I am going via Old Swansea so as to see the young barbarians at play."

"The young barbarians are herded on the beach like animals, and distance lends enchantment to their psycho-analysis. Most of our intercourse," he added after a moment, "is just a key scraping over unrelated locks, or locks which belong to some other key. The contact makes a little noise. That is all."

"But merely scraping over does not unlock, and no reliable key ever 'gives' till it is unlocked," thought Winona.

With one of her divinatory, mental flashes she saw Jasper Carew expounding his theories to devious petticoated keys, who after more or less scraping gave, and fancied she understood what had given the slightly contemptuous curl to his lips when he had said that it was in the nature of a key to want exercise. The recollection did not lessen her resolve to go, and the next day found her at Old Swansea.

Along the path to the Pier were all manner of open booths, and young as the morning was people were nibbling ice-cream cones. Winona bought one and nibbled too. At Juniper Heights no one did that. It gave her a delicious irresponsible, plebeian Old Swanseay feeling. Passing the merry-go-rounds, where children astride leaping hares, majestic lions, splendid peacocks, etc., looked as if they were

beholding the light that never was on land or sea, she came to still more booths, where one might become possessed of a heterogeneous assortment of unnecessary things, ranging from shell purses to pictures painted while you wait. There was a fortune teller, a perfume demonstrator, "Wonderland" with its ingenious mechanical devices for separating you from your money, and the Casino where movie stars enthralled their "fans". But the best of the Pier was not the Pier but what it overlooked. Here and there were foreign accents. The mammoth coaster with its racing sleighs; gypsyish looking men holding ponies while their prospective riders got into brown habits in full view of everyone and cantered away over the wet, packed sand; sweet grass and pine cushion vendors; strolling photographers waxing rich on the vanity of the proletariat. If looking down on the medley was very much like looking down on a play, mingling with it gave the sensation of being on a herculean stage, an "extra", say, in a big photoplay scene. Around posed not the height of fashion, but imitators and caricatures of it—vastly more colorful. As the tide began to roll in, bathing suits and capes rainbow-tinted the beach and breakers. Was it the levelling quality of these or crowd psychology? They were all just people.

The day passed.

Twilight darkened to night, and short-skirted, painted vaudeville girls flitted hither and yon with lantern-jawed Don Juans. Lights blazed. The Pier crawled. And there, swinging just clear of it all, Winona saw the moon. The noise of the crowd died away, and the meretricious gaiety faded out. Again she heard the surf on the rocks at the Grand. Was conscious of a feeling like a pervasive mental perfume. Like the Heights distilled in liquid poetry . . .

"When did you come?"

Winona told him, adding when Jasper Carew had manoeuvred two chairs to face the Old Swansea lights, "I



had secret qualms about speaking to you for fear you might look at me blankly and say kindly, 'Your face is familiar; are you someone I ought to know?'"

Mr. Carew laughed.

"You have a flair for surprising one, but to meet the unexpected by expecting it is good philosophy and excellent practice."

"You certainly surprised the man you rushed me away from."

"Norton? He's a musician. All wings and no feet. He was telling me how he came out of a grand opera in London, enraptured, when a too well upholstered woman stopped him. It spoilt his evening. He never saw the tragedy of her life—only that she had soiled the white robe of his illusions."

The influx of resorters had increased with the mid-August heat, and Mr. Carew gave Winona the tabloid histories of types he had met during the interim she was away. They included a mock-vampire; a cushion-soled girl, who had always been so busy helping queen quality girls entertain Opportunity when he called, that she was never at home when he knocked at her own door; a man addicted to narcotic absorption in psychic messages and spiritualist vaudeville; and a poetess who was an idealist without being a sentimentalist. Winona, visualizing Mr. Carew taking his turn with each, was just thinking she understood what Oscar Wilde meant when he wrote that to be suggestive for fiction was of more use than a fact, when he was called away by friends who had motored out from the city.

Walking around the piazza she sauntered along her beloved bower road to Dana Britton's garden. *Unchanged!* How good it was to be back! Ensconced on the steps under the hop-vines, which the old servitor had told her came from Kent County, she found herself thinking about Dana Britton and how often he must have sat here. In the two-volume work of his life, perused by Saturday visi-

tors, she had read how one year he passed an entire summer without painting because the light was not right for his picture, and the next season produced "Storm-Surf"—his masterpiece. If he had fed his fire with himself and perished in it, the flame had mounted high, and lighted and warmed, and others had ignited their torches at it. Jasper Carew painted by Dana Britton. That was a stair unclimbed. She brooded, thinking of the flight above her. Some people, like some plants, needed to be transplanted to grow. Often writing stories she felt the brush of other minds. Months later, in a better magazine than that in which her brain child made its *début*, its twin appeared, but nourished by a wealthier parent, accomplished, travelled, cosmopolite.

Winona started and glanced hastily toward the gate. No one had entered, yet she had a feeling that Jasper Carew was with her. Had his friends gone and he come out on the piazza again? Which had captured him—mock-vampire or poetess? Just then she saw his white figure coming under the trunk arch.

"I *knew* you would be here." He came up and sat down beside her. "What a night! I suppose I interrupted an important scene in the process of creation?"

"It doesn't matter."

"You have a good setting."

"Yes. That is, I wasn't thinking. I mean—" her voice trailed off into silence.

"With the Poetess," he suggested pointedly, "all barriers are down."

"Yes?"

"Yes. I can enter into her every thought as easily as I walked into this garden."

"How very convenient. Men have sometimes struck me as making paths to every desirable woman they meet. When they marry, they turn these paths into sort of blind alleys. What a lot of blind alleys you will have, Mr. Carew."

"We all start in a mess of Rosalines and are working through them to a Juliet. We don't know this at first and some fresher Rosaline forever *seems* Juliet. But at last we see the real Juliet, and loving her means absolute indifference to Rosalines. It is like the ripening red on a strawberry, impossible without the preceding weeks of blossom and growth.

He looked at her. His breath came short and quick, and he fell silent. They were both silent. But it was as if in those moments without speech they drew nearer together than in all the previous days with it. In a spirit world beyond time and space their souls met and blended. Their natures flowed together. For an ecstatic moment Winona was Jasper Carew and Jasper Carew was everyone in the universe who had ever lived and loved. Then the universe shrank . . . shrank . . . till there were just the two, and one of the two was drawing away.

"What—what happened?"

Instead of answering, Mr. Carew took a turn up and down the lawn.

"How is Marcus?" he inquired, in a voice that sounded strained and cold, coming to her side again.

"Who?"

"Marcus. How is he getting on?"

"He isn't. I had forgotten all about him."

"You speak as though you were rather proud of your lapse."

"Oh, if I could dip my pen in those liquid moonshavings or in the Old Swansea lights . . . I am too happy to write."

Mr. Carew made no response to this, and turning Winona saw his sombre gaze fixed upon her.

"It's like a spell. Couldn't you stay here forever?"

"Well, no," he drawled, and taking out his watch muttered something about turning in early.

"It's a crime to go in!" she wailed to the Bay of Naples view, as they passed the Grand. But Jasper Carew seemed not to hear.

At the Westcliff he opened the door

for her ceremoniously and said good-night. Listening, she heard his step quicken as he walked round the piazza. He was going back to the Grand—to the Poetess. She went on up to her room. Sitting down at the table she reached for writing materials, and her fingers began to move . . . .

*At last!*

\*

Winona sat down on the mossy ledge in the Sanctuary woods. She had breakfasted early, and despite the weather forecast presaging rain started off right after. To revisit alone a spot you have shared with a rare companion is not exhilarating, but Winona's thoughts glanced off that. They glanced off last night with its ambiguities and contradictions. For out of it all Marcus was emerging, vague of outline, splashes of camouflage still showing.

Subconsciously she had been aware of voices approaching along the serpentine of the boardwalk, and now she recognized the voice of the Poetess. From behind her coign of vantage Winona watched her come into view and turn to say something over her shoulder to her escort. Then he came up, and for several minutes they stopped while he appeared to be pointing out beauty spots till, moving on again, Winona caught the words, "We all start in a mess of Rosalines and are working through them to a Juliet. We don't know this at first and some fresher Rosaline . . ." Trees came between, and when they reappeared they were almost out of sight.

For perhaps two minutes—or five—or fifteen—Winona sat perfectly still. Then she rose and walked away in the direction of Long Beach.

Late in the afternoon, returning, she saw far up the beach a gray speck. As she came nearer it grew into a man, and the man assumed the physical proportions of Mr. Carew. When they came opposite he stopped.

"I couldn't find you after lunch. I fancied we had planned to do something together."

"It didn't matter."

Mr. Carew looked at her.

"No; it didn't matter." His gaze turned to the breakers and restless sea beyond. "A good companion," he observed, indicating it.

"Yes . . . I saw you with another this morning—but you didn't see me."

"I saw you."

"But you never —"

"I saw you. The Poetess has a well-filled mind, and is continually spilling something out of it. She has known glamour and felt it die as something precious dies of a malignant disease, and gone on living, turning her very griefs into poetry. She may arrive if she meets her Robert Browning. It takes two to love anything into being. Fuel and fire must meet to exist."

His eyes were magnets drawing her to him—and his words missiles beating her off.

"How's Laura?" he asked, brusquely, when they had walked awhile in silence.

"She has gone into the discard. I mean the whole plan of the novel is reconstructed. There is to be no heroine as such. Women may come and women may go, but Marcus goes on forever, playing the heroic part in every life he touches. It might be made rather effective, don't you think?"

"Oh, what I think!"

"You don't like it. By the way you speak I know you don't like it, and yet last night—"

"Henry James, in his 'Madonna of the Future', gives the story of an artist who studied for years his model, but never produced his picture. He meant to show an idealist who had the soul but lacked the technical touch. A truer story, however, would show how perception, ripening and gathering vision, would also gather love until one day, the canvas being complete, it would vanish but leave the artist the man he was painting. The man was 'doing' the artist, all the time and finally produced him, *Live* your novel

before writing it," he concluded.

"If I lived it I would never write it."

"Well?"

"You don't know what it is to have this desire to write fastened upon you! Forced by it to live the lives of others. Never at liberty to live your own. Defrauded by it of your own thoughts, your own personality. When most you want to be like other people, to feel it stealing, stealing, upon you—and to be glad that it is so."

"And what, you extraordinary girl, do you take me for?"

"You? Why you are Jasper Carew."

"Now there you go! Speaking as if I was one of your characters 'Sold to bondage of great deeds', as if this was a scene, and you had it all arranged how it was going to end."

"Oh, end! There are four of us."

"Four of us?"

"You and I, and Marcus and Laura—and the greatest of these is Marcus."

"I see what you mean, of course."

"What, you mean, you have made me see."

"If you like to put it that way—yes."

They had reached the junipered cliff, and propelled by the wind took refuge in Britton's garden.

"Won't you tell me a play?"

"No. This is real."

Yes, this was real. But Winona no longer felt like a sensitized plate upon which emotions stamped themselves, but like something about to be born. No power on earth could stop it now. It must come—her Seventh Wave.

\*

It was the first night of "Marcus: The Man With a Message".

New York's largest theatre held a capacity audience. No one knew who wrote the play, but everyone knew what Gloster Barry, the stage wizard, had said about it. So they came.

Winona Strange came with the rest. She sat in a box with friends, out-

wardly as disinterested and detached as they. Through the co-operation of Gloster Barry, who from the first was struck with the possibilities of the play, she had been able to preserve her anonymity. A new star had recently emerged from the lesser Broadway constellations. Tall, impressive, magnetic, David Kingman was made for Marcus and Marcus for him. It was exactly what Winona wished. Marcus would come, as it were, self-created. She had effaced herself. Got out of the way. But now that the great moment had arrived, she should have liked to act as Greek Chorus and tell the people what was coming, so that they might from the very beginning see Marcus.

There had been times when she had almost given up the play, which had grown out of the embryo novel. Times when she reverted to little waves. Times when something—drove. As with a semblance of calm she contributed her quota to the patter of conversation in the box, she was wondering if Jasper Carew was there. Thinking back . . .

Suddenly she caught her breath with the little thrill she used when a chill to feel Christmas morning when it was here. The faces in the theatre were receding with the descending dark. The curtain went reefing up.

The first act familiarizes the audience with a coterie of summer resort types, in a setting the replica of Juniper Heights. Dana Britton's—the boardwalk—the Grand—even the Old Swansea lights—they are as real as art and lavish expenditure of money can make them. In the second act Marcus appears. Alters the mind of men, the color of things. Changes egotism into unselfism, the "I" of yesterday into the "We" of to-day. Stirs to life the God-meant person in each. Lives his message. Passes on.

The last acts depict the "types" scattered. Out in the marts of the world. Doing their little deeds. Meeting their little dooms. There is a scene of gripping realism where one

of the erstwhile young sports is confronted with a crisis which calls for a strength that, war-weary and unnerved, he does not possess. For a moment he hesitates. And in that moment the pandemonium of war fades. He sees junipered cliffs. Hears Marcus telling of the heroes of old. Feels again the old spell of him. "Carries on". In another scene a politician, who through Marcus's cogent advice has acquired the habit of success, is tendered an ovation, and afterward drawn about by the enthusiastic populace, while Marcus stands unnoticed in the crowd. The regeneration of a social climber supplies comedy. Because of him an artist is spurred on to immortal achievement, and a poetess wears the laurel of fame.

In the final scene Marcus is back at Juniper Heights.

Unknown.

Forgotten.

The disciple of one of his disciples quotes to him one of his own sayings. Everyone there has been Marcusized.

His work is done. He walks the old paths alone.

Sunset finds him in Dana Britton's garden.

Slowly the radiance fades out, till only his majestic figure is seen silhouetted against the darkening sea.

The curtain falls . . . . . And rises again, showing Marcus standing as before, but the moon rides high, and the Old Swansea lights are the Gate O' Dreams through which old and young pass with Memory.

For a long moment there was absolute silence in the hypnotized house. Everyone in it had *seen* Marcus, and seeing him had seen themselves as they might have been if—and if—and if. The applause, when it came, swept the theatre, dying down only to break out anew.

But Winona Strange heard none of it. For someone had come into the box behind, and in her ear a voice—a voice like a caress—was whispering: "Until the picture being complete. . . . ."

# THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE OLD LOG HOUSE\*

*Behind the  
Poplars*

IT is towards the evening of an autumn day. An old man, the oldest in the village, a pioneer indeed, enters the little log house that snuggles behind the poplars half-way up the hill. Like the man, the house is rich in years; like him, also, it is battered and weather-beaten. But these two, the dweller and the dwelling, present many points of picturesqueness. They began here together, when the great forest almost smothered them, before the place itself had even a name, and together they have settled down in serene and complacent age.

Still they are not wholly serene, for the room into which the man enters embraces a low, peculiar, whirring, crooning sound. It is a sound not unfamiliar to the neighbor boy who is suffered to enter at will, lured thither by the sight of mink and muskrat swinging from a gun across the old man's shoulder. Yet in the gloom of the interior, where no object is sharply defined, the sound impresses the boy as something weird and uncanny. He knows, however, that it is a homely sound, and as his eyes become accustomed to the dim light, he distinguishes the bent form of an old woman spinning yarn. The woman, like the house and the man, has stood against time and hard weather, but upon her face, even now, you can see shining the spirit of benevolence. She calls the boy to her side, and bids him watch her transfer the yarn from the spinner to the winder. Then she turns the smaller wheel slowly, and when it clicks, as she explains, it warns her that it has revolved forty times, which is one skein. A wooden wheel that speaks when it has done its work. And still we wonder at our latest inventions. But no marvel of this new century can take in that boyish imagination the place of the little wooden winding-wheel in the log house behind the poplars.

The old man has been visiting his traps. He throws the game into the woodshed, lays a couple of traps in a corner,

*"Home is  
the Hunter"*

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\*A reprint.

*With Flint  
and Steel*

and hangs the gun on pegs close to the ceiling. It is a bit chilly, he thinks, and the old woman, who is setting her wheel aside, enjoins him to start a fire. So he takes down from a rude shelf above a ruder fire-place two small articles, one like a piece of stone, the other like a piece of iron. And that, in fact, is what they are: the flint and steel of former days. He goes down upon his knees before the fender, sets out a few pieces of punk, above which he poises his hands, the flint in one, the steel in the other. There is a moment of hesitation, and then he strikes. The sound is sharp and brittle, as the flint and steel come together with a quick, sliding motion. Down through the gloom shoots a point of flame, but the punk does not ignite. He strikes again, but misses fire. A third time he tries, and then the boy sees a fine spiral of smoke rise above the punk. Bending closer, the old man blows his breath upon the spot that has ignited, and soon a flame appears. The flame increases and bites into the dead branches laid for its feasting. It roars and snaps, and these sounds of burning take the place of the spinning-wheel's weird wail. It has a cheery sound, and it sends forth a pleasant, flickering glow. But that is not enough, for the old woman takes down a candle from the dresser-head and lights it at the fire. She sets it in the centre of the table, and begins to lay out the things for supper. She invites the boy to sup with them, but he must run across the road and ask permission.

It is quite dark outside now, and few things sound above the quiet of the village. But blackbirds chatter in the poplars, and someone is making a creaking noise with a pump. Very likely it is the shoemaker; he usually goes out at this hour to get water to soak leather in over night. His is one of the few pumps in the village; most of the people go to the common spring near the mill.

The boy obtains permission to remain for supper with the old couple. He comes rushing back from his own home, and just as he is crossing the road he notices in the dusk a small group standing a few yards away. Curiosity causes him to stop and join them. The old mail-carrier has arrived, much later than usual, and as it promises to be a pitch black night he is borrowing a lantern from the teamster who lives in the house that used to be a tavern. The lantern is large and square, and on one side there is a door that opens. The boy sees the mail-carrier take off his dogskin mittens, hold the lantern up level with his face, open the door and set a candle within. Then the carpenter and the doctor each strike a match, and when the carpenter's fails, the doctor thrusts his forward and lights the candle.

*And then  
with a Match*

*The Faces of  
the Group*

The flame inside now casts a pleasant glow upon the faces of the group: and, to this day, after forty years, the boy still visualizes each member—the mail-carrier, with his hooked nose and large iron-rimmed spectacles; the teamster, with fiery red beard and little peaked cap; the carpenter, in checked flannel shirt-sleeves and hairy neck; the weaver, with gray Scotch beard, dour expression and high cheek-bones; and, above all, with mild, congenial mien, the ample form of the doctor. The doctor is saying that the lantern will be useful on so dark a night, with the roads bad under the fall rains. He advises the carrier to keep to the new road over the “mountain”, and to look ahead for the bridge crossing the Sable. The bridge was all right when he crossed it this morning on the way from attending the school-master’s wife on the Boundary, but the water had been rising and the logs were not overly secure. The teamster thought that the township ought to be hauled up for not building a new bridge, and he said with no uncertainty that if he should break through with a load of stones he would sue for loss of time as well as of material.

The boy turns towards the log house. He can see the fire-light flickering within and smell already the scones and potatoes frying over the coals. It is an appetizing smell, and he knows that they will have tea and molasses also. But it is not for these things that he goes now into that homely abode; it is to hear the old man’s tales of earlier days, and see him skin the mink and muskrat. He looks on his host as on a great hunter, and likes the very sight of the steel traps, some of them with toothed jaws, and, above all, the huge beartrap. He fancies himself a hunter, also a great hunter, with a gun of his own and top boots and a case shielding a blade pointed like a dagger.

As they draw up to the table, the old man points to honey in the place of molasses. Real wild honey! What a treat! The boy can hardly wait until they come properly to it. But the old woman covers his plate with potatoes hot from the pan and spreads his scone so that the butter melts before his very eyes. Still, there is honey ahead, real wild honey. And he chuckles to himself over the big cupful of tea set in front of him, with cream from the brindle which he and the other children drove with the village herd home from the bush.

Supper over, the old man skins the mink and muskrat and stretches each hide on a shingle rounded at one end. Then he tacks them to a beam above the fireplace, where they will remain until quite dry. These overhead beams support a remarkable variety of provisions drying there against the requirements of the oncoming winter. Strings of quartered

*A Variety of  
Provisions*

*Apples, Meat,  
Corn,  
Pumpkin*

apples, brown and shrivelled, stretch from beam to beam, and pieces of meat hang by cords tied to nails. Long strips of pumpkin provide a note of yellow, and a few ears of corn, like tubes of orange against the whitewashed logs, are retained there for spring planting.

The old woman, having washed the dishes and greased the good man's boots, gets out her knitting and joins the other two, who now are sitting before the fire. The old man is smoking, and his socks, as he thrusts his feet towards the fire, send up a visible volume of steam. He remembers the time when life was not as comfortable as it is now, when they had no candles, even, and no floor but the bare earth. That was when the children were little, before some of them were born. But they grew up, all but one, and went their several ways, and oftentimes he wishes for the earthen floor and the windy chinks and his little ones again. One of the boys went to Michigan, another to Dakota, two to Manitoba, and one to the devil; while the two girls married young and went to live hundreds of miles away.

But they were good old days, those early pioneer days, when forty miles to mill, on foot, with a bag of wheat, was a nice little change of air. There was no doctor then, my boy, in case of sickness, no mail-carrier, no tavern, no store, no church, no nothing. But settlers came, for the land was good—Scotch settlers to the south, English to the east and west, Irish to the north. A saw-mill started, and they got planks for the floor and boards for the partition, the very same floor and partition that we now behold. Hunting was not hunting in those days, for the game came right up to your very door. Deer passed by within gunshot every day, and bear and part-ridge, the wild turkey and wild pigeon, geese, ducks, and rabbits flourished on every hand.

Then came civilization, my boy, and school-teaching and church-going and what not. They had log houses everywhere, and good houses, too, as we see this one, the only one left. The old man would never forget the raising of his own house, this very house. There were no neighbors within miles in any direction, so that they had to invite help from the Boundary. And it was a fatal raising, for poor Neil McAlpin was struck dead by a beam falling, and his young widow, an old woman when her turn came, was laid to rest in the graveyard just the other day. They had chosen the site for the house because there was an abundance of spring water at hand. A clearing of a hundred and fifty feet square was made, so that if any tree should fall by wind or axe it could not harm the house.

*The Site of  
the House*



In the middle of this clearing, with stumps sticking up all round, the house was built. It was twenty-two feet long by eighteen wide, as anyone still could see. Count the logs, my boy, and you will see that they are eight below the beams and four above. The roof is of split timber supported on rafters of unhewn saplings. Of course it is covered with shingles now, and there is an upstairs also, something that had never been thought of until the children began to grow and the saw-mill to supply lumber. It was easy enough work to hew and notch the logs and with oxen draw them into position. It was easy enough work, also, to lay the lower ones. But when it came to placing them in position above the reach of a man standing it was not so easy. To do that they used forked poles. One of the end poles broke, allowing the log to slide quickly to the ground. Poor Neil had not time to move aside. His gravestone, which was not put there until he had been in the ground twenty years, bears an inscription which says that he died performing his duty.

*Count  
the Logs,  
my Boy*

It was the duty of the pioneer settler to help his neighbor. Had it not been so there would have been no neighborhood, no common settlement. And the exigencies of neighborhood brought forth those fine social qualities that were the distinguishing features of early days in Upper Canada. The old man, as he smokes by the fire, has no idea that the time will come when self-respecting men will think of killing a hog and not sending pieces of the fresh meat to their neighbors. And likewise as to beef and mutton. For fresh meat still is a delicacy—there is no butcher to call every day. Interdependence is the backbone of every community, and what affects one oftentimes affects all. The raising-bee, the quilting-bee, the sewing-bee, the paring-bee, the sawing-bee, the threshing-bee—all these festive occasions are customs of the day, yet the old man never dreams that they will not endure. For how can he foresee the things that will change the aspect of rural life? How can he predict the telephone, the electric railway, the motor-car, the gasoline engine? He is just an old pioneer, with flint and steel, candle and fireplace, muzzle-loader, and home-made bullets. He looks to the past, not to the future, little reckoning that the boy at his side will become the man of to-morrow. He has seen the flail give way to the threshing-machine driven by horses walking in a circle and a man standing in the middle wielding a long whip and emitting a longer whistle. He has seen the reaper supercede the scythe. He has seen oil actually burning in a lamp and shedding out an incredible light. He has seen wood burning in an iron stove

*Marvels of  
his Day*

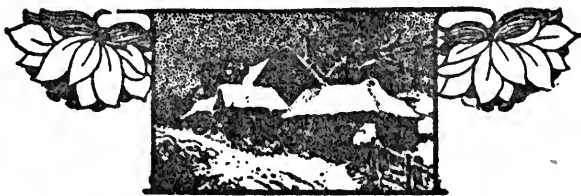
*As well think  
of Flying*

set in the middle of the floor. He has heard of machines that knit, and of men riding on wheels propelled by themselves. As well might one think of flying. By many persons matches are used even in his time, and not long ago he heard a man say that you could get a gun that can be charged in a second. Of course, he doesn't believe that, nor does he see any sense in talking about being able to hear a person speaking a hundred miles away. And he would regard it as sheer nonsense were anyone to tell him that some day the boy at his side would be able to leave to posterity the sound of his voice.

Thus we see the pioneer of the log house forty years ago. He is the father of his country, for out from his house and thousands of other log houses have gone forth young men and young women who are making the nation great. And the little boy who now rises from the fireplace, having listened to recollections of the past, looks forward into the future. He is of a later generation, and he must withdraw. And in good time, too, for the old woman is nodding over her knitting, and the old man's pipe has gone out.

The boy walks quietly across the floor, opens the door and passes out. The village is in darkness, except at the store, where the keeper is at this very moment putting up the shutters. He is a little later than usual, but, then, he is postmaster also, and the mail was behind time to-night. The boy scarcely heeds these things. He crosses the road and pauses on his own doorstep. A dog howls somewhere down the concession. The night is very dark. Yet the sky is lighter than the earth, and against it, silhouetted in black, the boy sees through the poplars the outlines of the log house. He sees the window, ruddy with the glow from fire and candle. He sees the old man rise, place his pipe on the shelf, and take down the big Book. There is only one book in that house, a book thumb-marked and dog-eared, and even a boy might guess its name.

*Take Down  
the Big Book*







THE FISHING FLEET

From the Painting by  
R. F. Gagen, R.C.A.



THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## CANADA AS SHE IS NOT

BY HAMILTON M. LAING



NE of my chief excuses for this literary perpetration is that not long ago I was inveigled into seeing the movies. It was a screen play of the North, of the Canadian hinterland, and it gave me mental jim-jams. It was called—but no matter; to me it was "Canada as She Is Not", or perhaps "My Canada Outraged". I sat it out because I had to be polite, and also I confess because, being more or less human, I wanted to see the pretty little blonde heroine fall into the willing arms of that lonely Northwest mountie—a gallant chap. Instead she fell willingly into the amorous clutches of Pierre or Baptiste Somebody, a northern Halfbreed of French and perhaps Chipewyan vintage—also a gallant chap, mark you. Now for the heroine to marry the wrong hero is unpardonable, and of itself enough to spoil a good play for almost anyone; but the thing otherwise was all wrong. I came away feeling sore, double-crossed, my sense of the fitness of

things outraged. The whole piece was a parody on the North.

To begin with, the story was filmed in the Sierras of California!—up in the beautiful hills where the red-barked, long-leaved yellow pines twinkle their needle-clusters in the bright sun, where every vista is full of loveliness and the white peaks of eternal snow gleam in the summer sunshine across the blue valleys. No such vistas have been discovered to date in the North. Up North there are no mountains worth mentioning, and the land is a jumble of spruce woods, jackpine ridges, muskegs, rocky hills and marshes. The pine of the North is the stunted, short-leaved jackpine, a brother to the lodge-pole pine of the western mountains. But this was only one detail. The Hudson's Bay Company's boats should have been scows; the log shack was not built correctly and should have been plastered with mud; the dog hero should have been a long-haired huskie and not a sleek-haired police dog; the rifles should have been .30-30 Win-

chesters, etc., etc. There was not during the whole show a single sign or indication of mosquitoes, bulldogs, deer-flies, black flies, sand flies, fleas, cooties or other insect pests. Not even once did the mountie's horse switch its tail.

Then, everybody's clothes were wrong. No Scotch Hudson's Bay Co. factor ever raised such a son — he looked and dressed like a city dude; the poor mountie was attired in Uncle Sam's doughboy clothes and wore a Sam Browne!—he should have had black breeches with yellow stripe and a stunning scarlet tunic; the heroine was too pretty—far too pretty; and that cross-bred hero—I can't get over this—had no business winning her. He did not even wear moccasins; no one did. Now it is not that way up in the Canadian woods at all; I know; I have just come back. During the past season, in five or six hundred miles of northern railroad travel—(on that most terrible "hay-wire" line that runs now and again and mostly over the same general route between Edmonton and Fort McMurray)—and a thousand odd miles of canoe travel in the Lake Athabaska region, I maintain that I saw no half-breeds eligible for heroship and no pretty heroines.

True, I did see one pretty little peach-bloom girl of eighteen who had come in with her parents on a home-stead mission; but she was fresh from Oregon, and anyway they turned right around and went out again. They had to. That innocent young lady depopulated the bosom of about a score of young white trappers, broke up partnerships and friendships of long standing and altogether innocently raised Ned. Some of the poor fellows pulled up stakes and hit the trail for Oregon too.

But my chief quarrel with that movie, I feel, was the hero. I confess I now find it hard to accept the type; I find it hard to love such a hero as I should. Perhaps I am biased in the matter on account of the fact that for seven months the northern natives

called me a "moonias". "Moonias" is Cree for greenhorn—an outsider. I may not have the correct spelling, but I have exhausted all sources of information and will let it go at that. It is what they called me. Though it sounds like it, the word seems really to have nothing to do with Luna or the long-eared animal. If you come from outside you simply are a "moonias". The native considers that he himself is on the inside; the rest of the world is beyond the pale. Where he draws the line I could not for long find out. One of my comrades had built campfires all over America, also in Europe, and had campaigned in Africa with the immortal Teddy, yet he was a "moonias" too. I felt that I was getting to be an old campaigner myself but it mattered not. It was the first Indian word I learned in the North and it was applied to me.

It was months before my slow mind worked it out. It was all a matter of footwear. If you wish to be orthodox, an insider, non-"moonias", you merely wear moose-hide moccasins. The country walks on moose-hide. When you can wear this footwear the North accepts you. Not everyone from outside can wear it. If you have corns or tender feet, or incline your toes outward while on the march, you will not like these moccasins. If you like dry feet when moisture is abroad you will not like them. But if you have been caught young, have not broken your limbs to high heels, can toe straight ahead like a moose or a noble red man—the latter used to be noble I believe—if you have plenty of patience, fortitude and socks, you may get along very well, become non-"moonias" and in time even grow to like moccasins. A flat-soled rubber usually is worn over the moccasin in wet weather. For this Indian-tanned hide is as pliable as cloth, as porous as blotting paper—and wears but a little longer. Only an Indian getting his leather for the shooting and getting it tanned by that branch of home economics that might be designed as squaw-power—she works for her grub,

of course and traps and snares a good deal of it—only such a man could afford to wear moccasins steadily.

All hands here wear them, young and old, male and female, acclimatized whites as well as Indians. The native may not be born in them but he dons them very shortly; he often dies in them. The squaws and Breed women are all clever at making them—small or large according to demand. I asked a Breed woman to show me the pattern she used, and when she understood me she said there was no pattern, that she just made them. But scarcely two pairs of moccasins are just alike; there is a wide variety of cut, design and material. The lower part is always moose-hide; the top may be moose, caribou or even canvas. The frontis-piece on the instep may be the same or of colored velvet.

This last is the decorated part and may be worked in gaudy horse-hair, porcupine quills, silk or beads. The moccasin may have red or black wings of thin felt or caribou leather. A pair of the more aristocratic product is a work of art. The artistic temperament of the North—and there is a good deal of it too—runs to moccasins, expresses itself in moccasin fronts. Occasionally a little of it wanders to a moose-hide jacket also. Social caste here is expressed in terms of moccasins. Only the poorest trash about the posts wear canvas-topped footwear. The Hudson's Bay Company factor wears a ninety-dollar suit of blue serge and a pair of ornate moose-skin shoes that will put out your eye. And yet I cannot help recalling that Baptiste, the wretch who won that pretty heroine, wore larrigans!

As I said, the natives tan their own leather. The tanning process consists mainly of working the hide while it is wet. First the green hide is dried. Old moose give the best leather; the younger animals are too thin-skinned. Then the heavy crop of hair is removed. This is done by main force assisted by an iron or bone

scraper; the persuasive power is applied by the tanner who gets down on her knees upon the hide. Next the hide is soaked, scraped, rubbed and dried. The brains of the moose and a little tallow are rubbed into it. The process is repeated several times and then it is smoked. Under this treatment it becomes soft, pliable and porous, is light tawny yellow in color and smells like the inside of an old-fashioned smoke-house.

But this story has more to do with the wearers of moose-hide moccasins than with the footwear itself. I have used the term "native" and "Indian" here to apply to the northerners of Indian blood. As a matter of fact there is little pure Indian blood left except in the extreme outpost, and little explored places. Which might mean a good deal (as according to statistics Canada claims an unexplored hinterland of some 850,000 square miles) but for the fact that all the Indians come out to the posts to trade. So most northern Indians are Scotchmen. Sandy has ever been a good mixer. The ancient and honorable company has stamped itself indelibly upon the northland. If your native is not a Mac—he is a Baptiste. When we got up near sixty degrees North and away out in the wilds met an Indian claiming the name of Weeso Denagoo, I rejoiced in a real original inhabitant—until I discovered that Weeso is a corruption of Louisa. We met one Indian—he was from away out in the Dubawnt River country—who said proudly "Me Indian! Me no white man!" He looked it, but his name was Paul Cook. I accepted him with reservations.

The natives up here are roughly of two classes—the post Indians and treaty Indians. But it is at best a doubtful classification, and there is some overlapping. There are many natives who remain at the posts and are employed variously by the trading companies. They may run a short trap-line out from the post in winter or they may devote their entire time to doing little or nothing at the

post. How some of these folk manage to eat is not very evident; that they do speaks well for the country. But then no one works hard or often there. On the other hand the treaty Indian lives off in the woods and comes in to the post only to trade. If nearby he makes two visits yearly; if far out he makes but one. There are many of the latter who live in canvas tepees the year through and do not even build log shacks.

At one near-defunct reservation we visited we found half a dozen well-built log houses—hewn logs, bark roofs, clay and stone fireplaces, etc., but all were unoccupied and decaying. They were too cold, the natives said; they preferred the tepee. Both classes plainly delight in the tent life. At the post the commonest sight is to see a tent pitched behind the white-washed shack. If there is a log house in Fort Chipewyan that is not white-washed (on the outside) I have forgotten it. I have heard it said that this tenting is due to the fact that by spring the tenants have to get out of the shack to give the place a chance to renovate itself.

At the larger posts treaty time near midsummer is the big event of the year. All the outlying trappers and their families aim to get in at this time. It is their one big annual social reunion. They aim to get in before the date set for the distribution of treaty money. In canoes and boats of every kind and description they work post-wards—dogs and all. An Indian's dogs are a large part of his family, necessary, in fact indispensable to his well being. However, fortunately, for the taxpayers of the Dominion he draws the governmental regulation of money per head only on the human members of his family. When the clans have gathered Chipewyan becomes a tented town. It is the natives' only taste of community life. To these simple-minded folk of the wilds it means about everything worth while; the post is their metropolis. Now the trading and gaming and spending, the feasting, fiddling

and dancing, the gossiping and scandal-mongering—it is all a glorious picnic. But it is not a Sunday school picnic.

During the last few years or since the price of fur became so fabulous that only laboring men's wives and sweethearts could afford to wear mink and fox and marten, treaty time has been a lively time. The native found himself suddenly prosperous. At least he found himself possessed of a large amount of credit or cash. Small wonder, when rats during the winter of '19-'20 were worth from four to six dollars—(each, not a dozen)—when red foxes hovered around seventy-five dollars, mink around fifty dollars and marten around one hundred dollars. A winter's catch of furs now amounted to from a thousands dollars to five times as much. Now an Indian and his money are soon parted. That parting is the job of the northern trader—and the Hudson's Bay Company has no monopoly of this work now as in the good old days. Fairly and justly, painlessly and without anaesthetic, to separate the native from his money, extract his wad—that is the joyful task of the trader.

Which, it would seem, is not so very hard. Money, especially, to the nomadic Indian means little; a bank account is his most remote wish. What he does want is trade, goods, something tangible. He gets these tangible things now anywhere on the list from Baltimore oysters (in cans) or Ontario jam, up or down to silks and expensive clothing, to sewing machines and outboard motors. A few years ago it was gramophones but that game now seems played out. We found these things among the least civilized and most remote-dwelling of the Indians that reached Chipewyan, even the "wild" Caribou eaters. When a native has money he trades it off. His squaw ably assists him. They buy things sometimes for which they have no earthly use. On the scow as we journeyed to Fon du Lac we saw the captain in trying to move some luggage, spill the contents of a small



trunk belonging to a motherly old squaw. It was a fearful and wonderful spill—but modestly forbids me.

Prosperity at the time of our visit was evident everywhere.<sup>1</sup> We saw Indians dressed in serge suits, their females in black silks—the northern madam shows a fondness for black much more than for gaudy colors; and we saw stiff-brimmed felt hats that cost perhaps twenty-five dollars; ornate gold time-pieces that must have killed two marten skins; rifles and shot-guns that—originally—had been good weapons, dozens of brand new, canvas-covered canoes—the fashion now; new nets, new tents, new pots and pans. I wonder how many of those indestructible old Hudson's Bay Company's copper kettles during the last two or three years went into the discard in favor of some present-day tinware or granite-ware. We found the faithful old relics at several camp-grounds. On one vacated campsite I counted twenty-four tin cans scattered among various odds and ends—a mute reminder of a feast or two at treaty time.

But I cannot lightly pass those firearms. The rifles of this region are the .30-30 Winchester, and they are here in all stages of imperfection from the almost new gun back along the ancestral trail to ancient rattle-traps bound up with rabbit-wire, and that apparently are some of the first of this model that were manufactured. All the trade stores stock little other rifle ammunition than the .30-30. But these rifles are not often as old as they appear. The Indian's rifle grows old very young. There is only one thing that the native uses worse than his dog and his squaw and that is his rifle or gun. He may carry it in a case of moosehide; but one glance through the barrel of the weapon is enough to put a modern rifle crank on his back for the count. Nitro solvents and cleaning rods are unknown here. It is the same with shot-guns. Our Indian Weeso showed us his trusty doubled-barrel. It was of reputable American make, originally a high-class

gun, but—how had the mighty fallen!—it now was the sort of gun that demanded courage to fire it. It is safe to say that it had never been cleaned. I glanced through the breech at the sky and shuddered; it was like looking up a chimney. How such weapons perform their mission is a mystery—but they don't. All killing is done at the shortest range. White hunters here say that the natives are poor shots. It is doubtless due largely to the neglected weapons.

Prosperity was very evident in the natives' waste of ammunition, and from Chipewyan northward food for guns costs two or three times its original value. We saw both Breeds and Chipewyans hunting in the marshes both in spring and fall. To get a few birds they shot prodigiously. They seemed to fail to comprehend the factor of distance and frequently fired at ranges that were utterly impossible. True, we met one Breed who was an expert shot, but he was a Chippewa who had migrated from northern Minnesota; and there are hunters at Chipewyan who bear the reputation of being expert wing shots, but these two or three men, while of mixed blood, are mainly white. I feel sure that during the season we saw fifty rifle shots thrown uselessly into the air at migrant geese, and not a bird came down. On the last day of a hunt during which we had two Breed guides, while home-coming along the lake-shore, these two braves began a spirited bombardment with their rifles at blue-bill ducks out on the water. They fired a dozen or fifteen shots apiece without any apparent damage and when an old eagle winged over they gave him a veritable grand salute. When I tried to deliver a lecture on wastefulness to John, the younger of the two hunters—for Bear-lugs plainly was beyond redemption—he said that he had six hundred more rifle shells at home. John had made twenty-eight hundred dollars the previous winter from the sale of moose meat and marten pelts and he had to spend it somehow.

In the matter of northern dogs the animal here is the wolf-coated huskie. Just what a huskie is would be difficult to say exactly; but in general definition he is a dog with a sprinkling of wolf in him. Any kind of dog, any color will suffice, but he must show the wolf. He must be big and strong and able to bear hard knocks and starvation and he must wear a storm coat. Dogs here winter outside; they must be hardy enough to curl up on the snow in the coldest weather. No short-haired dog could stand such weather even if he could endure the hard knocks and periodical starvation. A small dog has little chance of survival in the North; huskies dine on small dogs. And the northern dog is a sour-tempered, glum, soulless brute utterly incapable of rescuing a fair lady from the amorous clutches of the villain. If Huskie started in at all he would make a meal of the job. A civilized, half-human dog is capable of such a rescue, but a huskie—never! He has not ambition enough; he would require an extra hand to thrash him into making a start. The life is whaled and starved out of him. One of the most severe indictments against the northern native is his treatment of his dogs. It is often almost unbelievably harsh and inhuman.

As for the canoe man in the movies, Baptiste did fairly well. But I have more than a faint suspicion that his art was entirely unconscious. The northern native in a canoe is entirely a joke. The canoes we saw in common use were either of wood or were the canvas-covered type, all of course imported from the factories outside. At first sight of a native in a canoe up there I wondered what sort of game he was playing, but I soon discovered that the northerner has nautical ways of his own. They all performed alike. They sit low—as low as anatomy and the canoe will allow, and with short, rapid strokes spoon away, two to three strokes at a time on each side. In changing hands and sides the paddle is flipped high in the air. Real canoe-

ing Indians from down in the region of the Great Lakes, and white canoe men too for that matter, always enjoy this comical spectacle of nautical locomotion. The northerner says that his method has the advantage that he does not tire. Which considering the latitude is a fairly good reason; for this native has a positive horror of growing tired.

What is probably also in his head is that canoes tip less easily when the weight is low; and he is afraid of water. Very much afraid. Northern water is usually cold and wet and not one native in a score can swim a stroke. In travelling they always stick close to the shore, no matter how far around the bay. Time means nothing; safety means about everything. They are not runners of rapids—a lot of fiction to the contrary; rapids here have portage trails around them. Baptiste rode pell-mell down a rapid and endangered his life by plummeting over a straight fall of twelve or fifteen feet. Which does not ring true at all. There is far too much Scotch blood in these people to be caught in such an uncanny act.

Again Baptiste swam ashore through bad water, a heroic task. This is too much for the credulity of any one who has summered up near sixty degrees north. As stated previously, the native is afraid of water, and he carries his prejudice to the extent that he doesn't even bathe. At least we saw no evidence of anything of the sort. The squaws do a creditable family washing quite often, but wash themselves—that is different. You might as well expect to see a fish strolling up on the shore as see the native in the water.

This may be due to their extreme modesty. A northern traveller tells that when he stripped to go swimming all his canoe men turned their backs. A man without clothes seems to be a sight unusual and awful in the northern eye. Probably the prevalence of mosquitoes, bulldogs, black flies, etc., has some bearing in the case. I noted this same modesty on board our

scow when one of our party stripped and dived into the bay. Three or four natives were horrified and fascinated. I cannot forget the light in their eyes at seeing a good swimmer in the water. They could not face him on deck in the nude, but they could stand him in the water and stared and stared spellbound. As we swam about at Lobstick Island off Chipewyan one day—the water was surprisingly warm too—an elderly Indian rounded the point in his canoe. For a moment he did not know whether to come on or go back and he compromised by going *around* us. Venus herself scarce could have raised more trepidation. He stole furtive glances at our heads, but finally in a pleased, wondering way he exclaimed “Wawh-wa!” (Good). I have a well-anchored suspicion that many of these scions of their noble race live and die without experiencing the delights of a single immersion. It is perhaps relevant that the Baptist faith has never made any headway in the North.

There are a few birch-bark canoes in use in the North and even yet they come down to Chipewyan during the summer. But most of these canoes of home manufacture are rather poorly made and unsuited to compete with the efficiency of the factory product. Northern talent plainly does not lie in this direction. Probably the winters are too long and the season of open water too short to allow the native here to achieve as superbly as his red brother elsewhere. He is a poor craftsman in wood. He makes better snowshoes than birch-barks.

The freight-carrying boat of the North is the scow. Scows are of almost any size and are built of rough lumber or plank. They are best adapted for going down stream and travelling when one is not in a hurry. Before the days of gas-boats and “kickers” and when native help was commoner than steam power, most scows were propelled by sweeps, that is, by man-power applied to long, heavy oars, the workers standing up

and leaning to their labor. Such craft are better adapted to river than lake work as in a blow they are rather helpless. The scow of the Athabaska is a somewhat amphibious affair, capable of crawling around and over sand-bars and working a way through shallows where any other than flat bottoms must surely become stranded. Yet sluggish water is by no means the exclusive habitat of this freight carrier. For years whole fleets of scows ran the Grand Rapids in the Athabaska—but not one of them ever ran back.

The mixing with white blood, the adopting of more or less civilization, has made over the natives of the North into a newer generation that is neither savage nor civilized. They are nearly all converted to the Roman Catholic faith, though the Anglican Church also maintains missions in the North and claims a following. But it is doubtful that ostensible conversion greatly alters him. He rather has now become a fifty-fifty mixture of old superstition and new. The new creeds did not oust the old ones; they merely gave him a few more to worry over. He still cuts off the bear’s nose and the moose’s left eyebrow or something—it was all explained to me but I have forgotten the anatomical details—and hangs them up after a kill for good luck. If there is a shack in Chipewyan that hasn’t the carcass of a fox rotting on the roof it is because the owner of that house up to date has not been able to catch a fox. When he buries his relative off in the lonely woods he does not neglect the wooden cross; and he knows that the death was inevitable because he once found a whiskey jack’s nest. Which is really true—there being no time specified in the contract. When he gets into bad water he will pray hard enough, and at the same time throw tobacco overboard to make it right with the jinx that is giving him the trouble.

I am fully convinced too that he has a tenet in his creed concerning lard-pails. At every deserted camp

we found one inverted on a limb or stake as though it were a detail that must not be neglected. All this is due, of course, to his intense imagination. Quite naturally enough he has the imaginative faculties of the Scotch, French and Indian combined—a powerful and potent product. Also the thirst, equally powerful and potent. It is the work of the Northwest Mountie to prevent the gratification of the thirst; the black-frocked padre does what he can to curb the wandering fancy—or at least direct it into the narrow path of faith. Neither mountie nor padre is entirely successful. Imagination! I was told by some folks who professed to know, that if you take a spoonful of lemon extract, put it in a certain flat type of bottle, fill the latter with Athabaska water and hand it over to a native with the assurance that it is strong stuff, in half an hour he will have a jag on that will put any old-fashioned Bacchanalian performance quite to shame.

To make a long story short: northern folk are not what they seem to imaginative minds and in the movies. I hope that I am not biased on the question and hope that I have not slandered your heroic native. I have touched but lightly on his morals, as apart from the fact that he positively

does not steal, I have not discovered that he has any. He lives in the country of "never a law of God or man", and is not expected to have any. But I maintain that this Baptiste or Colin or Weeso of the moose-hide moccasins is rather poor hero stuff.

The northern native is more interesting than lovable, more clean than sanitary, more fit to win a game of dice tossing than win a pretty golden-haired heroine. Anyone trying to convince me of the real North in screen pictures now must keep out of the Sierras, must show me a white-washed, mud-plastered shack, a scow or two, a dozen huskie dogs and the right sort of guns. There must be a fly-fighting scene somewhere—any one of a dozen species of carnivorous diptera will do. And to be especially realistic the huskies must be failed, the hero must paddle like an old woman, and in the camp scene as the members of the company sit idly about the fire they must ever and anon go still-hunting through their hair. This last item is important. But they must all wear moose-hide moccasins; this is the sine qua non, the acid test of the thing. I am wearing them now myself. I brought out half a dozen pairs and when next I go North I am not going to be a "moonias".

## MARIE'S FARM

(*Flanders 1915*)

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

UP near Plug street, at break of dawn,  
 After a show the Tenth put on,  
 (Slithered with mud and chilled with sleet;  
 With empty stomachs and heavy feet  
 And the weight of a trench-stick cramping the arm)  
 We came to the haven of Marie's Farm.

The eighteen-pounders were still at work  
At the edge of the wood, in the misty murk,  
Giving and taking, yellow and red—  
But Marie was deep in her ancient bed.  
Ten minutes we pounded and cried her name  
Before she showed us a candle flame.

Marie was old and fusty and fat,  
And the subject of rumors of this and that  
To such an extent that we thought some day  
The French would come and take her away.  
False we guessed her: But this we knew,  
Her coffee was good and her cognac true.

Her face was soft and her eyes were hard  
As she chuckled about the great "bombard".  
She chuckled and weezed, as the stove grew red,  
Of blundering valor and senseless dead.  
With a leer in her eyes to damn our souls  
She poured us coffee in shining bowls.

She poured our coffee, with sugar to spare;  
She drew the cork of the cognac rare,  
Calling us great and brave and wise,  
And warming our vitals and damning our eyes  
With her eyes' cunning and her lips' sneer  
And a smirk of hate and a flicker of fear.

The Division then was before Messines,  
With the Petit Douve in the mud between.  
We moved next spring and forgot the charm  
And timely solace of Marie's Farm,  
Thawing our bones and wetting our clay  
At the Golden Cat and the Pot au Lait.

\*

I met a gunner in 'Seventeen  
On a leave-boat England and France between . . . .  
"You knew old Marie, near Plugstreet Wood,  
Where the shooting was bad and the hitting good?  
That fat old dame so thrifty and poor  
Who spread her washing before the door  
When the day was right, and a battery nigh,  
And a plane or two were up in the sky?  
Her coffee was good. But one fine day  
Somebody came and took her away! . . . .  
Since then our guns, safe screened from harm,  
Shot all day long from Marie's Farm."

# LAVENDER LETTERS

BY ADRIAN MACDONALD



SHIRLEY B. WILLIAMS, the poet, sat on a rock basking in a most delightful state of purple melancholy. After his first disappointment of five days ago, he had been trying, by taking a concentrated dose of summer resort, to make himself forget. But he had discovered that the situation was exactly as he had expected. He could never forget. The harder he tried to commit the whole matter to oblivion, the worse he became.

The scene was appropriate to his mood. Rocks, moss, shaggy evergreen trees and scrubby bushes were distributed about a small dark inlet in a lonely and picturesque fashion; while out beyond lay an island-spotted northern lake. About it all there was a tang of wildness that suggested camp-fires, and Indian guides, and maskilonge, and bacon and eggs, and the primitive life of the forest. It was difficult to suppose that the spot was within two hundred yards of a popular summer hotel.

The rock upon which he was perched was a great boulder which jutted out a few feet into the clear water of the bay.

Shirley B. Williams, it must be stated, was a real poet. He may not have looked the typical intellectual, for his crisp dark hair was cropped short, and his pleasant gray eyes looked out upon the world without the aid of glasses. But I could give the name of the very store on College Street where his book of poems could be bought. It was, as a matter of

fact, the only store on earth that ever carried the thin blue volume of *vers libre*. When Shirley had got his hundred copies from the publisher's, had paid for them, and was peddling them to the bookstores of his native town, the manager of this particular shop was the only one kind enough to smile upon him. Unlike all the others, who claimed that their shelves were too full already, this one said he might leave ten copies, if he would promise to come around again in six months and remove all that were left.

Although he was well aware that all poets begin with adversity, Shirley was rather downhearted at this discouraging reception of his literary production. He had, in fact, almost decided to give up literature and to concentrate all his efforts on making a success of his work in his father's wholesale grocery establishment — a business which he tried to persuade himself his soul loathed—when he had received that letter. Ah, that letter!

Shirley B. Williams heaved a sigh from the depths of his poetic soul. What a sweet note it had been, so sympathetic, so girlish, so—so frankly admiring! He could picture the gentle creature who had written it. She must be a diaphanous young person, with coils of raven hair and eyes that beamed with all the spiritual beauty of the eyes of a Rossetti damsel. It was—well “hell” was scarcely a poetic term, “heartrending” was better — it was heartrending that she should have broken off their romantic correspondence almost as soon as it began . . .

At this point Shirley's meditations were suddenly cut short by a chilly deluge of icy water, which descended from nowhere on his head and shoulders and began to ooze and trickle down his back.

Wrathfully he turned about to discover the source of this cold aspersion. The cause was not far to seek. While he had been brooding on his life's tragedy, a canoe had silently nosed in behind the rock upon which he sat, and in the canoe a white-frocked girl, her face lit up with suppressed laughter and her eyes dancing mischievously, was poising her paddle for another deft flick at the surface of the water.

Shirley's wrath vanished.

"Look here, Billie," he protested, drying the back of his head with his handkerchief, "I'm not a geranium." "I do hope I didn't misjudge the dose."

She was a buoyant, healthy, summer-resort kind of girl, with rippling reddish hair and an entrancing freckle or two on her small nose. She was staying at the hotel with an elderly lady—an aunt or something of the sort—and Shirley had met her on the tennis court. Between the two a rather romping intimacy had quickly developed.

"We wanted a fourth for a set of doubles," she continued, "and we looked all over for you. What ever brought you away off here? Surely you're not getting so frightfully lazy that you prefer reading to tennis?"

With a well-judged air of mystery Shirley shook his head. "I wasn't reading," he answered.

"Not reading?" she exclaimed. "Let us hope and pray that you're not just going to sleep. Really, you know, you mustn't go to sleep there. If you ever did there'd just be a big splash and then a funeral. Imagine how distressing that would be for us! Why it would spoil the whole day."

He retorted with proper dignity that he had no intention of going to sleep.

"To tell the really, truly, honest truth," she went on, "your symptoms look rather as if you were in love."

At this suggestion a pained expression came upon his face. "Don't," he protested in a tone which showed clearly how tragic were his associations with that word, "don't talk about being in love. It makes me think of something—of something I'd rather forget."

"Oh, very well," she returned with a toss of her head, and began to back-paddle. "I really didn't intend to pry into your private affairs."

Shirley grabbed the prow of the canoe and drew it upon the rocks.

"Don't go, Billie," he pleaded with genuine earnestness, "I want your company. Misery likes company, you know. And then," he continued, brightening up, "you might be able to help me—although honestly there doesn't seem much to be done. Come on out anyway, and I'll tell you all about it."

What girl could resist a secret? Billie climbed out of the canoe, seated herself on a convenient stone, clasped her hands about her knees, and prepared to listen.

It did not take Shirley long to tell her the whole story; how the unknown girl had bought a copy of his poems and had written him a delightful little note of appreciation; how he had answered with a letter of thanks; how she had written again, telling him a great many intimate things about herself, her inward aspirations and her outward difficulties; how he had answered with a letter even more intimate in which he told about himself and suggested that she and he were kindred souls and should become better acquainted; and how he had never heard from her again, despite the fact that he had written three more letters, each more ardent than the last.

The recital made Billie fairly dance with delight. When he had finished the story she cried, "Oh lovely! Isn't the whole thing absolutely thrilling?"

"That depends on how you look at it," grumbled Shirley. "But really, you know, it's bully of you to let me tell you all this. When I think that I've only known you for a week I can scarcely understand how I did it."

"Oh, but I'm terribly glad you did. Why I think it's perfectly fascinating."

"Can you believe it, at first I thought you were she?"

Billie was somewhat startled. But he quickly added, "It's only that you have the same name—Brown. When I saw it on the register before I met you I was quite excited. You see, in her last letter she said she was coming north, and I followed her. But heavens, there are miles and miles of lakes like these and hundreds and hundreds of hotels."

"Perhaps I'm really the unknown one after all," said Billie, regarding him with a frank smile.

"No such luck. Her first name is not Billie, or anything like that. It is Phyllis." He looked at her delightfully healthy face and figure, but had tact enough not to tell her that she was certainly less ethereal than Phyllis. Then he added finally, "Well, are you going to help me?"

"Why did this girl stop writing?" asked Billie in her most searching tone.

"I haven't the faintest idea—unless it was just because she thought I was a girl at first—Shirley you know. I put her right on that in my third, no my second, letter. That's the only thing I can think of."

Billie's mind was made up instantly. "Of course," she said. "that's the reason—partly. And then I'd be absolutely furious with a man who would start that 'kindred soul' stuff with me before he even saw me."

Her bluntness was too much for Shirley. He simply dropped his head in his hands and groaned abjectly.

"But maybe," she continued, "if you were to write again and apologize, and be more just ordinary, she might answer."

"Do you think so?" he asked looking up. "Here is what I have been writing."

He handed her a sheet of paper which he took from his pocket. She read it and without a word tore it up.

"Now," she ordered, "you write as I dictate."

From a box which lay on the rocks he took a fresh sheet and waited.

She began after due consideration, "Dear Madam—"

"Oh, I say, whoever heard of such a thing," he protested.

"Well then, My dear Miss Brown—"

"You must think me very silly. I apologize for the tone of my previous letters. If you can find it in your heart to forgive me, we might correspond about things of mutual interest, such as books."

Yours sincerely."

When the letter was finished they sealed and stamped it together, addressed it to Miss Brown's home to be forwarded, and paddled slowly back to the hotel, where they mailed it.

Five days later when Shirley made his usual enquiry at the desk for his mail he was handed a heavy lavender envelope, addressed in a girlish hand, and perfumed with a suggestion of old-fashioned flowers. Such a dainty epistle could come but from one source. Moreover both the handwriting and the stationery were already familiar to him. Eagerly he tore the letter open and began to read.

At sight of his own name in that round script his head went dizzy and his soft collar suddenly became a size or so too small. It took him two or three minutes to recover himself sufficiently to grasp what the latter was saying. He finally realized, however, that Phyllis was willing to forgive and would be quite ready to correspond with him on the intriguing subject of books—in fact she began immediately. What did he think of "*Main Street*"? Wasn't it dreadfully realistic, and didn't it make you feel awfully clever and sort of superior?—and so on for three pages.



For some unaccountable reason the letter had a somewhat chilling effect on Shirley. He dashed off with it, however, to consult his new ally.

As he crossed the rotunda he noticed by the clock that it was half-past ten, and he remembered that he had seen nothing of Billie since breakfast. During that meal, to be sure, he had gazed at her rather intently. This he had done, not because she was herself a very attractive girl, but merely because, as she sat under the fern near the open window, with the breeze gently moving her glowing bronze hair, and the checkered sunlight falling on her shoulders, she looked more ethereal than usual, and reminded him of Phyllis.

After a search he discovered his fair second on the end of the dock in process of taking her morning dip. She was poising on the brink for a fresh dive as he hustled up.

"It's come!" he gasped, just in time to stop her.

"What has?"

"The letter—from Phyllis."

"Oh?"

"Won't you please hurry with your swim and come to answer it."

"Do you really want me again?"

"I simply couldn't do it by myself."

"Well, you must wait until I've been in just once more."

With the grace of a young sapling bent by the wind she swayed gently forward and disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

Shirley watched her white, glistening arms as they moved with long strokes, and admired the ease with which she could turn, and splash, and cut through the rippling waves. But in a few minutes she climbed up the dock, slipped on her raincoat over her dripping bathing suit, and told him to wait for her down by the little inlet.

It seemed to Shirley as he sat propped against a rock that it took her a long time to dress. But at last she pushed her way through the bushes, and sitting on a nearby stone began to uncoil her hair.

"You will excuse me if I dry my hair?" she said, peeping through the tresses as they fell. "Frightfully unconventional, I know; but you were in such a hurry, and a girl is permitted something at a summer place."

"Mind it! Why I think—that is, you know—it makes an absolutely lovely picture. I wish I were an artist instead of a miserable poet. Your hair is the most beautiful I've ever seen."

By this time she was rubbing it with a towel and glancing askance at him through the delicate golden screen.

"You're forgetting what you got me here for, aren't you?" she suggested mildly.

"You can't look at a letter while your hair is in your eyes."

"But we can talk about it. What does the mysterious fair one say?"

"Oh, accepts my apology and discourses on literature. Nice paper isn't it? And that perfume sets me dreaming. I don't know why, but it makes me think of a girl I know with the brightest golden hair, a most charming girl—"

"Here, that will do," she interrupted. "I didn't take on the job of being private secretary to any Lothario. How many girls are involved in your fancy, anyway?"

"Oh, don't let's talk arithmetic. What had I better answer? It's too warm and too lazy here to write about a novel. Couldn't I be a little more personal? Couldn't I tell her about the people and the scenery here? Please let me be a little more intimate."

"Well, remember your fatal weakness and try to hold yourself within bounds."

As he wrote, Shirley watched his companion toss her hair in the sun and finally do it up. He found it increasingly hard to keep his mind intent on the elusive, visionary beauty of the girl of the letters, while he was in the presence of this other radiantly healthy creature.

It was already noon when they finished their tasks and strolled back to

the hotel. The girl's chaperon was waiting for her—had been looking for her in fact—and immediately whisked her off to her room. Shirley went in to lunch alone.

During the next few days Shirley's attention was wholly occupied with a tennis tournament in which he and Billie were playing together. He found her an excellent partner, with a nasty little cut service, a fairly sure drive, and nerve enough to play the net. At night he tried hard to dream of the soul that was kindred to his own, to compose a sonnet to the unknown fair one, but his brain would not work. The vivid image of his tennis partner seemed always to kill the dim outlines of the other.

So vague had the correspondence girl become that when, after five days, her answer again arrived, he was rather inclined to take the matter as a joke. She was coming with her father's sister as chaperon to visit this very hotel! The train of coincidence seemed so unreal, so fantastic, that he felt towards it as if it were fiction. He tried to tell himself that he was thrilled, delighted, entranced; but it was of no use. He couldn't induce a single tremor, except what came at thought of the next match in the mixed doubles.

A little later in the day, as he and his partner were sitting along the side lines watching a clergyman get trimmed by an athletic fat man, he brought up the subject.

Leaning towards his companion he whispered with mock impressiveness, "She's coming here—to this hotel!"

"Never!" exclaimed Billie with surprise. "How delighted you must be. Isn't it like a real storybook romance, or a play?"

"Say, that umpire's asleep," he burst in without replying. "That old curmudgeon picked that one up on the second bounce . . . Yes, delightful coincidence isn't it?"

"What are you going to answer?"

"Leaving all that to you. What do you advise? Tell her I'm called back

to the city and bribe the clerk in the office not to give me away?"

"Of course not. Write and arrange to meet her. You really want to see her don't you?"

"Oh, sure. I'm most curious."

"Curious?"

"Look at that! If we have to play that baby elephant you shoot down the side lines and we've got him."

"But what are you going to write?"

"Oh, I'll ask to meet her as you suggest, and when it's over I'll come and tell you all about it. Most amusing I expect."

Billie seemed rather surprised at his indifference, but she made no comment, and so the matter was left.

The tournament was over on a Monday (Shirley and his partner did not win, but were runners-up) and on Thursday, while he was in his room after dinner, there came a sharp tap at his door. He opened it and was handed a letter by a bell-boy. Carelessly he tore off the envelope and began to read. His blood ran cold; he felt a violent sinking sensation round his heart. What had he let himself in for?

His first impulse was to pack up his trunk and bolt. Then he thought of Billie.

He ran his fingers through his hair, and paced up and down the floor until the bell-boy came to the door again with a message that the lady in the room below was trying to read, and would he mind putting on his slippers instead of his football boots.

After this he sat down and read the letter once more. Phyllis would be at the hotel Friday—that would be to-morrow—and was looking forward ever so eagerly to meeting him. Once before she had stayed at that hotel, and she remembered a most picturesque little nook amongst the rocks just around the first point. Wouldn't it be beautifully romantic to meet each other there for the first time at sunset—say seven-thirty? Perhaps she might be bashful and bring her aunt along, but he could easily tell her from her aunt because she would

carry in her hand his own little book of verses.

Would be able to tell her from her aunt only by the book of poems—Good Lord!

He grabbed his hat and dashed out.

On the verandah he met Billie, and without ceremony whisked her off to the boat-house and into a canoe. Not until they were out of sight of the hotel around a wooded point did he lay his paddle across the gunwale and sit back.

"Well, sir," said Billie, "will you please explain this violent abduction?"

"I'm stumped."

"Is that any reason why I should be kidnapped?"

"Look here, Billie, I've been made a fool of—read that letter."

After reading the letter with apparent interest Billie said, "Well, what's wrong? I shouldn't think you could imagine anything better."

"Don't. Please don't kid me."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter!" he cried. "Here I've been let in to meet some antiquated spinster with frizzy hair, and goggles, and a long neck and long nose, who can't be distinguished from her mummified aunt except by a book of poems. Damn the poems? Isn't that matter enough? And she'll be sentimental, hold my hand, gaze in my eyes, probably droop her head on my shoulder—"

"Well of all the conceited young puppies! She probably just wants to introduce you to her aunt."

"Why then does she choose that time and place? Our nook—the nook where you and I have become such good friends. Billie, I couldn't think of meeting but one girl there—" he said tenderly, and reached for her hand.

"Oh, be careful, Shirley," she protested. "You'll upset the canoe."

"What am I to do?"

"There's only one thing to do."

"What's that?"

"Why keep the appointment of course."

"Never! What, meet some sentimental old hag down by the lake in the spot that you have made sacred?"

"You don't know anything about her. She's probably not old at all."

"That makes no difference whatever."

"She's probably very pretty—deep soulful brown eyes, raven locks, soft white skin—" (The description was a very fair reproduction of one he himself had given.)

"I don't care how pretty she is. Besides I detest brown eyes and dark hair. The only hair I fancy is auburn, and the only eyes I love are blue."

"But Shirley, think of the poor girl's feelings if you don't go." There was a certain softness in Billie's glance, but her voice was unrelenting.

"Think of mine if I do."

"But she didn't force this acquaintance. You know yourself how awfully persistent you were. Think of your first letters—"

"Ugh!"

"It's a matter of honor for you to go."

"But I can't—honestly I can't. Don't you understand, Billie?"

She gazed off at the glow of the sunset over the dark pine trees and at the shadows in the water. "Shirley," she said very gently, "I'll never think the same of you again if you don't. Any man who would treat a girl so brutally must be something of a rotter."

"But you don't really want me to go?" he pleaded.

"Of course I do."

Shirley fell back with a face as gloomy as a northern forest. "All right," he said finally, "I'll go."

After dinner on Friday evening Shirley bought a new box of his favorite Egyptian cigarettes and smoked them all within an hour. Then he went back to buy another box and spent fifteen minutes jollyng the news girl about her lip stick. After that he complained to the manager about the screen on his window and the mosquitoes. In this last conver-

sation he became quite unpleasant and got properly snubbed. Suffering from his rebuff he stalked down to the boat-house and found the long-suffering steward trying to crank the engine of an antiquated motor boat. Into the boat he jumped and took a turn at cranking the cussed thing himself, until, glancing at his watch when he was out of breath, and hot, and in a worse temper than ever, he discovered that he was already fifteen minutes late for his appointment.

It was still quite light, although the sun had set, when he scrambled over the great moss-covered hummock of rock and through the bushes that sheltered the familiar nook. At first he had a spasm of hope that no one was there. But in a moment he caught sight of a bit of white just the other side of an evergreen bush.

At sight of it he almost retreated; but, summoning all his courage, he went forward to investigate. There sat Billie with a far-away look on her face, listening to the musical lapping of the water on the rocks, and enjoying the beauties of the sunset lake.

"Good evening," she murmured. "You are rather late for your appointment."

"Is she gone?" he hissed in a stage whisper.

"Gone—who?"

"That highbrow goshawk who inveigled me here."

"Who inveigled you here? You mean whom you induced to smash all maidenly conventions by keeping an engagement with a man she never met. No she is not gone."

"What?" gasped Shirley, sinking down beside her and glancing furtively around.

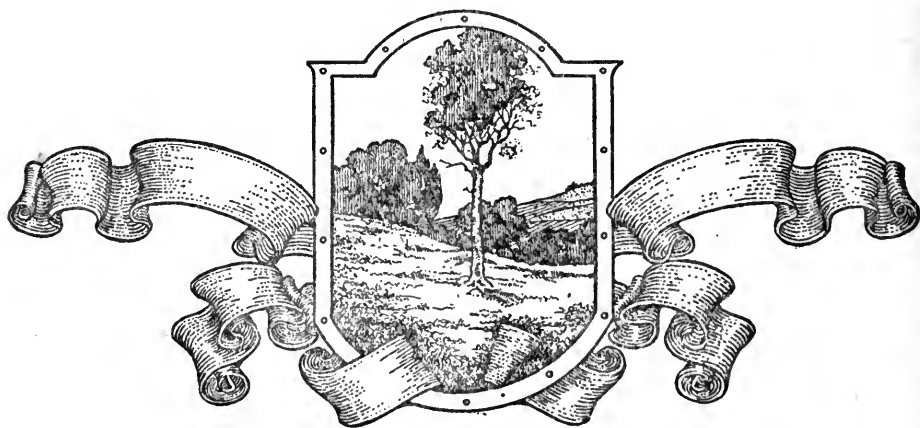
"Must I introduce the 'kindred soul'?" she asked, and even in the dusk he could see her eyes dancing. "Nobody will ever give me credit for simply adoring poetry! My name is not really Billie, but Phyllis. Billie is only a nickname, as you should have guessed."

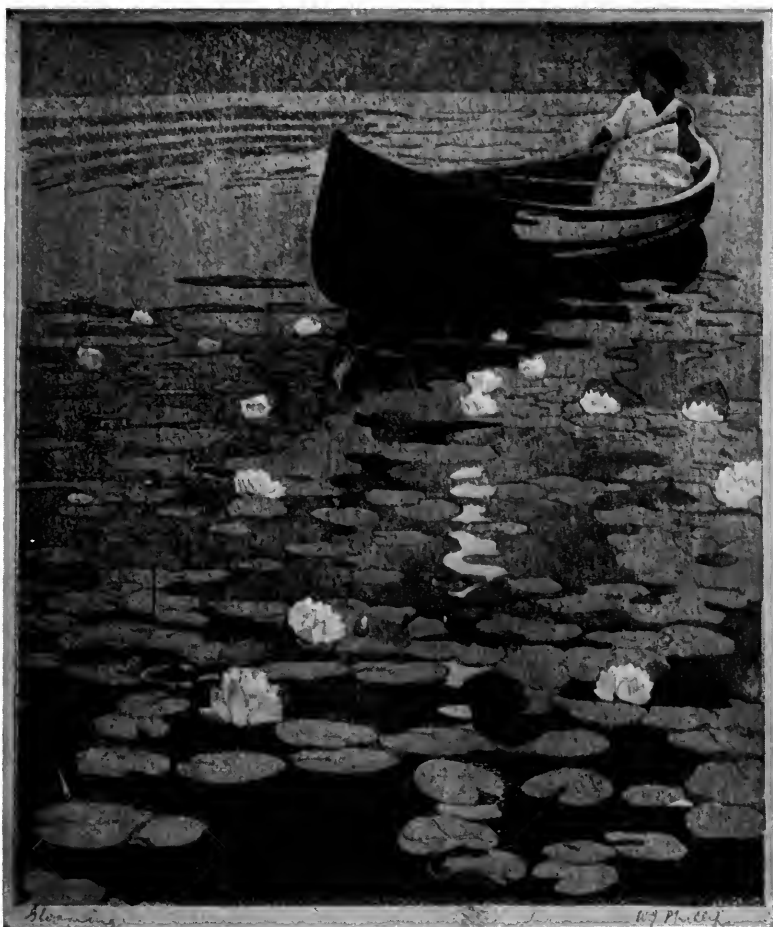
"And all those letters?"

"Oh, I was merely trying to convert you to common sense."

"Do you really suppose such a night as this will convert anyone to common sense—such a night and you?"

"No," she admitted frankly, "I do not." And then she added with a little sigh, "But then, you see, I don't want you to be too awfully much converted."





WATER LILIES.

From the Etching by W. J. Phillips  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# A DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

BY BILLEE GLYNN

IN THREE CHAPTERS

## CHAPTER III.



MARGARET ALLAN came early to her planting that Wednesday. It could not have been more than ten o'clock when John, coming out of the house, saw her in the opposite yard. Usually she did not appear till the afternoon. It was a morning of buttery, yellow sunshine that seemed to melt and run all over. The freshness of a new creation breathed in the air, and from a live oak at the wayside a bunch of jolly blackbirds twittered and twittered like a drawing on heart strings. It was a morning to smooth one out, and John Hamilton relaxed to it with a feeling of relief. So he plunged around, almost succeeding in forgetting that he had been imaginative and sensitive the day before. It took him quite half an hour, indeed, to accomplish the other yard, and by that time his first smoke was over.

Margaret Allan met him with a pleasant good-morning, then went on with her work, while he stood there watching her. She was quite happy, too, apparently, for by and by she burst into a fluty trill of a song—something the man had never heard her do before. It beat outward with crisp enjoyment—a splash of silver that seemed to harden as it fell. As has been said, John Hamilton stood and watched her. She was a delicious picture there in the morning sunlight

—that meshed her golden-brown hair. The morning, indeed, seemed to gather around her. It brought out the clear tints of her skin, the beautiful, white mobility of her hands, and quivered the grace and strength of her form, the utter, expressed womanhood of her being to a sort of radiance. Her blue dress, so simply made, clung about her in soft lights and lost itself in the bare delicacy of her throat. John Hamilton realized all this—realized it unconsciously with a half pang, caused perhaps by the hardening of her silvery song as it fell.

Then he stirred himself and bent down beside her to help her with her task as usual. But she moved over suddenly with a little gesture and note of deprecation.

"Oh, don't, Mr. Hamilton!" she exclaimed. "These are pansies! I am planting a few rows between—and you can't do it. There! Oh, you man—you have tramped on my ground."

He had—and rose to his feet, a slight color in his face. She glanced up at him, smiling something of an apology.

"You've been so good helping me, you see, I am not going to impose on you by teaching you to plant pansies, too."

He smiled back. "I see," he said. He wasn't thinking of her words, however, but of her manner when she had put him away from her.

After a while she glanced up at him again. "It's this evening, isn't it, you are going away?" she inquired lightly.

So she had forgotten over night! "Why, no," he said kindly enough. "I stay till Friday night—the nine train; that is, if I don't decide to go before."

She burst into her silvery, splattery song once more. The shadow of a palm leaf lifted, tipping the sunshine in fuller glory upon her head. John Hamilton paused there, realizing again the picture she made. Then he stirred uneasily.

"I think I'll go over," he said, "and see how Myra is getting along."

"You'll be back, won't you?" she invited courteously.

"Why, yes," he responded. "I'll be back."

He did go in to see Myra, but only to pet her for a moment, to rub the hair down playfully over the eyes that always lit at his coming—then he sat on a bench on the back verandah arguing his own feelings. His mind, however, was in a fog. Somewhat of a sphinx in its settled, far-molded characteristics, it no longer looked serenely out to the horizon of its clear, gaunt ways, but stood enthroned in a new and perplexing atmosphere awakening to new sensations. From where he sat he could see Margaret Allan still at her work. He did not see her as herself, however, but as another personality that flung a barrier to herself—beyond which her real self shone sweeter than ever in its exclusion. It was that withdrawal which hurt him—the chiffon exterior, the flower of womanhood behind. Its perfume and beauty had breathed upon him from the beginning; its perfume and beauty were there to breathe upon him still. He could only know and behold, however—he had been shut out. Into the reasons for that shutting out he did not delve. It, itself, was the poignant thing—a glimpse of its perpetuity almost startled him.

He took to walking up and down the verandah in a sober way. It had always been his pride that he betrayed little. Perhaps in this case it was his misfortune. Finally he found himself for another time on the other side of the fence. Three times he visited Margaret Allen at her work that morning and three times came away. She always spoke quite pleasantly to him, and always he spoke pleasantly to her. She invariably invited him back with a tone of her old self that almost made him stay—and invariably burst into her careless, silvery, splattery song that hardened as it fell, when he had come.

He wondered, indeed, if it wasn't just a matter of his own morbidness. Yet that very afternoon he saw the real Margaret Allan as she revealed herself to Myra—and knew the difference. Never did she fail to pay that little daily visit to her friend. When she entered, John Hamilton was in the inner room. The door was open, but the blinds were drawn, and she did not see him on the couch. She stooped over his sister and kissed her—held her hands. Myra in her first words had spoken of not feeling so well. She sat down beside her, and reproached her for not taking care of herself. Her womanhood seemed to hover in the delicate quality of its kindness. When she left a sense of violets remained. Myra sighed audibly. In the other room John Hamilton echoed the sigh. A few minutes, and he was again walking the back verandah soberly. It was two o'clock and Margaret Allan did not resume her work till three. When she appeared, the sun had fought for her a clear space among the trees. It seemed to nestle her, to point her out, to aureole the supreme qualities the man had seen her betray. The hope was irresistible. He went over to her and spoke casually, gravely of his going away. She answered him carelessly. He found an excuse, presently, went away and then came back again. He lingered for moments watching the



trowel pile up barriers. Suddenly she glanced up and spoke with anticipation—of Clarence Burton coming Sunday. John Hamilton did not answer; only watched the trowel. He was glad of one thing—she did not sing. A certain reserve had come into her manner. Instantly he fancied he heard Myra call, and thought he had better go and see if she hadn't. This time he did not mean to return.

He did for all. Half an hour later he came out to see the girl moving a heavy step-ladder in the direction of the walnut tree where the vine with the blue flowers grew. It was only courtesy, of course, to go and assist her, to offer even to prune the vine when she had made known such was her intention. In placing the ladder their hands met and lingered by accident. The girl smiled at him with sudden graciousness, clipping her pruning shears in her hand.

"Oh, you have been too good to me already, Mr. Hamilton," she said. "Then, I want to try a new idea in pruning."

Her foot was on the lower step of the ladder, and she paused smiling at him again. "I would like you to go and plant sylvia seeds for me now, if you don't mind," she suggested. A slight colour was in her cheeks.

John Hamilton understood and walked away to the sylvia planting. He didn't do any of it, however. He was unthinkingly, tremendously glad. The Margaret Allan who had spoken and smiled at him was at last the Margaret Allan who had spoken and smiled at Myra that afternoon. The barriers were down. The thought sang itself over and over in his brain. Suddenly on top of that singing came a cry and the sound of a fall. Springing to his feet, John Hamilton rushed back to see what had happened.

The ladder had overturned; beside it the girl lay unconscious. He bent over her quickly, raising her in his arms. Then even as he did so, even in that moment of fatality, perhaps, he paused, staring. A branch had

swept the opening of the dress in front, leaving the white throat and upper bosom bare, a crimson stain threading it. Around the neck by a golden chain a locket hung—had been flung open, a picture in it. And it was his own face that looked back at John Hamilton—a tiny miniature he had given her to assist in her painting of him. But it was the words that held him—to which his blood ran wildly. For underneath had been written, like a cry: "My Love, my Love!"

Sometimes the whole ocean seems to gather in a single wave. In that instant the being of the man bending over the woman had rushed to such a climax. He bent closer to her—he almost kissed her lips. Then instantly the calm forces that made him, the forces that had always been, that wondered and seemed unchangeable, spoke from beneath his madness, and he felt ashamed. Swiftly he closed the locket and fastening the dress over it as well as he might, he picked up the limp form in his arms and carried it to the fountain. As he set her down she stirred softly and opened her eyes. He supported her while he held a wet handkerchief to her brow, then helped her to a seat. In a few minutes she had recovered sufficiently to let him escort her to the house.

John Hamilton walked back down the avenue of palms slowly. A great gravity had settled upon him.

Two days may be either a short or a long time. The Thursday and Friday that followed were both. Short because of the time itself, they were long because into them a woman put her total sweetness, her power to claim and battle for ownership—and because to a man the hours passed like the dying of pansies.

Margaret Allan in her fall had suffered a heavy shock to her side, and was in a convalescent state. So most of the time she spent sitting out on the wide front portico arched by its roses, or in the hammock under the trees where the birds twittered do-

mestically from morning till night. And nearly always was John Hamilton to be found with her. He blamed himself for her fall, he had explained, with a cavaliness new to him, for it must have been that he had not fixed the ladder right. Now it was his duty to take care of her as well as he could during the two days he had left.

The girl, however, did not speak of his going away. She accepted his attentions, as a woman always accepts the things she desires and that are given to her, with an easy smile, that was all—then out of the pathos of her somewhat helpless state commanded them. It was thus she fought for him—fought for him with all the power of her woman's soul, but without any apparent art of fighting. For it was only the expression of herself she wielded, the full revelation of her tender, infinite lure and truth. And John Hamilton, with the other revelation that had been made to him, could not help knowing that she fought for him. Yet it was not her struggle he saw, but the woman herself. So he watched her, the pure thrill of her womanhood storming his being, eating into his pulse, but beneath all the calm, sure, and even restless forces that had become his fate. Forces that sometimes brought a shame to his cheek because he did watch the woman and knew what she thought he did not know—sometimes were forgotten in the absolute, unqualified joy of her; but were always there as ineradicable and measureless as the sea breaking on the sands. By himself he fell into strange moods of gravity—moods in which little flashes of ecstasy ran; and his hands had learned to clench themselves, something they had never been in the habit of doing.

Shadows of this sort haunted him even with the girl. There were times, too, when he sat in far silences with her—when from utter primitiveness, from somewhere away in the beginning before man knew woman at all sheer antagonisms roused themselves

in his nature to wonder at her. On the whole, however, his manner toward her had become characterized by a rough tenderness. At any rate, it always came back to that—in its awkwardness carrying a touch of the profound. This was because perhaps to his other moods the girl never brought anything different. She did not seem to notice them, indeed. She was always simply herself—but it was that which was beyond comprehension. It was the marvel of her naturalness that wrought and blossomed before his eyes.

Then when a man is silent a woman can have always something to do. Margaret Allan had her crocheting—and crocheting beyond itself is an expression. The girl always smiled a little at her work or mused over it. It might have been destiny with her. She watched it with drifting regrets and tints of expression. A rose would ruffle so in a breeze. Beyond all, there was a hovering joy. Perhaps the milk line of her teeth showed, or the sun stole slantwise through the branches on her hair. Anyway it was hair that was a sun to itself—and against it her ears nestled. Have you noticed some women's ears? They are like shells picked on a shore of dreams. Margaret Allan's were that kind. Her arms were a roundness that blushed. that modelled themselves in movement. Her dress a part of her that stirred in life with her breathing. It was in her delicate bounty her appeal lay—her attributes clustered her about. If they drooped a little in their invitation it was as unconsciously as grapes droop upon their stem. And it was with the same delicious sense of dew, and dawn, and sun.

Any man couldn't help but have seen her thus—and John Hamilton saw her for hours at a time. It was his difference that he could fall into such silences as he watched her. Yet it was something to see her crochet. Her fingers were wonderful, supple things—and perhaps she smiled up at

him from her task. Her smile wasn't only a smile—it was the ripple of her whole being. Perhaps she made some casual remark that didn't require an answer. Or it might be a shadow of pain crossed her face as she stirred and felt again the hurt in her side. It was Myra who had told John Hamilton how bad that hurt really was. On account of it there were times, too, when she required little attentions. To these or that twinge of pain in her face the man even in moments of deepest brooding never failed to arouse himself. It wasn't himself, indeed, but a leaping impulse of tenderness which swept him back to himself—and which swept him back so vividly, maybe, that it left him without reason for being anything else. Was it fair, after all, to remember her secret that had been revealed to him? Was it even fair to believe in it, that it left him a churl or light-headed, claspings impossible things. The woman was only herself—could he blame her for being that! Could he blame himself for his appreciation of her as such—even though appreciating were an oddity that ran in the blood? At any rate, response to her present state was the merest sort of courtesy — for she herself was one who had heard even for a worm. And how brief the time that was left!

In thoughts and feelings like these John Hamilton lived those last hours that were to be with Margaret. And they were hours that linked themselves in adorable wearing like the pearls of a queen's necklace, or lay all together crushed in a little futile heap of shadow.

Besides her crocheting, Margaret on Thursday afternoon took Tennyson and one or two of the other poets out to the hammock with her. These she read to the man at intervals—because if she used her needle long it caused her side to ache. So it was that John Hamilton, for the first time in his life, came to an appreciation of poetry through the tones of her voice. Moreover, he became interested in the men

who had written such things—men who had lived and loved so passionately; and Margaret answered his questions with tales of the beauty or sadness of their lives. She told him of Edgar Allan Poe and his deathless love for his child-bride, Virginia Clemm; of Dante and Beatrice—and Ben Jonson who had never grown older than his "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes". She spoke of the beautiful, white passion of the two Brownings; of Bobbie Burns's loveliest dream, his Highland Mary; and the divine friendship Tennyson sang in "In Memoriam".

To these accounts John Hamilton listened like a child, and of the things she read, more than any, was he interested in the "Idylls of the King". It was their simplicity appealed to him, undoubtedly—and was it by chance, the one selected to be read to him that Thursday afternoon, was "Lancelot and Elaine"? At any rate, John Hamilton took part in the selection himself — for when the girl had read only a couple of passages from the piece to him, and paused fluttering the leaves, he begged that she read it all. Before she finished, twilight, with its returning shadows, had crept to them, silent and sombre-hued, and in it the tones of the girl's voice became a half-hushed sacred thing.

It was that tiny, leaping echo of restraint, perhaps, which made the reading so vivid. Just so Elaine, the lily maid, in shimmering white and drooping twilight, might have recited her own story, and told with tender, trembling reserve of her hopeless love for Lancelot. At any rate, the silent barge bearing its stately burden of death, seemed to drift there in reality before the gaze of the man—and the wonder of the dusk enclosing them became the wonder that even Lancelot could fail to return such a love.

The girl could just see to read the last few lines, and when she finished it was with a pause during which she still held the book before her eyes. But John Hamilton sat looking away

—his hands locked together in front of him. The gloom was haunted, as it were, by a sense of fallen, wasted petals — it wasn't evening so much as if the day had wilted about them. Finally the man stirred himself, and the girl stirred too.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" she asked.

John Hamilton spoke slowly. "Yes, but do you reckon a woman could ever think that much of a man?"

The hands lying across the book on her lap seemed to close and hold themselves for an instant. "I think she could," she replied; "but most women would be too strong to die of their love—even though it were so great as that."

"Most women, I imagine, would marry some one else and forget about it." The words sounded harsh even in John Hamilton's own ears, but the girl answered them simply.

"She might marry some one else," she said, "some one who would be kind to her, for a woman needs kindness and companionship—but I don't think she could ever forget. I am sure she wouldn't—no more than Edgar Allan Poe could forget Virginia Clemm. It is always a woman's dearest wish to love and be loved like that—do you think she could possibly forget her dearest wish?"

"Perhaps not," returned John Hamilton courteously. "I guess I don't know women and shouldn't judge 'em. It's a case, perhaps, of the good of 'em being too good for us and the bad too bad. And man, maybe, is about the worst thing that ever happened to woman."

"And the best," gently announced the girl, rising from the hammock and closing the book in her hand, "and the best! Even Elaine did not regret her love. The regret was that Lancelot could not return it. I think, perhaps, it was the incomprehensible thing, too. It was her difference that most girls would have been too proud for his pity. A woman wants a man's heart only when she can command it. She wants to be above all his other loves,

and him to recognize her as such—otherwise I think she might prefer her regret." She put out her hand suddenly. "I am going in now," she concluded. "We will be able to read some more of Tennyson to-morrow."

They stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes. There can be many things in a handclasp—and in this one John Hamilton found himself accepting the ultimatum of the girl's soul, simple and profound as she had expressed it. For somehow the moment was charged with the feeling that she had expressed it—that she had wished to place herself on record. It was as if she divined to rid herself—even beyond his farthest guess—of any part of Elaine's garb of pity, and would stand robed only in her own lure. And placing her beyond his pity it placed her beyond his secret knowledge of her — though that of himself he had always endeavored to put aside as unfair. The difference was that now he seemed to stand vowed to her in the matter. The rare and lovely quality of her response spoke to him in the warm mobility of her hand, and because of it the thrill of her independence came to him a greater thrill. Yet it was challenge—and even in that moment, perhaps because of its very danger, to meet it leapt monstrous the thing of habit that above all others seemed his soul. He didn't try to quell it—it was as something beyond his control. Besides by her own words, it was for her to quell though he proved unworthy of her in her failure. And answering the smile in her eyes, he could feel her failure.

Then suddenly she had turned and gone—and he watched her white dress moving away from him in the shadows—the light slowly dying from his face. In the quick sense of loneliness she left behind he seemed to feel her indifference of some future day—the indifference that might belong to her pride. A moment ago, and he had been secretly glad of that pride—now it came to him a throbbing, winged

thing of strange regret in the night. It was as if the air had instantly become thick with the ghosts of other men's loves — singing, unwonted passions she had told him of. And for moments after she had disappeared he stood in the surge of these things. Then he roused himself to a sickening sense of his own growing sensitiveness. The only motive that stood out clear in all was that monster thing that had sprung even to their hand-clasp. It came to him now a throb of safety—a safety that lifted itself out bodily from other turmoil. His hands had locked themselves unconsciously in front of him, and he drew them apart, pausing to notice their unwieldiness, then the closed fist. The gaze brought purpose to him, as it were, for he set off walking toward the house—he had decided to 'phone an expressman even then to come for his trunk on the morrow. Yet as he went, these ghosts of the air plucked at him with tingling fingers, and his blood ran to the warmth and perfume of their breath.

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As she had promised at parting with him, Margaret Allan did read for her companion the day following. It was one of those days of half-rosy, purple distances tilting towards and enclosing one like petals, one of those days when all the world seems to have gathered in a single blossom of space, and life is dim-hued and dewy in its own fragrance. John Hamilton had awakened late from a restless night—that is, it was late for him—but the dew was still on the grass and the birds revelled. From out this liquid, throaty paradise, the man had a sense of his trunk being carried—he had locked and strapped that trunk before he left his room—and the immediate hours he could feel en masse, white-robed, beautiful things that came separately and reverentially to take farewell. Or it was as though they were a bouquet, a vital, fragile gift of beauty crushed in an unintentional hand to a wounded, odorous memory.

Such feelings as these sought out John Hamilton in the clinging freshness of the morning, and as the day waxed to hazy indistinctness, gathering its purple petals in closer centre about them, haunted him, a pulse that wouldn't be still, with Margaret.

There was something peculiarly tender about her to-day. It wasn't a tenderness expressed, but a little reserve that was as the haze on the hills. Perhaps, even when it most reveals itself, a woman's soul is like this—like the crowding, purple distances of a day, not to be analyzed but to satisfy with its loveliness. At any rate, it was as if Margaret Allan had stripped a veil off being only to reveal it in rarer and more inexplicable manners. Her tenderness was its own guard.

John Hamilton, on his part, took to noticing things in her he had never noticed before. Her expressions had become a lingering of rarer expression. Her personality was as a vision of some divine growth and the pausing impulse of its colors with a sigh to being and the joyful infinity of life. All the petals of the day seemed to slope toward her, and she was as the heart of its flower — its natural and utmost evolution. So much was this so, her smiles hovered her about as witnesses to her seriousness. The rippling actions of her hands always pointed back to herself. And the shading of her glance, her lips, was the movement of music while it is still inspiration and before it reaches sound. In his inmost heart John Hamilton was a poet—as men of single passions usually are.

It was thus, at any rate, he saw the woman that day—a day that beneath all was tinkly with silences and clinging, groping thought — hours that surged to them like sea-going billows—and on this day, too, he most of all found her early. He found her early in the afternoon again—and, as had been intimated, she read to him. It was he who suggested she read "Lancelot and Elaine" once more, and she did so with just a little hesitation.

Her voice, too, carried a slightly muffled tone, as though she would hide Elaine's pity. But that John Hamilton had put from him, so far as unconscious and belonging forces may be put, and saw only the white wonder of the maid, or sat staring at the thrill of her unaccepted gift that had turned to stone in her lily hand.

It was in the pause, when she had finished, that a wagon clattered up—and an expressman swung the gate to the opposite yard and walked sturdily in. He came out a minute later with John Hamilton's trunk on his shoulder. It was only a minute, and neither had broken the silence. Even now, if the girl saw—and John Hamilton knew she saw—she did not say anything. When the wagon had driven away she turned to another poem and read it, that was all. Then, as it was near to sunset, she got up and held out her hand to him. Perhaps it was only as usual, like the night before, a present parting—but John Hamilton fancied in it something more. He turned away a couple of paces—then spoke with a touch of embarrassment:

"I've decided not to go till to-morrow night," he said. "Myra, I think, would like me to stay."

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It was that following morning he received the telegram. It carried a sort of expostulation:

"What's the matter? Ship sails Sunday morning, 8:30. Be here."—Robertson.

John Hamilton crunched the slip of yellow paper in his pocket and did not say anything even to Myra. He meant to stay away from Margaret Allan that day, however — that had been decided the night before. It was one of those nights of odorous, heavy stillnesses in which one can imagine the drip of dew, one of those nights, warm-breathed and velvet-padded, that seem to close about and hold one, and immensity becomes a prison. It came to John Hamilton with a sense of smothering sweetness in which his

weakness stood out like a mildew. For he admitted to himself now that he was weak, that this unwonted thing of woman and place had become a struggle with him—and he was glad that the girl had made it a struggle only on behalf of himself. So he meant to stay from her, to plead having been busy, and go over only to bid her farewell. A pang, and then the swing of the trail under free feet again! And the telegram coming shortly after nine o'clock was further realization of his need. It was as if he had finally settled the matter.

So he spent an hour chatting with Myra—an hour in which he knew there was no one in the opposite yard; another hour which he moped miserably in his own room—the last half of which he did know there was some one in the opposite yard, and the glint of a white dress was apparent through a side window. Then — suddenly and impatiently — he took himself out and joined her. So the matter settled itself.

After all, it was his nature to battle, not evade things; and underlying everything in him was a chivalrous fairness. Nothing was asked of him that he could hold back; he did not even dare to know anything. Only the pang of his unfriendliness stood out clearly. And another day with the girl began.

This Saturday Margaret Allan had something blue about her throat. It was one of those high, soft neck-pieces, that like in an old daguerreotype left a woman's face an adoration of sudden, vivid features. The tints of her skin in contrast had never shown so charmingly, and her hair massed behind like a painter's dream. Perhaps there was, too, just a hint of further reserve nestling her—a silken, purple robe out of which her graces rustled. And yet, for all, she was the same Margaret. Only the hours carried more of tinkly, falling silences, of drifting conversations, and less reading aloud; the instant's reclaim in the flash of camaraderie that can belong

to a smile — then other silences in which John Hamilton beat his foot, or the girl hummed in a musing underbreath — each seeming to time the minutes that trickled constantly up and past them. That last hour of the afternoon, indeed, as the sun slid down before their eyes, was one almost of restraint in which they uttered scarcely a word. And yet the girl smiled once at him during it — John Hamilton was sure of that. She smiled an instant even now as he watched the last rays of sunlight dying on her hair. Perhaps it was his gaze that made her restless, for she moved nervously, and John Hamilton got to his feet. She arose beside him, and they stood for a minute looking toward the west—before he broke the silence.

"I will want to leave you—good-bye," he said. "Where will I find you?"

He spoke as though, whatever else, their good-bye was necessarily sacred and must be by itself.

The girl answered him quietly. "If you will come to the summer house," she said, "just before you leave, I will be there."

Neither had looked in the other's eyes. But John Hamilton for another time watched her go away from him—and turned to gaze back into the sunset, a cloud on his face.

It was only after he had done everything else that he came to the summer house that night—after he had left Myra a tender good-bye, and with his grip carried as far as the fence and waiting him. As for Myra's husband he also waited him at the station, for Donald Martin had been called out that evening. Surely he had made it so there could be no turning back. He

strode briskly along the path to the summer house and saw her there in white, standing on the low broad step before the massed shadows of the door. She moved as if to go out to meet him, but held instantly back, her hand grasping the framework behind her—the motion of a leaf an autumn wind has stirred. Then he was close to her; their hands met — and the moon-sheen was like running silver in her hair. Just for an instant their glance mingled as war wines run together, then something seemed to swim between them, a surging dizziness in which a universe throbbed. In the midst of it John Hamilton heard himself mumble his good-bye—words that fell like the under dripping of blood, like murder done that palpitating thing of the air. It was in the hushed, dazed sense of fatality which followed that he turned and went—the only thing left him to do. He caught over his shoulder, as if in phantasmagoria, the blighted vision of her as she swayed back a step or two into the shadows of the summer house, her hands clutched white on the door; he felt his legs striding under him, and knew that he picked up his grip and carried it to his own gate. Then he set it down there, and leaned on his arms on the gatepost in his characteristic attitude. It was only a moment—his last look toward the trail. Like a tentacle, a cold lash, fear came to tighten about his heart. He turned suddenly and rushed back, peering with blearing eyes for the glimmer of a white dress that might be disappearing — that might be disappearing forever. But she was still in the summer house and he found her there. She was sobbing softly — huddled in a heap on the bench. John Hamilton didn't utter a word, but took her into his arms.

(The end.)

# PAN'S PIPING

BY PHYLLIS COATE



IT seemed to me at first that I had never known unhappiness before. Trouble and sorrow had come into my life, of course, but there had always been some solution—some easy way out. But this—in this there was no way. I was told—and I tried myself to turn to God.

"God will comfort you," said they of the kindly hearts and the placid faces; but I could not turn to God. My heart only cried out in bitterness,—"God is Love, and my love has been taken away from me."

Then there were those well-meaning souls who came to me and told me how fortunate it was that my engagement had been broken by death, rather than by some evil that I should have had to live down. They knew,—they had seen so many cases—poor fools! Some evil! As though it would not be a joy to me forever to be able to "live down" some evil for Jerry! But I marvel that I can even write the two words so close together.

I wonder if there is a time in everyone's life when we utterly lose hold, when we do all the things we want most not to do, and think and say those things which we have looked upon before with disgust.

We had stood out bravely, Jerry and I, and declared to each other that nothing life could bring would tempt either of us into the way of the cynic. Bitterness and sarcasm were the two things that we had said should never enter into our lives, and it was so easy to live true to our vows

then. There was nothing in the world to be bitter about.

But now, I could feel a smile on my face that was almost a sneer when Dr. Kiever told me first about Barbara.

"An interesting case, Miss Richardson," he had said, "small responsibility, and a very interesting child. There is something remarkable about the little thing—something that I cannot quite fathom."

"Interesting enough to most people," I caught myself thinking, "but life itself has lost its taste for me. . ." and then I shuddered, realizing in some vague way that I must pull myself out of this lethargy.

I went to her in the springtime, just when the little tassels on a box elder tree outside her window were at their best and most feathery stage. The branches tapped caressingly against the panes of glass as I went into her room, and I could not help but notice them in that somehow subconscious part of my being—the part in which I go on living with Jerry. The spring had always been our favorite season.

Barbara was a dark-haired little thing, with great blue-gray eyes, and flesh that looked like delicately tinted wax. Her little mouth curved into an uncertain smile of greeting as I went up close to the side of her fracture bed. I could tell that she was feeling about for some point that we could share in common, trying to find some part of me where she could gain a sure foot-hold. Children are often afraid of a new nurse or doctor.



"We must show Miss Richardson your harness, Barbara," Dr. Kiever joked, and Barbara smiled back at him, running her fingers up under the canvas bandage that went around her chin and the back of her head, and pulling it down. Two ropes attached just above her ears to this canvas head-piece ran through pulleys on the head of her bed, and hung down, holding ten pounds in weight—five suspended from each rope.

Dr. Kiever turned down the bed-clothes to show me his arrangement of pads, pulleys and sand-bags about her twisted little body.

"It will be like this," he said, pointing out to me the different corrections made for each curvature. "It will take about two months more, and then—" he looked at me knowingly.

"Then I'm to be all straight and up again?" Barbara put in.

I had been told that she knew nothing of the operation which was to follow this long stretching process, but it was something of a shock to me to hear this utterance of her good faith.

"Amn't I, Dr. Kiever, amn't I?" she queried.

Dr. Kiever smiled gravely, and nodded his head.

"In no time," he answered.

Children whom I have loved have always called me Dick, and it almost took me back to the old days to see Barbara fall so naturally into the way of it. Sometimes she called me "Dicklet". She had a queer little way of placing "let" at the end of words. "Birdlet, treelet, flowerlet," she would sing, holding the bandage away from her chin, and turning her eyes up to look out of the window at the head of her bed.

She was very happy in a detached way. At first she puzzled me greatly, and then a very close familiarity sprang up between us. As Dr. Kiever had said, there was something about the child which you could not quite understand. And yet I felt that she

came closer to me than to anyone else. Sometimes she seemed even to enter into my great loneliness in a way that those nearest and dearest to me had failed to do.

Her family worshipped her from afar. That she was a remarkable child they all agreed, and because of her happiness, which they could not begin to understand, they were thankful. Her mother was not living. Her father and brothers suffered for her far more than she herself endured. They could see the pain, but they could not fathom the flashes of light and peace that went with it.

It was early one afternoon in May when I caught my first real glimpse of that part of Barbara which I had been unable to understand. It was the part of her that gave rise to her happiness, and, incomprehensible though it seemed at first, it gave me a better insight into her tragic little life.

I sat by the broad window-sill running ribbons into her lacey night-gowns. I had made a place among the pots and vases of flowers for my spools and materials. The windows were open and a gentle breeze shifted the dimity curtains to and fro against the "window-sill garden" which was always kept fresh and blooming by her family and their friends. The sunlight fell in tenderly over the plants, and crept up slowly along the edge of her bed.

Barbara lay silent and peaceful with her hands outside the covers fingering a book now and then, her head drawn back so far that she could not see what she touched.

I waited until the patch of sunlight had almost reached her face, then rose to pull down the blind.

"Oh don't, Dicklet!" she said, putting out her hand to me. "Can't you see how lovely it is?"

Catching my apron she pulled me down so that I knelt by her bed.

"Look!" she explained eagerly. "Can't you see how the sunlight looks

through the flowerlets, and how white through the curtains—”

I followed her gaze to the window. The early afternoon sun was streaming through the cross-barred folds, making them luminously golden in places and clearly white in others. The transparent petals of the flowers glowed in a shimmering, motley array.

I nodded my head. In that shadowy place in my mind where I live always in the past, or in the dear, impossible future with Jerry, I could see how lovely it all was—though with my real eyes I might as well have been looking at a blank, gray wall, for all the impression the beauty made upon me.

“That’s just the way my side aches!” Barbara said with startling directness. “It feels just like that looks! There’s something beautifully hurting. Can’t you see?”

Again I nodded. I must have concealed my puzzled thoughts admirably, for she gave a happy, triumphant little laugh, and pulled my hand up close to her face.

“Oh, I’m so glad you know!” she said.

I did know something, but it was only a whisper of what was to follow.

We understood each other so much better after that. Everything seemed to develop a new significance. I felt that I was enjoying some sort of secret confidence with this real little Barbara. Underlying all the ordinary proceedings of each day there was a certain glow, a realization that we had each reached in and touched the other in some very sacred place. While I was bathing her or feeding her, she would suddenly look up and laugh with an expression that meant to say, “You know, don’t you?” And I, with inward uncertainty but a bluffing exterior, would laugh back at her. We seldom spoke of our understanding.

She was subject to severe headaches, and there came a night when

she suffered from one of even more blinding pain than the others.

Dr. Kiever had come in the afternoon and lifted the weights from the ropes, and removed the bandage from her poor, pressure-inflamed little chin. I had piled the sand-bags in one corner of the room for him while he helped Barbara to turn on her side, and stroked her head with his cool, professional hands. She was weeping as she often wept, quiet, gentle tears that rolled out from under her lashes, with scarcely a sob.

There was nothing to be done. I kept the room dark and a damp cloth on her forehead—ineffectual as a means of relief, of course, but soothing. Her father and brothers tip-toed in and crept silently away again—miserable, and incapable of relieving themselves or Barbara.

As it grew dark outside, I pulled up the blinds and opened the windows wider, then began to take away the flowers.

Barbara, who had been very silent for a long while, startled me with her little cry, and I looked around to see her peering at me from beneath the damp cloth.

“Don’t take them away, Dicklet!” she said. “See—come here.”

I went and knelt beside her, holding the little hand she thrust out to me. She pulled the cloth from her forehead.

“Look out there,” she said. “I knew that to-night was like this. It’s a regular ‘headache-night.’” Her eyes caught little glints of light and shone in the semi-darkness.

Between the window and the street lamp across the road, branches and leaves stood out in a lacy silhouette. The sky was dense above the trees beyond, which seemed to be picked out in an intricate threadwork, like that of an old tapestry.

“It’s just like that,” Barbara said; “beautiful blackness with a great, shining, beautiful light in the centre, —hurting so much that it has stopped

hurting. The pain is still there, but it has turned into something else. It's the blackest, most beautiful pain!"

"Yes," I said, and waited.

"It was so black," she continued, "that it couldn't stay black any longer, and little lights had to come through. I always just have to wait for that. It hurts until it grows lovely. . . . And if it could just stay long enough, if I could just keep on seeing that shining and hurting so beautifully, then I know in the end there wouldn't be any ache. . . . It would just be all beautiful!"

I tried to grasp her meaning. Was it possible that pain sometimes merged into beauty? Here was the dim echo of a solution for suffering, so faint and delicate in its reasoning that I was afraid to force myself in upon it lest I should break some of the threads that held it together. But it was very real to Barbara, and so pure and true a thought that even the child's assurance gave it power. I wished that I could remove some of the layers of logic that had come with my training, and wade out again from the mazes into which my own sorrow had led me, so that I could see deep into this clear little mind. There was such a calm peacefulness about her face and her little hand lying softly recumbent in mine.

Out through the window we watched the motor-cars like great, bright-eyed beetles, crawling along the straight road. A breeze, no stronger than the outletting of a quiet breath, drew the scent of her lilies-of-the-valley over to us, purified in the night air.

"Listen!" Barbara whispered. "Can you hear the piping?"

For a moment I was alarmed, and then, realizing how easily her confidence might be silenced, I bent my head lower, and listened. At first I could distinguish nothing but the drowsy sound of the night life, and then—slowly—I became aware of

something else. It was so low, scarcely to be heard above the chirping of crickets, like the sighing of tall grass. . . . And then rising, rising. . . . clear, fine, plaintive notes. I felt myself dropping into the breathless spell that held Barbara. I was afraid to speak lest another sound might disturb the piercingly sweet strains of the music. . . .

Barbara broke the charm herself with her little whispering voice.

"Once I knew a story," she said, "about a little man with heels like a goat, and his name was Pan. . . . And I forget just how it went, but I remember the most part. He piped music that was so sweet it was painful, and so painful that it was sweet. Somehow, sometimes, Dicklet, they're just the same thing. . . . if you get enough of them."

She lapsed into silence for a few moments, and then went on.

"But whenever people are aching, Dicklet, and they hear Pan's piping, their aches just turn into something else. It's still pain, but it's so different. You know, Dicklet?"

Yes, for a moment, I knew! . . . . And then I began to fumble about in my mind again, and the wall grew up and closed in upon me, so that I rose from her bed with my heart heavier than ever for the little glimpse I had had of something—some indefinable way out, which Barbara had revealed to me. I was glad that I did not know enough about the surroundings to explain the source of the music in some commonplace way.

Barbara took the news of her operation very quietly. Though she had been told nothing of it before, she acted in her serene, happy little way as though she had been expecting it. Truly it made no difference to her at all. Dr. Kiever explained it to her as simply as possible. He had been stretching her little body all these months, trying to pull the curves out of her spine, and now that her back was quite corrected, he must have

some way of holding her in position so that she would remain straight when she got up again. So there was to be a bone graft—seven inches—inserted in the spine. He softened the telling, of course, stopping to answer and explain her every question.

Barbara was not upset—a bit excited—and happily conscious of being the centre about which turned all the thoughts of her father and brothers.

Her room in the hospital, where the operation was to be performed, was a large and comfortable one at the corner of the second floor. There were two windows with deep awnings that delighted Barbara with their flapping in the wind and sunshine. The room had escaped, somehow, that glaring look that I have come to associate with so many hospitals, and its walls were restfully toned down with a soft shade of green. Barbara fitted into the peaceful background as though it had been made especially for her.

She kissed her father on that morning of the operation, smiling at him, and calling as she went out the door:

"Wait for me, daddy. I'll be back soon."

I did not notice him particularly then. My thoughts were all centred on Barbara, whose face was flushed from the hypodermic of atropine I had just given her. But I know how he looked. I have seen that stricken expression on so many parents' faces.

One of her brothers walked beside her stretcher-truck to the elevator. Then we went up with the orderly and the elevator boy. . . . And in the ether room I put on my operating-gown. I was not to assist, of course, only to watch. . . .

She was unconscious most of the day, with a pulse so normal that it surprised me, and only a slight rise of temperature. She would roll her head painfully now and again, and utter low, sobbing moans. The little damp locks of her hair fell about her face

like shadows, and her father, sitting beside her, would reach up his arm and tenderly brush them back from her forehead. Then she would become conscious for a few staring, clutching moments. . . . and drop off again.

Her face remained flushed until late in the afternoon, when the color faded out, and I saw the black smudges come in under her eyes.

Perhaps her father could not see the change at first. He did not leave her side until about seven, when he asked me if I thought it would be safe—for a few moments. He must go out into the air.

Even had I not seen his haggard face I should have said yes. Her condition seemed so remarkably normal. Dr. Kiever had just gone. Everything was moving along smoothly. It was a relief to be able to tell him to go, to realize that there was no need for him to stay there. But I shall always regret it, for had he stayed he might have had what I had, what really belonged to him. And yet perhaps he would not have understood. And then. . . .

It was just a few minutes after he had gone that Barbara tried to turn on her side, and opened her eyes at the movement with a little agonized cry.

I realized that she was thoroughly conscious now for the first time that day, and suffering excruciating pain. She cried out sharply twice, and flung her hand out, almost bringing the tears to my eyes at her little familiar motion of catching at my apron. It seemed years since she had done that.

I caught her little hand in one of mine and slid my fingers up along her wrist to feel for her pulse.

"Oh don't, Dicklet!" she cried, jerking it away from me. "Can't you see; oh, tell me, can't you see?"

"Yes, yes," I tried to soothe her. She seemed to be straining and struggling for something. The pupils of

her eyes were dilated, her forehead puckered up, and her lips twitching about eagerly.

"Isn't it true?" she cried out, and then again, "isn't it true?" . . . and I knew that she was searching for that beauty. I knew that she must be satisfied, and somehow, for the first time in all the black months since Jerry's death, I lost myself. Since then I have thought that perhaps I lost myself in her need, just as before I lost myself in Jerry's. All that I know is that I suddenly saw what she wanted. I suddenly understood all the great beauty that comes in sorrow—all the great beauty that comes in any phase of life if we can only uncover it enough.

I bent over her and looked into her dear, little troubled face, and I believe that she read in my eyes what I could never have put into words, for all at once a change came upon her. The lines in her forehead straightened out, her lips closed firmly and naturally, and in her eyes there was a glow of satisfaction, of deep, perfect contentment, such as I had never seen before. Her whole body relaxed. The little taut fingers fell limp on the counterpane. No longer was there any wonder in her gaze—just

the deepest and most restful serenity.

She spoke in a hushed, even voice, and I, with hushed, listening mind, heard her.

"I knew it would come, Dicklet. I knew it would come if I could just wait. . . . And oh—now I know—now there will always be enough of it. I always thought—if I could just see enough of the beauty . . . and really hear the piping—so that it covered all—everything else . . . then that would be the end of pain. Pain always ends—in beauty."

She closed her eyes with a tiny gust of a sigh, and her head fell to one side.

I reached for her hand and felt the pulse in her blue-veined wrist flutter and go out. . . .

And even then I stood silent for a moment. Little thoughts trailed back and forth across my mind. . . . To live, then, one must suffer, but one may find the happy solution—by realizing the great beauty; although to understand it fully one must go through the Gate and into the Garden as Barbara had gone.

This child had made herself immune to pain, and in overcoming it, had she not also made herself immune to life?



# THE FIREPLACE

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD



THE absolutely essential thing, if a room is to have the quality which stands for home, is surely a fireplace. It were better to sit on the floor by an open fire than to rest on the most luxurious of couches without one."

So writes my friend The Castle Builder, and her words bring before my mind a vision of a large shabby room, a great fireplace where the flames leap high, and a laughing company grouped gypsy-fashion before the blaze. Lights and shadows make a wonderful and shifting beauty on my mind. I hear the unforgotten walls and floor. Memories of camp-fires by New Brunswick rivers crowd my mind. I hear the unforgotten voices, the hurried murmur of shallow rapids, the mysterious whisper of a night wind among the trees.

Then something rouses me; I see my little blue parlor and the gas-grate which so waked my scorn erst-while but which now I thoroughly appreciate—and I realize that for the nonce I am but an apartment-dweller, and that ample open fires by which to rejoice and dream are things of the past and of the future.

A few bits of furniture are necessary, after all, I admit to myself—but if there must be a choice, better little furniture and the open fire. No room lit by dancing flames can be quite commonplace. How fantastic

the shadows flickering on the walls; how pictured faces, touched by the shifting light, assume a semblance of living beauty; what elf-flames of reflection gleam on the frosted pane! And if a storm howls outside how intensified is the feeling of security and cheer.

But there is one essential quality for the atmosphere of home which neither furniture nor fireplace contributes. In vain the most capacious of hearths if there be not one beside it who is a born home-maker. The Hindoos have a proverb which I used to like: "The hearth is not a stone but a woman." I would like it better now if it read: The hearth is not a stone, but a human being radiating kindness and that indefinable spirit which makes for happiness. There are people whose presence brings a glow to the heart and brightness to the eyes; life takes on new zest when they enter the room; we feel that there are still wonderful things to happen. One such may suffice to give the note of festival to the quietest gathering—and this one expresses for us the spirit of the hearth.

Let us build our fireplace if we can and spin our dreams beside it; but if it is unattainable, there is a sacred fire of imagination that may be kindled on a hearth unseen. After all, the hearth-fire is a symbol—and perhaps the best fireplace is a red sunset seen through a grove of pines.



NUNS IN CHAMPLAIN MARKET, QUÉBEC, SOLICITING GIFTS OF VEGETABLES

From the Photograph by  
M. O. Hammond





# THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA

BY DR. EDWARD E. BRAITHWAITE



THE difference in the spirit of the representatives of the various nations as they came together in Washington a few weeks ago, as contrasted with what it was when they assembled in Paris at the close of the war, is the keynote of a new era towards which we are rapidly moving. However, when it was possible for Lord Hugh Cecil to say not long ago that "the spirit of nationality rages like a pestilence; it is the curse of Europe", and when it must be admitted that the spirit of nationalism and racial prejudice has undoubtedly been very conspicuous in recent times, it must not, of course, be expected that these things can be brushed aside in a moment, or that we can proclaim the new era to be fully at hand.

Nevertheless, a new sense of internationalism and a new method of approach to the solution of international problems have certainly been coming to the front in our day. Signs of this have been visible on the horizon for some time. The Hague Conferences were one attempt at its expression, and if it had not been for the opposition of Germany at the last of these conferences, steps would then have been taken which in all probability would have been the means of averting the recent world war. The League of Nations, with all its shortcomings, has been an expression of a similar spirit; while the Washington Disarmament Conference, and possibly to an even greater extent the negotiations undertaken for the set-

tlement of the troublesome Irish question have pointed in the same direction.

Of course, the very war attitude which has characterized the nations in these recent years has naturally tended to make them suspicious of one another and has developed many new possibilities of friction which were not in existence before the war. Witness the pathetic plea made by Premier Briand at Washington on the subject of land armaments in which he sketched at great length the fear that still overwhelms France lest Germany, in spite of her humiliating defeat, might again at almost any time take advantage of the potential military strength which he claimed to be able to prove that she possessed, and by so doing worst her old neighbor, unless France kept herself in a state of more complete "preparedness" than the proposed action of the Conference considered justifiable. But in spite of all tendencies in this direction the nations are certainly in a humbled and receptive mood, and, in view of the repeated menaces of a general renewal of hostilities during the period since the signing of the armistice, are anxious to take the broader view and to learn a more peaceful method of settling all troubles that may at any time arise between them.

## II.

A crisis is sometimes necessary to bring to expression the spirit that really exists in a community or nation. It frequently requires a crisis to rouse a community or nation to

action that will adequately meet a very manifestly existent situation.

We had begun to think that there was little of the spirit of sacrifice and heroism among our young men as compared with those of former times. But when the call to war actually came, they were not slow in rising to the occasion.

The Irish question has been smouldering for many generations and numerous attempts made to solve it. Finally it seemed to reach its worst phases and we were almost in despair as to a satisfactory solution, fearing that at least the shedding of much blood could not be averted. And lo! in the darkest hour a solution began to be at hand.

Disarmament! For a long time there had been more or less agitation among the peoples of the world looking to this end. But it was of little avail. On the contrary the fighting machines vastly increased, not only in number but also in the deadly power which they possessed. Never, indeed, was the race so madly run as in these recent days when the nations were already plunged into the greatest financial embarrassments. In spite of their impoverishment they were multiplying their costly battleships with an amazing rapidity never before attained, Japan's 1912 army and navy appropriation of 93 million having been increased to 282 million for 1921, that of Great Britain for the corresponding periods from 350 millions to 1,100 millions, while the United States exceeded all others both absolutely and relatively in the astonishing leap from 244 millions for 1912 to more than 1,400 millions for 1921, which is nearly sixfold increase.

The inevitable stultifying result, however, began at last to be realized, and lo! again, 'action is at hand! Anatole France vividly describes the process as follows:—"The forward steps of industry create new excuses for the use of guns and cannon. Manufacturers and business men in the great countries urge war in order

to become richer, and when they get it they prolong it indefinitely in order also to prolong their profits. The workers whose wages they raise are satisfied. The generals win honor and profit from their campaigns. And as to the soldiers, they are easily made to believe that they are fighting for the fatherland. The business men, not satisfied with delaying as much as possible the peace that ends profits, arrange with the politicians to make war again when peace has been concluded."

But there is a limit beyond which this cannot be carried without irretrievable disaster. And so the same author proceeds, "War, which sometimes wins riches for the peoples, finally brings ruin and death too . . . . Germany, forced toward bankruptcy, drags France to ruin with her,—France, staggering under 325 billions of debt. Italy is suffering, Russia is dying of hunger, Austria is dead. Even the United States is surprised to see its affairs growing worse. Throughout the world the nations are torn out of their ambitious dreams by an unknown disease . . . . Europe is dying; the war has killed her. The people will finally understand, and if they do not wish to perish, they will have to unite and, abandoning their pride and avarice, submit to the decisions of a tribunal of peace."

Yes, verily, disarmament! — because it is an absolute economic necessity. The recent testimony of three American captains of finance, independently given, confirms the above. One of the two partners of the great Chicago house of Marshall Field and Company returning from Europe, affirms that in view of the "financial and economic chaos" of the continent, "unless something is done promptly to avert the disaster, which approaches with constantly increasing rapidity, it will spread from one country to another until we are all involved in the malestrom". John F. Sinclair of Minneapolis testifies to the same effect, while Frank C. A.

Vanderlip, until two years ago president of the largest bank in New York city, from which position he was forced by his then optimistic directors for giving a gloomy report of the outlook at that time, is more than ever convinced that Europe is sliding gradually downwards and needs our help.

The spectacular collapse of the German mark which fell in three months from about two cents to a third of a cent, the tumble of the Russian rouble, once worth fifty cents, to 1/2000 of a cent, the decline of the Polish mark and the Austrian crown to 1/35 of a cent each, and a similar result in the currencies of Hungary and other European countries have naturally been so puzzling as to make financiers realize a desperate situation demanding a desperate remedy. Therefore let us welcome disarmament.

Disarmament! Why not? How indeed avoid it? For consider again the appalling burdens not only of financial indebtedness, but also of physical deterioration, disease and famine the nations are forced to carry. It is startling to be informed that over 92 per cent. of the whole income from taxation in the United States in 1920 was required to pay for past wars and in preparation for future wars. It is staggering to learn that though the United States was a comparatively short time in the war, her former service men are still breaking down at the rate of a thousand a month, mostly victims of tuberculosis and insanity, and further, that in the opinion of the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service this rate of increase will continue for at least six years. It is heart-rending to listen to Dr. John Mott's assertion that last year in the belt of nations reaching from Finland and North Russia on the Baltic down to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, more men, women and children died from disease and from results of malnutrition than were killed or died from disease in all the armies on both sides of the war

in any one year of the struggle. Well might Lord Bryce declare, "If we do not destroy war, war will destroy us."

### III.

But even if the nations have taken action only because they have been forced to it for the very purpose of self-preservation, we may well rejoice; more especially so in view of the fact that the American proposal, so promptly accepted in principle by the other powers, went so much farther than any one anticipated. If we were inclined to be critical of the United States because of not co-operating as fully as had been expected in the settlement of some of our post-war problems, this may now be largely overlooked in view of the splendid and surprising leadership she has taken in the disarmament proposition.

How far Secretary Hughes surpassed all anticipations is illustrated by the pronouncement of the orator addressing an assembly of the federated churches of Baltimore on Armistice Day, a few hours before the epoch-making announcement of the United States Secretary of State and only a few miles away. His words were:—"Some of us will humbly thank God and take new heart if two things are done at the Washington Conference . . . . First, that in the matter of armaments we stop where we are and lay no further plans for increase . . . . Second, if we stop the private manufacturing of arms and ammunition for purposes of war." No one outside the American delegation was at all prepared for the wholesale scrapping of ships which was advocated, representing a tonnage of nearly 2,000,000, with the tremendous saving which this implied for Great Britain, the United States and Japan.

One other question, closely related to the above, and important for the rehabilitation of the world, has not yet been formally considered by the nations' representatives and in view

of its delicacy, its joint consideration may be difficult to bring about, viz., the indebtedness of the allied nations to one another. Great Britain, being a debtor to the United States, and a creditor to her other allies could at once settle with the United States, if her debtors paid their indebtedness to her. But the prospects for this seem anything but bright. If the United States were to cancel Britain's obligations, Britain would gladly cancel the obligations of those in debt to her. But this, of course, Britain would never ask. Yet in all probability such a course would not only be a great gain to the rest of the world, but finally to the United States also, as the consequent opening up of world trade would be in a large degree a compensation for any immediate loss sustained—not to speak of a certain sense of justice in such procedure by way of compensation for the greater losses experienced by the rest of the allies through their earlier engagement in the world struggle while the United States was piling up wealth at their expense.

At any rate we hail with joy the advanced ground taken at the Conference. This certainly points toward the dawn of a better day. It is far, however, from meeting the whole situation. It is no guarantee against war. Though the naval strength of the Powers is reduced, it still exists to some extent, even if in somewhat altered proportions. Moreover, there has been so striking a development of other methods of warfare through the use of air-machines, poison gases, etc., that the diminution of ships may be a secondary consideration.

#### IV.

Something more is, therefore, necessary.

The New York *Nation* feebly hints at this in two recent editorials. In one of these it is declared that no single thing could so insure peace between the United States and Japan as the

hauling up on land of the fleets of the two countries, save one thing, viz., "a new way of life for the great nations of the earth". But it is a disappointment to find this no further amplified except to speak of it as consisting of "a complete moral revulsion against the whole miserable policy of dominating others by force and particularly a moral revulsion against the new prostitution of science to the business of murder by wholesale." In the other, while emphatically declaring that disarmament is not enough, the only further solution suggested is the calling of "an international congress, not primarily of politicians but of business men", though in still another place the editor of the same journal does strongly assert that what is wrong with the Conference is "the absence of a genuine Christian spirit."

*The Christian Century* strikes nearer home by insisting that while we have been living in an era of the Declaration of Rights we have discovered that "apotheosizing rights has glorified fighting and fighting writ large is war," and that, therefore, the day of giving first place to rights must be forever past. In discovering this we are facing one of the greatest crises of human history. We are looking for the way out, and the only satisfactory way that can be devised is a social mechanism "which will embody the principle of service instead of rights, which will honor outgiving instead of seizure, creation instead of acquisition."

There never was a day which pointed more strongly toward the need of emphasizing what Dr. J. A. Macdonald has called "The Law of the World's Good-Will" which he defines as the good of each working for the welfare of all and of which he says that it is "the first law of every nation . . . . . No nation sins alone or suffers alone . . . . . Bad-will between man and man, between class and class, between nation and nation, —bad-will is sin against the immutable law of the social order, and the

soul that sinneth, the class that sinneth, the nation that sinneth, it shall die. . . . International good-will is the fulfilling of the supreme law of all nations". Though it can scarcely be claimed that any of these recent conferences have reached the point where they have been ready to deal with an issue entirely from the standpoint of the interest of the world as a whole, yet they have undoubtedly been pointing in this direction.

In short, the one need is to push to its logical conclusion the position which the leaders among the nations have long professed to occupy. We claim to be Christian nations and thus virtually assert our belief that

the one and only solvent of all national and international problems is the application of the principles of the Galilean Teacher to these problems. Why should we not stand squarely on this and strongly press home these cardinal truths, such as the brotherhood of men, the golden rule, the application of the law of love and service to all relationships of men, social, international and interracial? This is the present striking need as the culmination of the spirit of international counsel and arbitration which happily has risen to a high place among us. And this is the only way to a permanent peace.

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## FALLING ASLEEP

By EDWARD SAPIR

UNDER sunbeams sunning,  
     Under waters running,  
 And under waters drumming,  
 Mermaidens humming—

Other beams fall,  
 Other streams fall,  
 Other winds come,  
 Other winds drum—

Slow cloud strains,  
 Slow rain rains,  
 Hangs a slim  
 Song and dim—

Song's lost,  
 I' th' rain tossed.  
 Grope, Sleep,  
 In the rain-deep!

# MISS VINTON'S PROPOSAL

BY JANE RICHARDSON



RICHARD DWIGHT had just returned from a pleasant call, which had been somewhat prolonged.

His apartments, as always, were in exquisite order; a bright fire glowed in the grate, the clock ticked cheerily on the mantel, and books and papers were within easy reach.

Having lighted the lamp by which he always read, he donned his smoking jacket and lighted a cigar, and, having thus made himself comfortable, proceeded to look over the heap of letters which he found upon the table. There were numbers which were ostensibly business correspondence, with others of quite a different character—invitations and notes, in thick, square envelopes bearing the writer's crest or monogram. As he turned them over indifferently, he was struck by one, the address upon which betrayed decided individuality.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "what's this—chirography that I've never seen before. Evidently a communication from neither creditor nor debtor. It seems to be a man's writing. And here's something on the seal—a badly made V," he concluded, knitting his handsome brows.

"Very odd—this writing," he remarked, studying it again. "The 't' is crossed, the 'i' is dotted, and the comma has a tail to it—no woman ever wrote that."

Whereupon he opened the letter and began to read. His expression at first was one of blank amazement; then he flushed scarlet and tossed the

letter on the table with the exclamation:

"By Jove! I would never have believed it! Such a thing as this from Miss Vinton—that demure, reserved creature. But, with her peculiar beliefs, it is just what one might expect."

By this time, he was tramping up and down the room in a state of suppressed excitement, gnawing his moustache.

"I rather flatter myself that she liked me," he soliloquized with the egotism of his sex, "but she is the last person on earth that I should have suspected of falling in love, of selecting *me* as the object of her affections, and carrying her preference to the dire length of a proposal."

He halted, picked up the amazing letter, which he now read aloud, as if to convince himself that he had not mistaken its import.

"MY DEAR MR. DWIGHT:—You are aware that the views which I hold upon certain questions are such as entitle me to that liberty of choice and conduct which the world, hitherto, has permitted your sex alone. I make this statement, not as an apology, but to prepare you for what, otherwise, might somewhat surprise you. During my residence with the Misses McTaggart, I have had an opportunity to study you more closely than you are probably aware, and I discovered that you possess natural refinement, generosity, high honor, strong intelligence and warm sympathy—qualities which will ensure the happiness of the woman whom you may marry. It is in accordance with my principles, therefore, that I confess myself willing to assume the responsibilities of this sacred relation, believing that I shall be able to minister to your happiness, if not to your highest usefulness.

"I am faithfully yours,

ELIZABETH VINTON."

"A consistent example of the new woman," he exclaimed, "and I suppose this may be taken as a premonition of the twentieth century proposal, which will be so common in fifty years that it will not be considered in the least peculiar."

Dwight had taken no pains to be particularly courteous to Miss Vinton, and he never dreamed that his trifling attentions could have been taken so seriously, especially by one who had impressed him as distinctly proud and reserved.

He had been, for many years, what is technically called "a day boarder" at the Misses McTaggart's, where Miss Vinton lived, and where they had met three times daily at table for some months.

She was one of the editors of *The Evening Bulletin*, and it was known that she scorned "Society Notes" and "Home Chat," which were committed to Mrs. Eugene White, who was also a member of the Misses McTaggart family. It was even asserted that Miss Vinton was as familiar with the pros and cons of current economic questions as she was with the alphabet.

The Misses McTaggart were elderly spinsters of Scotch extraction who kept a model boarding-house, and the people for whose wants they provided, with the exception of Richard Dwight and Elizabeth Vinton, were such as may be usually found in such establishments; two middle-aged stock-brokers, a young Low Church clergyman, several clerks and a brace of lawyers, with one or two businessmen and their stout, indolent wives—Mrs. Eugene White among them. Dwight remembered perfectly when Miss Vinton had appeared upon the scene. It was on a Saturday evening, and in her quiet, simple dress, her grace and youth, he had remarked then that there was very little of the traditional blue-stocking in either her appearance or her manner. While strikingly handsome, she was attractive; her fair complexion, thick brown hair and blue eyes were a marked con-

trast to Mrs. White's bleached tresses and rouge.

He had learned that she was not only clever with her pen, but an accomplished musician as well. When this latter fact became known Mrs. White explained that Miss Vinton had brought her piano with her when she came to Elwood.

"A queer fancy, wasn't it," she added, "in a girl of her profession?"

"I don't see anything remarkable in it," Dwight had replied dryly. "I suppose the young lady is human."

Mrs. White always irritated him and provoked him to contradiction.

"Take care, Mr. Dwight," she retorted in a manner meant to be arch, but which was merely spiteful. "Take care! If you so promptly volunteer as Miss Vinton's champion, we may count upon an easy conquest at a later day."

"I am quite capable of taking care of myself," he replied, but repented instantly of the unwise speech.

Dwight had always shown himself indifferent to Mrs. White's reputed intellect, and she resented it, as such shallow natures always do.

The passage at arms had occurred in the McTaggart parlor, just after dinner, Miss Vinton having gone at once to her room — her habitual practice — and from behind the closed doors could be heard the strains of the *Sonata Pathétique*, played with the touch of an artist.

Dwight's temper, which could never be counted on when crossing swords with Mrs. White, was not improved at the laughter which her silly banter evoked. With an effort he regained his self-control, and turned to one of the men, and said indifferently: "Come, Tomkyns, let's be off."

Notwithstanding her reserve, Miss Vinton, by degrees, became a decided favorite in the McTaggart household. It was very evident that she had known the great world, if she had not been in and of it, though she never talked of her affairs, past or present, and, with all her cleverness, she was simplicity itself—very different from

anything that Tomkyns and Pringle, the two brokers, had anticipated. They had expected aggressive strong-mindedness—"being sat on", as they put it—and nothing of the sort had happened. Miss Vinton had neither exposed their lack of knowledge, nor had she overwhelmed them with her own.

There could hardly have been circumstances more radically different than those of Richard Dwight and Elizabeth Vinton. He belonged to the gayest set in Elwood, and accepted as a matter of course that homage which money, good looks and good manners exact the world over. He was the centre of every social function, always in demand, and he would have been less than mortal had he not rated himself at something approaching the valuation society had placed upon him.

He was, however, careful not to betray his calm self-satisfaction by word or deed. A successful banker, he could command his leisure at any time, and varied the monotony of business with frequent trips East, running across to London or Paris, or roughing it on his ranch in Wyoming.

Miss Vinton, when she chose to exercise it, possessed the art of making friends, but she lived like a recluse, tied to her desk during the day, and spending her evenings with her books and music, enlivened by occasional visits from the Misses McTaggart and Mrs. White, with whom, strangely enough, she got on capitally. Dwight saw her very rarely, except at the McTaggarts'; once he caught her eye as she surveyed him sitting in a box at the theatre surrounded by a group of chattering girls; and on another occasion he had met her at a party when she played whist all the evening with a lot of stupid people. She had declined to dance with him, and this was her first and last appearance in an Elwood drawing-room for some time.

He had unconsciously become interested in her in spite of himself. Now, however, as he surveyed the letter, he experienced a decided re-

vulsion of feeling, and, sitting down at his desk, he wrote his reply at once, without giving himself time to think the matter over even—an impulsive procedure, very unusual for him. When he had finished the brief note, he put it into an envelope, enclosing with it the letter he had received, and sealed and addressed it.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Without hurting the girl's feelings more than could be helped—for I have written as delicately and considerately as I could—I hope this will teach her a lesson."

They met at breakfast, and Miss Vinton was in an unusually genial mood. Dwight was puzzled that she should have shown no evidence of embarrassment. He, on the other hand, felt decidedly ill at ease. He drank his coffee hurriedly and left her unconcernedly chatting with Tomkyns. He could not understand it; no man who had proposed to a woman could face her with such tranquil composure while his fate was being weighed in the balance; and how much more perturbed he would be had he received his *congé* as his had been conveyed to Miss Vinton. It was incomprehensible. Of one thing he was certain—she could not have received his reply.

In the course of the morning he had occasion to drop into the *Bulletin* office to interview the manager, and through the glass partition that separated the business office from the editorial room he saw her at her desk, behind a heap of papers, writing steadily, and so absorbed in her work that she did not look up. The place was dirty, disorderly and uncomfortable, and she, in her dainty dress, with her unmistakable air of delicate refinement, made it seem more grimy and cheerless in contrast.

"A dismal place for any woman to wear out her life in," he thought.

When Miss Vinton came home to luncheon she went to her room, running lightly up the stairs, to glance over her letters, which she rarely ever read at the office. She glanced



through them hastily, for she had been detained, and was already late. She came, finally, to the last — Dwight's brief note, with its enclosure.

She read the first again and again, with an expression of increasing astonishment, then with indignation, her eye flashing, her cheeks flushing, while an ominous frown darkened her forehead.

"Who could have done this?" she exclaimed. "I did not know I had an enemy capable of a thing so contemptible; and to think a man of Richard Dwight's intelligence should not at once have detected so palpable a trick. I had given him credit for greater manliness." And her righteous anger culminated in a burst of tears.

She was recalled to herself by a soft tap at the door and Miss McTaggart's sweet old voice:

"Are you ill, dear? Shall I send you up something?"

"Oh, no—no," she replied chokingly. "I am a little late, that is all. I shall be done in a moment."

She knew that every one had gone, and that she was in no danger of a tête-à-tête with Dwight.

She was still so indignant and mortified that she had very little appetite, and she wondered what she should do. Comfortable boarding-places were not numerous in Elwood, and she did not feel disposed to give up her pleasant rooms. But, after this, it would be intolerable to meet Dwight daily, and such meetings were inevitable if both remained under the same roof. She went back to her room a little more composed. She was determined not to act hastily, but to spare Dwight's feeling—little as he deserved such clemency—and her own self-respect as much as possible. She hoped to evolve some plan that would dispose of the stupid business effectually, and leave no rancor in the minds of either. After a time, a decision was reached; then her sense of humor—that boon which had helped her over many a hard place—came to her relief, and she threw herself upon the lounge and laughed hysterically.

"Well, mademoiselle," she finally exclaimed, "you have been refused, positively refused. Of course *you* did not offer Mr. Richard Dwight your hand and heart, but some one has performed the delicate task for you, and his refusal is none the less direct and unmistakable. You can understand *now*, perhaps, how the other half of the race feel after such an ordeal."

Then the tears came into her eyes again. As she left the house to return to the *Bulletin* office she told Miss McTaggart that she should be detained again, and left a message for Dwight, asking if he would not wait a few moments after dinner, as she wished to see him upon a matter of important business. She smiled to herself as she thought of his consternation when the message was delivered. "Believing me capable of proposing to him, he may suspect me of conspiring to carry him off bodily in a coach and four—as in the days of our grandmothers—with the rôles of the principal actors reversed." She was not mistaken. Dwight received her message with a feeling of dread that made him positively tremble. For, during the afternoon, it had slowly dawned upon him that the whole thing was a wretched hoax, and that he had been a stupid ass not to have realized this at once. He had not the slightest ground to suppose that Miss Vinton had even cared for him, except as a casual acquaintance whose society had been agreeable; and it was no justification that he had been sought after to such an extent by scheming mothers that he had reached the conclusion that he had but to choose where he would. Nor could he find any ground for apology upon the plea that one might reasonably attribute to a woman of Miss Vinton's known opinions almost any sort of unconventionality. The latter had not appeared in her conduct, it was true, however pronounced her published views may have been.

"And they certainly were pronounced—indorsing this very sort of thing," he groaned, recalling one of

her recent editorials, having never learned that a woman's private code and her published utterances are sometimes at variance.

He sat alone in the parlor waiting for her with the apprehension of a man awaiting execution. What would she say? What would she do? Upbraid him, wither him with her scorn, or wring his heart with her tears? He was prepared for anyone of these demonstrations—or for all combined.

Presently he heard the soft rustle of her skirts, and the next moment he rose, and they stood facing each other. She had his letter in her hand, and she manifested neither indignation nor reproach. She was perfectly natural and self-possessed.

It was he who choked and mumbled — a sorry figure indeed, he keenly realized. But of this, she was apparently unconscious.

"I waited until the others had gone, as I wished to return this letter," she said quietly. "I am afraid that we both have been the victims of a very stupid practical joke"—generous including herself in the *contretemps* which was wholly of Dwight's making.

"I am sure that you will agree with me," she said sweetly and sensibly, "that the only thing to do is to forget it without delay; to treat the whole affair as if it had never happened. It shall not make the slightest difference with me, and I know that you will be equally indifferent. Then, no one but the writer and ourselves will be any the wiser; and he will have had his labor for his pains. Are you agreed?" and with an enchanting smile she held out her slim white hand.

He could not refuse it, and, at the same time, he was filled with keen admiration for the girl's fine generosity and dignity. How simply and cleverly she had rescued them both from a decidedly awkward dilemma.

"But what a fool—what an *idiot* I must seem—" he began.

"We will not discuss that, if you please," she interrupted him coldly.

"It is a matter that has, so far as I am concerned, no personal aspect whatever. And now good night," smiling again. "I have had no dinner and Miss McTaggart would wait for me all night."

And thus she dismissed him.

She was true to her compact. She treated Dwight just as he had before, with the same frankness and cordiality, but scrupulously careful that their acquaintance should not extend beyond the limits that she herself resolutely fixed.

As for Dwight, it must be confessed that he thought of her constantly. He found himself listening to all that she said, watching all that she did, and he presently realized that he was genuinely and deeply in love. It was his retribution. He chafed and fretted under the new conditions, for Miss Vinton's non-committal friendly manner was more discouraging than positive dislike. This he might have hoped to overcome; her blank indifference was hopeless.

Unfortunately for him, Dwight could not read her heart. She, too, in spite of all her brave resolutions to maintain her former attitude, had become more interested in Dwight than she would have cared to confess, a knowledge that naturally, under the circumstances, humiliated her deeply.

Suddenly one day she announced that she had resigned her position on *The Bulletin*, and would return to Brandon, her former home. Miss McTaggart said that the family had had an unexpected bequest that would relieve Miss Vinton from the further necessity of remaining in Elwood. She and her mother were going to England within a few weeks to visit relatives.

The next morning her place was vacant; she was gone.

To Dwight the world was empty. He could not have realized the depth of the feeling which had sustained itself upon their daily meetings. Elwood became unendurable, and he at length made up his mind that, little as Miss Vinton had encouraged him,

he would follow her to Brandon and know the worst; he would, at least, be no longer in suspense.

Called to New York on urgent business, he found it convenient to go by the way of Brandon, and, uninvited, he called at the Vintons' in the evening, sending in his card as though it were the most ordinary of proceedings.

It is doubtful if Elizabeth was really surprised; women possess a sixth sense which serves them unerringly in such crises. She blushed a little, Dwight, on this occasion, being the one to display self-possession.

After a few preliminaries he came at once to the point.

"I love you," he said, "and I have come all the way to Brandon to implore you to marry me."

Miss Vinton hesitated, then smiled mischievously.

"You refused me once," she said, coloring and dropping her eyes in confusion.

"I have reconsidered it," he replied, humoring her mood. "At that time I did not know you as I know you now, or I should have written you a very different sort of letter. You are much too generous to reproach me for a course which could hardly have been other than it was under the circumstances."

"Oh, certainly," she said indifferently.

She made his hard task no easier by word or look of encouragement, until, at length, driven to desperation, he rose to go, begging that she would say definitely "yes" or "no".

"It is an illustration of Christian charity of which I could never have believed myself capable," she said, at length, glancing at him with sudden shyness.

"You have said 'no' to me, and now I suppose I must humble myself by saying 'yes' to you."

It is not necessary to record the precise terms in which Dwight's gratitude was expressed.

There was no reasonable excuse for postponing the wedding, so they were married with very little delay, and, after a short honeymoon, went back to Elwood. The visit to England was given up.

The letter which had brought them together, after all, was not mentioned until after they had been married several months.

Dwight asked his wife if he ever discovered who wrote it.

"Oh, yes," she said, "it was Mrs. White. In a moment of penitence she confessed—just before I went home. She did it to mortify you, and humbly asked my pardon for the pain it caused me."


And Dwight felt at that moment that he, too, could afford to forgive her.



# IMPRESSIONS OF ONTARIO

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM CALDWELL

## II. THE ONTARIO SPIRIT AND MANNER

LREADY at Kingston I began to notice in the people there a very different manner and deportment from that of the English-speaking, or the French-speaking, Montrealers, something more in the nature of the Scottish manner when left to reproduce itself freely in new surroundings and when unaffected by contact with a different racial stock. The Kingston manner was something of an enigma to me, something new. It was a kind of closed book, whose secrets were known to those to whom it belonged, but which they were not exactly willing to open up to all. Kingston, of course, is a small place, and like Cobourg and Niagara, a place that has preserved almost intact many delightful old English and Scottish ways of speaking and acting and thinking. The University people I knew there, to some extent, having visited and lectured in Queen's, mingling with professors and their friends. But college people are everywhere a kind of cosmopolitan society of their own. But the self-contained, uneffusive manner of the average Kinstonian, as one meets him in the hotels, and in the shops and on the streets, puzzled me, as I said. Like the Scotch type, it seems to be shy of speech and expression, although, of course, manifestly conscious of its Canadian setting and its new world environment. It was simply another case of the Scotsman or the Englishman living abroad.

But I was soon (it was late in July) passing through Toronto on my educational mission, spending a day there, rubbing up against the confident, aggressive, efficient, self-conscious Ontario manner, of which the Toronto person is, I suppose, the best exponent. The Toronto people are manifestly conscious of something of that modernity and independence and up-to-dateness with which the American simply bristles all over, and which Canadians have adopted for what it is worth. The independent aspect of the Toronto manner seems to me, I must say, to be carried somewhat too far in the case of some of the waiters in the hotels and in that of the average street car conductor. These might both help their city and their country by a little more spontaneous courtesy and kindness, especially to strangers. But they are both of them, I suppose, a pretty busy, and a rather harassed lot of men. And the strike fever may still be smouldering in Toronto as in other places.

A week or two after leaving Toronto I had already been a day or more in the following Ontario places — Sarnia, Strathroy, Dresden, Aylmer, Ridgetown, Leamington, St. Thomas, Ingersoll. And I had been touring about through the country near these places. I was now, it seemed to me, in actual contact with the real new world of Ontario that I had but lightly touched on previous visits. I was enjoying a first-hand relation to many of those typical

Canadian activities of which I have spoken in my previous article. At Sarnia I witnessed the enormous shipping traffic that passes there through the Great Lakes. And on trains and motor-car trips about the various towns and villages from Strathroy and Leamington to Woodstock, I had seen a good deal of that wonderful farming, dairying, fruit raising, tobacco raising and cattle raising, and also something of that fine community life of which I have also spoken.

I had by this time, too, talked with scores of men and women, sat and played and smoked with business men and professional men, heard them discuss things, heard their comments on my views of Canada, heard them setting forth their own politics, and so on. I had attended church services, talked to commercial travellers, dipped into various local newspapers. You read the latter while waiting (everyone does) in the hotels for the great Toronto dailies, *The Mail and Empire*, *The Globe*, and *The Toronto Evening Star*. Of course in Western Ontario, in the Clubs and in the hotels, you often come across the leading American newspapers, the Detroit and Cleveland papers, and so on. And these papers, along to be sure with other American influences, are all having their sharpening and stimulating effect on the Ontario people, as they are on all Canadians.

Among the real characteristics then of the manner and the spirit of the Ontario people (apart, I mean from those interesting traces that you encounter here and there of the Old Country manner, and apart too from the partly Americanized manner that is now fairly common all over Canada) I would place first and foremost, a certain confident optimism, a sort of cheerful joy in life and achievement, a manifest sense of pleasure and content over being in such a richly blest country as Ontario.

The Ontarians are (at least in those happy active months of summer and autumn) really as optimistic and

as cheerful a people as I have ever been among anywhere. They are optimistic, it seems to me, firstly because they know they are living in such a splendid and such a resourceful country. And then, I think, because they know that they are quite a bit further on in their ways of doing things than the early settlers, or than the fine old Scottish and English folk from whom they originated, and from whom they are proud to have originated. Then they are optimistic because they know, shall we say, that they have at their service and command all that American up-to-date-ness, all that new world efficiency and technique, that is among the main features of the civilization of this entire continent. They are in possession, these Ontarians, of one of the best of all the countries of the world. And they have many of the best ways of using life and its opportunities. And they have all this on the top of a solid and unmistakable British tradition, a constitutionally guarded, personal-liberty system that is part of their birthright, that is their very birthright. It is along these points of view, I think, that you began to get a true apprehension of the Ontario spirit and manner.

The Ontario man is just as much a worker at heart as is the American. But he works to live, I think, instead of living to work, as does the American or as he has been inclined to do up till now. This is the Britisher in him, of course, and you always seem to see this element coming out. The Ontario man has always the air of being superior to his work that is affected by the Englishman. This is why the "work and prosper" motto of the Toronto Exhibition is not, as Sir Auckland Geddes pointed out when opening it, quite adequate to the real Ontario spirit, unless we remember that work is not everything in Ontario any more than it is in England. The liberties and the privileges of Britishers, and the realities of a contented social life are more fundamental still.

I noticed in one place, by the way, an all too little rendering (really a travesty of the thing) of the celebrated "Work and Prosper" motto. This was "Work like Hellen Be Happee". Someone had chalked this up in a baggage room in the Muskoka district—possibly as a kind of cynical caricature of the famous motto. But there, all the same, was the crude but definite apprehension on the part of some illiterate alien of the truth that work and the cultivation of your garden, (like the fear of the Lord) is the beginning of wisdom and contentment, either in Ontario or anywhere else. And the idea is a sound one, of course, if we remember that hustling and fear are but beginnings—of better things and better methods.

Of course there is no need of minimizing in any way the Americanism, or the Americanism as British people understand it (missing somewhat its idealistic side), that is all over Ontario, and all over Canada. For modernity generally, technique, contrivance, art, skill, motor power and so on, is all of it just as much a characteristic of Ontario and the Ontario life as is its Britishism, its indomitable and undeniable Britishism.

Not for a moment that I would describe the Ontario man or the spirit of the Ontarians as, say, half British and half American. The Ontario type for one thing is not a composite type at all. Apart from the fact of the foreigners whom you will find here and there doing things that the native-born do not care to do, Ontario is just about as homogeneous a kind of place, just as homogeneous a body of people as you will find anywhere. And any British people who would prefer to live, as most middle class English people (devoid of what Mathew Arnold called the continental mind) undoubtedly do, among their own people, would probably feel happier and freer in Ontario, than in French Canada, say, or than among the people of Western Canada and of Western America.

But despite this predominatingly Scotch-English character of the Ontario population and despite the great influence of Old Country ways, there is a distinct Canadianizing process going on in Ontario. And as a process it is probably more marked and more powerful there than elsewhere in Canada. And the American, or the French Canadian who does not want to be Canadianized had perhaps better not go to Ontario. He will be unable to resist the Canadianizing process that is going on there just as the foreigner in America is quite unable to resist his gradual Americanization.

When I come to refer, as I hope to do in another article, to some Ontario types, I may speak of a Quebec Frenchman whom I met in a town in middle Ontario. He was from Longueuil near Montreal, and we talked intimately in French of dear old Montreal. He was a hotelkeeper and a fine fellow, bilingual, of course, and still a Catholic, but his greatest wish was that some of his old Quebec friends would simply come up to Ontario to see how the Ontario farmer did things. The Ontario farmer, he said, had "got the Quebec farmer beaten a mile"—a significant proof of this Frenchman's Canadianism, or partial Americanization. He explained to me how differently the two men would build a barn. The Quebec Frenchman would go ahead as if the barn were to be a skating rink or a curling rink, close to the ground likely, with no real floor and no real foundation. Whereas the Ontario man would begin, like the man in the Bible, on some sort of solid foundation and would then lay out sections and compartments for future developments.

There is indeed an optimism and a magic and a fine working enthusiasm all over Ontario that will take hold of any man from any place and make a Canadian of him, willy-nilly.

In virtue of what I have said in the previous article about the increasing community feeling that

seems to be coming about in Ontario between the town workers and the farmers and the producers in the rural area, I really believe that Ontario is in a fair way of working out a harmony of the interests common to manual workers and agriculturists and middle class people, that will be a lesson to the world.

An interesting example, by the way, of the wonderful effect of modern conditions, and of modern facilities, of bringing about a kind of equality of conditions between the town and the country was given to me down in lower Quebec by an Ontario man, who had been born in a small Ontario town some 250 miles west of Toronto. His old town, he told me, was now supplied by electric light from Toronto motor power, so that all the dangerous dark corners and secret spaces he remembered in his boyhood were completely things of the past. Those who would do evil cannot exactly love the light of to-day—even at night.

The increasing use again by all sections of the Ontario population of all the different facilities and appliances of modern inventions (the telephone, the car, electric lights, transmissible motor power, etc.) along with the present sociological tendencies of the Ontario educational authorities will all tend (given the homogeneous character of the population) to bring about a kind of uniformly higher level of well-being all over the Province. This fairly high general level of living or comfort is already, in fact, one of the outstanding things noticeable in Ontario. Everybody there seems to be sharing in the general opportunities, in the general prosperity of that remarkable Province. This alone makes for a fine spirit and a feeling of optimism and satisfaction.

You will hear, to be sure, as you go about remarks about the luxury and spending habits of some of the Ontario new rich. I could mention towns where there is said to be a considerable amount of luxurious living,

but I will not do so. There is also a vast amount of unostentatious, simple good living all over the place. You never know, in fact, how much real wealth and how much good living there is in many an Ontario town until you go there and hear the people talk—for they do talk about their blessings and their prosperity. And there are thousands of unspoiled, moderately successful people there who enjoy the things of the mind and the delights of nature, and family joys, and the joys of the soul, just as much as they do their justly-earned wealth and their material success.

In Kitchener I was impressed (although I hardly like to single out any Ontario town for any kind of special praise) by about as vigorous and exuberantly triumphant a type of mentality, as strong a type of personal and community life, as I ever saw represented in any town in Europe or in America. I hereby pay in print my respects to this triumphant and aggressive Kitchener spirit—a thing I certainly did too in my attitude and feelings while I was among the Kitchener people. There is a supremely vigorous type of life and mentality in Kitchener, that, given other things, such as soul, for example, and inspiration (and I cannot suppose the Kitchener people to be devoid of these) is certainly the promise and the potency of much for the Kitchener people, for Ontario, for Canada. Its men and its women seemed to me to be about as alert as reasonably confident, as all-intelligent as resourceful, as any people could possibly be. The aggressiveness and the vigor of the Kitchener people really knocks you in the face as you go about there. Goethe said once that when you opened a page of the philosopher Kant you felt as if you had been suddenly thrust into a very brightly illuminated chamber. I felt this all-illuminating and strongly stimulating mental air in Kitchener as a definite thing and a definite experience inside of some twenty-five min-

utes. My chauffeur to whom I talked on the way to the hotel had it. So had all the hotel officials, including the porters. And so had the first person to whom you spoke on the street. And so had the shop keepers, and the waiters and the waitresses in the restaurants, and so had the people who talked to me after my lecture discussing things. Whether it is the German element in the place, or the proximity to the United States, or the racial conflicts they had there during the war, or their splendid industrial

opportunities, that makes the place so vigorous and so tonic in its effect upon its people and upon visitors, I do not know, but Kitchener is not second even to Toronto in the matter of a vigorous, aggressive Canadianism. My kind ex-German friend, of whom I spoke in my first article, showed me at least a dozen biggish factories that had been started by a single man in a single room. This is the sort of thing that thrills all Old Country people wherever they may be found in Canada.

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## MATED

By BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

A SONG with a note that was new,  
A note that was old;  
A glory that suddenly grew  
From a nest that was cold.

A nest that was empty and cold,  
Now warm with delight;  
Soft feathers that jealously fold  
Things unborn from my sight.

And over my dream there is stirred  
The nearness of wings;  
The flight of a fugitive bird,  
That sings—and sings—and sings!





THE MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

From the Painting by Glyn Philpot, A.R.A.

Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# THE INDIANS OF THE MARITIMES

BY BEATRICE H. HAY SHAW



FROM the very earliest days recorded in the history of North America it has always been an accepted theory that the Red Man, collectively and individually, is a sombre, taciturn, gloomy person, who never smiles, seldom speaks, and who is entirely lacking in even the most elementary sense of humor. And that he is also innately cruel and revengeful, finding his chief joy and recreation in scalping and otherwise torturing any who are so unfortunate as to fall into his merciless hands.

There are, undoubtedly, several tribes of Indians in whom brutality and savagery are predominating characteristics; but there are others in whom these traits are rather conspicuously lacking, and who are by nature peaceable and kindly, unless their passions are wantonly roused by injustice and maltreatment. And after all there are few white men who do not resent any infringing and trespassing upon what they consider to be their own inalienable rights and liberties.

It is to the class of Indian that is inherently peaceable and kindly in his disposition that the Micmacs of the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland belong. Probably less attention has been paid to them by students of Indian history and lore than any others of their kind. Nevertheless there is no branch of the Red race that is more interesting than

these same Micmacs, who, like the country they inhabit, have been overlooked as the tide of immigration has rolled westward. It is many centuries now since these countries were allotted to the Micmacs, and in their own tongue the Maritime Provinces are known as "the farthest point towards the rising sun". Ethnologically the Micmacs belong to the Algonquin tribe, and when that tribe was divided into three sections, the Micmacs were allotted that region which is now Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as their land. The name Micmac is derived from an Indian word "Mikmiagiag" meaning "the land of friendship".

The history of these people is intensely interesting to any one who is attracted towards the study of the North American Indian, but it is not my intention to deal with them historically here, but with their peculiar racial and personal traits.

In one essential the Micmacs differ materially from any other recorded tribe of Indians inhabiting this Continent in that, since the invasion of the white man, instead of decreasing in numbers, they have, if not increased, fully maintained their numerical status, and their population to-day is almost exactly what it was three hundred years ago, approximately 4,000.

In the old days the Micmacs dwelt in the ordinary conical wigwams common to the Algonquin people; they wore garments of dressed leather

which were ornamented with an abundance of fringe; and their government resembled that of the New England aboriginals. Their main occupation was fishing. To-day they live in shacks, and clothe themselves after the fashion of the white man, only preferably in as varied a style and color as possible and in garments begged rather than bought. An Indian never buys anything that he can get for nothing or in exchange for something else. But he is never known to steal anything except wood, and that he claims is his right because "George gave it to him", meaning that in a certain treaty which ceded the Indian his prerogatives and claims, he was allowed to take all the government wood he wanted, and to this right they cling with unshakable tenacity in spite of any later laws or the claims of acquisitive settlers.

The Micmacs, both men and women, seem to have an innate sense of order and color. This is very plainly evidenced in the marked difference that will be shown in the way an Indian girl or a negro girl will accomplish such a task as cleaning and tidying some kitchen shelves. The Indian will invariably arrange the china or tins or what the shelves may hold in some kind of a pattern or scheme of assortment. The colored girl, on the other hand, will jumble them together in any sort of a fashion—it is the same with a case of books. The negro will fling them together in disordered rows or heaps, while the Micmac will place them neatly in sets according to size, color or binding.

In their own homes this same order is strictly preserved, and in an old Nova Scotian history which yields some interesting information about the first inhabitants of the Maritimes there is the following description of the interior of a Micmac wigwam:

"In the wigwam there is a place for everything and everything is in its place. Every post, every bar, every fastening, every tier of bark, and every appendage, whether for orn-

ament or use has a name, and every section of the limited space has its appropriate designation and use. Perhaps it would be impossible for a white man to plan a hut of equal dimensions in which the convenience and comfort of the inmates could be so effectually secured.

"In the centre is the fire. On each side is what is called the Kamigwom, where sit, on the one the master and mistress, and on the other the old or young people. The wife has her place next the door, and by her side sits her lord. In no case does the wife sit above the husband. Towards the back of the wigwam is the place of honor. They say to a stranger that is made welcome "Kutakumagual upchaluse" which being interpreted means "come up to the back part of the wigwam". The men sit cross-legged in Oriental fashion, the women with their feet twisted round to one side, and the young men of the family with their feet extended in front.

"The etiquette observed in this limited domicile is as exact and rigid as in more polished society. When a neighbor comes to the wigwam at night he never presumes to enter without ceremony. Saluting the inmates from outside, he utters the word 'Kwa', which signifies 'Hail'. If the voice is not recognized the response from inside is 'Kwa wenin kel?' 'Who art thou?' When the visitor gives his name, and if known he is at once made welcome. If the inmates either do not know him or care about his visit 'Kogwa pawotumun?' 'What is your wish?' is the dry question."

"The natives maintain commendable discipline in the management of their households. They have no sympathy with that modern, but very doubtful, regulation which at school or at home dispenses with judiciously administered corporal punishment, and they do not scruple to apply the birch when necessary. Nevertheless the general treatment of children by their parents is marked with much affection and gentleness."

The position of the Micmac women, even to this day, continues to be one of extreme subjection to the men, and in spite of the efforts which have been made to improve and educate them, the squaws do not seem to adapt themselves very readily to modern conventions or standards regarding the position of their own sex. Though the Micmac men are gradually following the ways of the white man in many respects, the women remain obstinately in a lower grade of development. This tendency naturally keeps the children from mixing freely with their white neighbors and affects their amalgamation with the ways of Canadian citizens. It is noticeable that though the Micmac men will, when in a town or city, walk side by side, the women never do so; they invariably walk a little behind each other.

But in spite of all civilizing influences the Micmac still has an inclination to look upon his wife as belonging to a lower grade of humanity to himself, nor does he hesitate to apply the birch to her if he thinks fit. In travelling he always precedes her, in quenching his thirst he serves himself first, and in passing from one side of a wigwam or a room to another a woman, however limited the space may be, must not step across a man's feet or his spear if it happens to be in the way. To do so would be regarded as a gross insult. When he is engaged in business, the Micmac woman never ventures to interfere with her lord by advice or question. Thus, when the wife of a gentleman who was in treaty with an Indian for some feathers rebuked her husband for giving so high a price, the Micmac turned upon her with the indignant rebuke:

"When Indian make bargain squaw never speakum."

When doing business on their own account, however, the squaws have a keen sense of monetary values, and it would not be easy to get the better of one of them. They are inveterate beggars and if they can obtain any-

thing without payment will always do so in preference to giving anything in return. In some districts they have brought begging to a fine art, and make periodical raids upon the housewives of the towns, visiting each house in turn and often reaping quite a harvest of cast-off clothing, as well as flour, sugar, bread, and if they can possibly wheedle it, tobacco.

Their method is effectual and extremely disconcerting to newcomers unversed in Indian ways, for they never knock at a door, but simply push it open and walk in, and having achieved an entry proceed to seat themselves upon the nearest chair, without making any observation whatever.

Then follows a conversation something after this line:

"Do you want anything?"

"Y-aas," in the softest kind of a drawl.

"What is it you want this morning?"

"Oh, anyting—just anyting."

Anything resolves itself into some household commodity, and when this is stowed away in the bag that is always brought in readiness for its reception the second part of the pantomime begins. The woman's dark inscrutable glance wanders round the kitchen appraising everything in it, and after a short silence will come the ingratiating suggestion?

"You got small baby?"

If there is no infant in the family, there will be another prolonged optical tour of the kitchen and then probably the gaze will fall on some article of boy's wearing apparel, a cap or a coat, or if the garment be a girl's the query will be the same with a difference only in the sex.

"You got lil boy?"

Receiving a reply in the affirmative she proceeds to tell a sad story in her soft broken English, about a boy just the age and size of yours who is an orphan, has no clothes, no boots, and so on until two or three articles of wearing apparel have been added to the hungry basket. Event-

ually, when satisfied that there is no more to be had, she will take her departure sometimes with a word of thanks, sometimes with an unintelligible grunt, and sometimes with the Indian parting gift of wishing luck to the benefactor. But the latter is the height of gratitude and is but rarely bestowed.

The Indian women never on any account travel even a short distance alone, even through their native village or through the thickly populated thoroughfares of a city. Always they are accompanied by a child or another squaw. Whether this is a matter of convention or whether it arises from some real or imaginary risk incurred by solitary Indian women, I do not know, but it is a fact and one which is sometimes rather trying when it is carried so far that one has to engage two girls instead of one to wash or do housecleaning.

As employees the squaws are terribly irregular and undependable; they come or not as they feel inclined, and are sometimes overcome with lassitude when half way through the day's work. The men are almost equally uncertain in the way of work, sometimes they will accomplish a task in a few hours, and sometimes it will have to wait for several weeks or even months until the spirit moves them to energy.

Most of the Micmac women are basket makers, using the shavings of the maple for the purpose. Unfortunately, since the introduction of the cheap ready-made dyes on the market, they are discarding the use of their own dyes, with the result that the colors of the baskets fade quickly, but when they are new, they are well made, pretty and often quite artistic.

It is as a raconteur that the Micmac is, at his very best, if he can be persuaded to break through his habit of silence. He is by nature poetic and vivid in his imagery, and hence as he warms to his subject his descriptive powers far exceed those of the majority of white men. To hear an

Indian describe, for instance, a race between two experts in log-rolling is something to remember. The listener can almost see the great logs turning and twisting as the supple feet guide them down the stream, almost hear the swish and sob of the waters beneath them, and almost feel the throb of excitement that thrills through the watchers along the banks as the alert dark figures balanced so lightly and yet so securely upon their perilous craft, sweep past them with the current. The whole picture forms itself before the mental vision as the liquid voice purrs on and the deep eyes glow and the lean brown hands twitch and gesture.

Or perhaps he will elect to tell you a humorous story concerning an adventure that has befallen him upon some long nomadic journey—and the result will be the same, for the narrator has that rare and intuitive knack of throwing the scene he is describing upon the canvas of the listener's imagination, and he can, if he chooses, hold an audience enthralled for an hour or more.

In spite of his outward impenetrability, the Micmac is a keen observer of human character, and very little escapes him. He never hesitates to use any credulity or superstition on the part of a white man to further his own ends. A few years ago there was an old Indian living in a certain district of Nova Scotia who was noted throughout the countryside for his supposed miraculous powers of finding lost objects and accomplishing other useful deeds which were beyond the scope of ordinary mortals to achieve, and through these powers he was able to add many dollars to his own very uncertain earnings in a more legitimate trade.

It happened that one day in early spring a white man fell into the river and was drowned. The freshet was running high and the body was soon swept out of sight. His friends and relatives, after searching in vain to recover it, came to the Indian miracle worker and asked him to



Micmac Ideographs, printed from type devised by Father Kauder, a Redemptorist Monk.

render aid—which was granted for the sum of fifty dollars. The following day the body was found and interred with all due rites and ceremonies, and the Indian received his fee.

There was a man in the district, however, who had long suspected that John's miracles were no miracles at all but were worked by some very simple method devised by his own human intelligence. So by dint of persuading and promising silence, he managed to extract from the wily Indian the story of how he had really found the body of the drowned man. This silence, be it added, was maintained until long after the Indian had departed this life, and the story was never told to any one in the district.

The Indian told his questioner that he knew the river from end to end, and all its changes and varieties, and he was certain that if the body was

lodged in the river at all, it could only lie in a certain spot about two or three miles farther down than the place where the accident had occurred. However, to tell his interlocutors this would have been far too simple a method of earning his reward, and instead the diviner set out with the search party to the river, until he came to the place where the man had disappeared. Here he paused and proceeded to work out some mystic incantation of his own, while the awed spectators stood in a semi-circle and watched him.

At length the Indian turned to them:

"Spirits say body farther down river," he announced, and forthwith they all began to follow their guide along the river bank. When they had gone about a mile John paused again, and once more laid out his divining properties and worked his mystic spells.

"Spirits say body not here," he said at last, and again the procession wended its way in his wake down the stream. Once again he went through the solemnity of this performance, and then when they arrived at the place where he felt sure the body must be caught in an eddy of the current, he told them triumphantly, after he had gone solemnly through the order of the procedure:

"Spirits say body stay here," indicating the place where he thought they would find it.

And they did, and John's reputation as a magician was more firmly established than ever.

The Micmacs are one of the very few Indian tribes which have a language that has been reproduced in writing and print. Through the infinite labor of the early missionaries, and those who have followed in their footsteps, and carried on the work of developing the vocabulary of the language, these people now have Bibles, prayer and hymn books printed in their own tongue, and at Restigouche, Quebec, a small monthly newspaper is published by the Capuchin fathers which is almost entirely written in Micmac, some of the contributors being Indians.

The Micmacs, also, are the only tribe that ever used symbols as a means of acquiring secular or religious knowledge, and a system of ideographs was invented for this purpose in 1677 by Father Leclerc. The idea was suggested to him by watching some Indian children trying to illustrate the lessons he was teaching them verbally by drawing rough sketches with a charred stick on a strip of birch bark. This system later on Father Leclerc made use of in compiling valuable manuscripts, and manuals or prayers were used by the Micmacs printed in these ideographs until 1866, when Father Kauder, a Redemptorist monk, put them into permanent type, which he had specially cast in Austria for the purpose. Alphabetic writing is now in general use amongst them, and of late

years this alphabet has been extended by Father Pacifique, who has added capitals, and a system of punctuation. The alphabet itself consists of twelve letters a, e, i, o, og, l, m, n, p, s, t, tj. Seen in print it looks very harsh and guttural, but when spoken it is soft and rather liquid.

As a language Micmac is what is usually known as a holophrastic one. That is, it is composed by joining pieces of words together to form new ones, and a small word may thus represent a great deal. For example, "Elipedeegei" means "I am stripping up wood for basket work". Father Pacifique in conjugating the verb "Nemig" meaning "I see a person or an animal" has counted 11,000 inflections formed from it. An example which gives a good idea of the construction of the Micmac language is the following:

For "cow" the Micmac says "oentjotiam". This word was made through the fact that the nearest animal the Indian knew to the cow was the moose which he calls "tiam". When the Indian saw the first white man walking with his toes turned out and not after the Indian fashion he said, "Oen ti?" ("What is it?") After that the white man was known as "Oentj" to the Micmac, and when the white man produced his cow, it followed that the animal was promptly designated "Oentjo-tiam", meaning "The white man's cow".

The National Hymn of the Micmacs is written in French and in Micmac:

Another very interesting point connected with the language of the Micmacs shows that it has a very close analogy to the Greek, and that there is a very close likeness between the Greek and the Gaelic languages. The Rev. Mr. Rand, who compiled the best work on the legends of the Micmac, traced a great similarity between certain words in their language to words in Greek. Later on a Scottish philologist named McLean published a treatise in which he endeavoured to show that the Celtic



# Chant national des Micmacs

Musique de OMER CLERGUE  
Prof. au Conservatoire de Toulouse.

Paroles du R. P. SÉBASTIEN, O. M. C.

CHANT. tempo di marcia. *mf* *f*

Ar-bo-rons la no-ble ban-niè - re de Jésus-Christ Notre Sauveur et  
Nep-sa-to-netj o-li mta-oe-gen, Tan Oestaolg neiatôg glotjje-

PIANO. *mf* *f*

*mf*

Roi Ou-vrons nos yeux à sa lu-miè-re ouvrons no-tre cœur à sa  
oei; Ne-noi-te-te-me-netj ge-li-gen Tan ga-ga-mig set-an-e-

*f* *mf* *crescendo*

Loi Ar-bo-rons la no-ble ban-niè - re de Jésus-Christ Notre Sauveur et  
oei. O-li-nto-netj get-le-oei-xa-gan Gisolgoig-tog oetji o-la-lo-

language was almost contemporaneous with the infancy of mankind—the book was somewhat ridiculous in its construction, but the author collected a considerable amount of analogical evidence in support of his theory, and by a curious coincidence, in the very same year as his treatise appeared, Dr. Stratford, a Canadian, also published a small work in which he traced affinities between the Greek and the Gaelic as well as the Latin tongues. Since then other philologists have traced affinities between the Gaelic and the Algonquin languages of which the following are specimens:

	Gaelic	Algonquin
Island .....	Inis	Inis
Water .....	Uisce	Isca
Soft .....	Bog	Boge

Such verbal affinities afford strong presumptive evidence that the whole human race had a common origin, and that the Biblical account of man's creation and dispersion is genuine and authentic, and lead one to suppose also that the various races which after a time peopled the earth were

more closely united than they are in these days.

To the Micmac people goes the honor of having owned the first man to be baptised a Christian on Canadian soil. This was the celebrated chief Membertou of whom history states that "he was the most formidable and most renowned savage that has lived within the memory of man; of splendid physique and taller and larger limbed than is usual amongst the red men. He wore a beard after the French fashion, although as a rule the Micmac grows no hair on his face. He was grave and reserved, impressed with and impressing upon others the dignity of his position as commander of his people from Gaspé to Cape Sable. Although it was permitted the Micmac chiefs to have more than one wife, Membertou was strictly monogamous, and he is looked upon as the leading spirit of his people in many respects. According to records, "God seemed to have impressed upon his soul a great conception of Christianity before he actually heard about it and he received it as one already prepared."



# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

It is often said that Canada faces a better prospect than any other country. It may be so, but excessive confidence encourages private waste and public extravagance. There never was greater need to remember the watchword of the pioneers, "Retrenchment and Reform". We lie alongside the United States with its powerful industries and vast store of accumulated capital. We cannot easily bear as heavy a burden of taxation as our neighbors. We have greater need of capital for pioneer enterprises. It seems that for a time we must borrow chiefly in the United States, and our credit will depend in some degree upon the uses to which we put our borrowings and the extent to which the national administration, the provincial governments and the municipalities practise thrift and economy. The load we carry as compared with pre-war obligations is tremendous. It cannot be wisely increased. It ought to be steadily reduced. Those who suggest national bankruptcy go to the verge of treason; those who urge huge public expenditures which can be wisely delayed are reckless and dangerous optimists.

When all this has been said it is still true that there are few municipalities whose solvency can be questioned. None of the Provinces have exhausted or nearly exhausted their credit. The Dominion can safely carry its great debt and meet its heavy annual obligations. But the strain upon the individual taxpayer should not be increased nor the national burden made heavier. It is very essential that investment should not be discouraged by excessive taxation of capital or revolutionary attack upon industrial and commercial enterprises. There is no idle capital in Canada. The "money power" which is magnified into a political danger is chiefly a political "bogy". At Montreal it is represented that the "bogy" plots its evil designs at Toronto. In Toronto the evil thing is alleged to have established itself at Montreal. In the West there is denunciation of the "Eastern Interests". In the East there are those who profess to believe that Western farmers are animated by a mad desire to destroy banking and manufacturing in older Canada. It is confusing that Western people are suspicious if Montreal finds a money menace at Toronto and Toronto finds a like menace at Montreal? All these charges are in the main foolish, mischievous and baseless and whatever may be our political opinions we should be able to agree that Mr. King was wise in seeking to have the Prairie country represented in the Cabinet. It was unfortunate that Quebec for a whole Parliament was practically excluded from the national councils. It will be just as unfortunate if the Prairie Provinces, dominated by the Progressives, should be denied or should refuse to accept direct responsibility for public policy. Canada can be governed only by accommodation and compromise. There

must be either conflict or cooperation. There is no monopoly of patriotism in any class of the Canadian people or in any section of Canadian territory. Face to face in a national Parliament the Progressives must consider Eastern as well as Western interests, must examine the claims alike of farmers and manufacturers from the national standpoint, and must relate banking and finance to the national welfare. Responsibility steadies the judgment, enlarges the outlook, softens prejudices and animosities, and this atmosphere cannot obtain in Canada unless all interests and all sections are represented in the national councils.

## II

No doubt Mr. Woodrow Wilson had defects as a political leader. He could move men's minds when he could not touch their hearts. Too often perhaps when he wanted to persuade he seemed to dictate and he was often unhappy in his dealing with associates. His natural reticence was taken for arrogance, and Mr. Tumulty's book suggests that he was secretive and calculating in his methods of approach to the goals which he set for himself. But there are many evidences that, like Lincoln, Mr. Wilson will stand better with posterity than he stood with his own generation. Through the Conference at Washington his successors in government are scaling the mountain which he climbed and from whose peak he saw the glorious country afar off. This is not to detract from Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes although one may wonder if Mr. Lodge is of that company.

All through their history there has been "a sober second thought" in the American people which led them to reverse wrong judgments and go on to wise and great decisions. They respond ultimately not to appeal or pressure from outside but to their own deep instincts and innate love of truth, justice and freedom. Less tolerant than the British, more Jeffersonian in speech and less Jeffersonian in practice though Americans are, when they come together in conference with British statesmen upon great human problems they have to travel with them or refuse to go forward. The decision of the United States Congress upon the League of Nations was not so much a retreat as a refusal to advance. The Disarmament Conference has not only checked the retreat but has set the American people again upon the road along which Mr. Wilson sought to lead them.

Senator Lodge is bitterly attacked by the *New York Times* which has never wavered in its devotion to Mr. Wilson or in its support of the League of Nations. It points out that Mr. Lodge will have to go to the Senate to explain and defend "his nice assortment of treaties". They will be, *The Times* reminds him, of all varieties—from two power up to nine power. They will embrace many kinds of guarantees and undertakings and they will have to be defended by Mr. Lodge, who was chiefly responsible for the defeat of the Versailles Treaty in the Senate. *The Times* understands that Mr. Lodge will explain that the defeat of the Versailles Treaty made a very bad impression in Europe and that failure to ratify the new treaties would deeply injure the prestige of the United States and cause it to be still more misunderstood and disliked by other nations. It professes to believe, however, that Mr. Lodge will be equal to the task if "the galleries do not burst into irreverent laughter" and if he is not "forced to turn away his face so as not to see the accusing smiles of Democratic Senators". *The Times* adds: "There can be no question that Mr. Lodge will be the right man in the right place when he has to reap in ridicule this year the crop which he sowed in partisan malignity two years ago."

## III

Some British and American journals are describing the result of the voting on December 6th in Canada as a declaration for free trade or at least for a radical revision of the tariff downward. The truth is that no more decisive verdict in favor of protection ever was pronounced by the Canadian people. For three years after the general election of 1917 it was difficult to determine the attitude of the Coalition Government towards the tariff. All the changes that were made were changes downward. It was impossible to tell whether the Government would go with the Western Grain Growers or with the industrial interests of the country. To whisper protection at Ottawa was treated as a form of disloyalty to the Cabinet.

Even the platform of the National Liberal and Conservative party was timidly and evasively protectionist. If it be true that Mr. King's tariff speeches were in conflict with the letter of the Liberal platform so Mr. Meighen's speeches in favor of protection during the electoral contest were far more unequivocal and aggressive than the platform itself. Mr. King saw that if he adhered to the platform adopted by the Convention from which he received his appointment as leader he would be overwhelmed in the constituencies. Mr. Crerar himself ran away from his platform and merely promised to "eliminate the principle of protection" at some time in the remote future. Both the Liberal and the Agrarian platforms called for an increase in the British preference to fifty per cent. and the Progressives' for a steady but somewhat rapid advance towards free trade with Great Britain. Neither Mr. Crerar nor Mr. King nor any of their candidates, so far as one can discover, were willing to be held to these pledges.

In Quebec the whole Liberal party was as protectionist as was the Conservative party in Ontario. Almost as much can be said for Liberal candidates in the Atlantic Provinces and in British Columbia. In the Torontos and Yorks all the Liberal candidates were avowed protectionists. Mr. King himself had the support of many manufacturers in North York. In London the Liberal candidate was a declared protectionist. In Brantford the Liberal candidate appeared as the special guardian of the interests of manufacturers of farm implements. In South Waterloo, one of the strongest industrial districts of Ontario where a Progressive candidate was returned, he declared as boldly and clearly for protection as did the Conservative candidate who was defeated. In North and South Essex the two Liberal members elected fought wide of tariff reduction. In North Essex particularly the manufacturers gave almost a united support to the Liberal candidate, who is as staunch a protectionist as any Conservative member elected even in "Tory Toronto". The result of the voting, therefore, on December 6th, as has been said, was as decisive a verdict in favor of protection as has been rendered since the system was established more than forty years ago.

## IV

There are curious aberrations in modern journalism. One does not easily understand why a writer of detective stories should have special qualifications for describing and interpreting the Disarmament Conference at Washington. It is just as difficult to understand why a reputation for light and picturesque descriptive writing should qualify for authoritative dealing with complex international problems. In so far as such writers confine themselves to pen painting and descriptive sketching they give pleasure and tell us much that we want to know. But in so many cases they neglect the work for which they have high qualifications and speak with final authority on questions which

trained students of affairs approach with hesitation and handle with reserve. Mr. Wells, for example, has sent hundreds of columns from Washington at great cost to the newspapers and at great advantage to the telegraph and cable companies but he has been as difficult to follow as a blind trail through a wilderness. Good copy it is perhaps but, like Emerson's New England road, he seems again and again to end in a squirrel track and run up a tree. If he is to be taken as an exponent of "open diplomacy", nothing more mystifying ever was devised.

Sir Philip Gibbs, who was at Washington, was a great war correspondent. There were passages in many of his war letters which moved the very souls of men and women wherever they were read. He was a brilliant emotionalist, but there was also a fineness and dignity in his writing which inspired those who read to service and sacrifice. He is, too, a writer of good stories and a loved companion in the byways and highways of life. But Philip Gibbs turned statesman is not very wise nor very judicial. There is danger that in a field where he does not belong he will lose a reputation that was won in a field in which he was a master. Too confident political teaching and too much of it spoils many a good story but one feels that in many of the despatches from Washington there is too much romance and speculation and not enough sound thinking or actual knowledge of the great problems which some of the world's first statesmen are trying to adjust with fear and trembling, with hope and anxiety, and with a profound consciousness of the significance their decisions must have for the future of mankind.

## V

The Conservative party of to-day has very little resemblance to the party which Sir John Macdonald led half a century ago. Its leader at Confederation was a conservative but was not a radical, and he never permitted the radical element in the party to dominate its councils or dictate its policy. In ideal and outlook Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the natural successor of Sir John Macdonald. Laurier was a conservative, opposed to prohibition and "public ownership", against governmental meddling in business, against abolition of the Senate and generally against the confident paternalism which tries to make democracy safe and only succeeds in making it poor and unhappy. Sir John Macdonald was strong in Quebec for the very reasons which gave Sir Wilfrid Laurier his strength in that Province, and aside altogether from racial and sectarian differences it was inevitable that the growth of radicalism in the Conservative party should weaken its hold upon Quebec. Through the conservatism of Laurier the Liberal party lost ground in Ontario and the Prairie Provinces and through the radicalism of the Coalition under Borden the old Conservative element was estranged and the spirit and cohesion of the party almost destroyed.

The term Liberal-Conservative truly describes the party which Sir John Macdonald created and which Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Meighen inherited. It is not the slave of "Big Business". Nor is it the enemy of "Big Business" so long as its operations are conducted according to sound commercial principles and there is no organized combination to fleece the public. It is not an anti-American party, but it cannot be made a pro-American party. It thinks first of Canada and then of the British Empire, but of neither in the temper of a jingo Imperialism. It desires good relations with the United States but does not think it necessary to flout Great Britain in order to cultivate the good will of Washington.

Sir John Macdonald found the strength of the Liberal-Conservative party in the sober conservatism and individualism of the Canadian people,

in respect for racial and religious susceptibilities, in faith in British institutions and the Imperial connection and in devotion to the common Empire. In his conception of Canada there were no inferior classes nor any subject provinces. While he was patient and conciliatory he would have neither "Quebec domination" nor Orange autocracy. He was neither a Protestant champion nor a Catholic agent. He was not intimidated by class or sectional demands. He was not the slave of the industrial and financial interests nor was he afraid to resist proposals which held the savor of confiscation and the taint of a shallow socialism.

While Sir John Macdonald had all the prudence of a politician, he had also the courage of a statesman when fundamental convictions and principles were imperilled. It is necessary in Canada to begin again where he left us. A new Government at Ottawa cannot do better than to build upon the foundations which he laid. If it does not a new national party will be created. The chief duty of the hour is to forget the quarrels, suspicions, and prejudices which have distracted Canada in recent years and base public policy upon the common interest of all classes of the population and all sections of the country. If the broken Conservative party sees in the immediate situation only fresh material to feed the flames of prejudices and animosities, it will never be saved because it will not be worth saving.

## VI

Problems of taxation continue to receive a great deal of consideration in the United States but apparently Congress still believes that it is to the general advantage to impose excessive levies upon Industry and Capital. Chief Justice John Marshall said long ago that "the power to tax is the power to destroy". It begins to be realized that capital may be destroyed by taxation just as may any industry or calling upon which is laid a greater burden than can be carried.

The Harding Administration at Washinton has been unable to implement the economic pledges of the Republican platform. For twelve months longer excess profits taxes must be paid by industries which for many months have made no profits. There are also hundreds of millions of arrears of profit and income taxes to be collected. At the last session of Congress against the protest of the Administration the regular corporation tax was increased from ten to 12½ per cent. It is believed this will mean a heavier burden for many corporations under existing industrial conditions than the old levy upon excess profits. High surtaxes upon individual incomes are also retained. The federal government takes one half of all incomes in excess of \$200,000 after such incomes have been reduced by the federal corporation tax of 12½ per cent. and such taxes as the States impose. In New York the corporate income tax is 4½ per cent. Thus with the federal corporate income taxes added a total levy of 17 per cent. is laid upon corporate incomes.

It is estimated that one-fifth of the net income of all corporations in the United States is collected in State and federal taxes. The load perhaps can be carried by huge concerns with enormous revenue but unquestionably many smaller enterprises are embarrassed, capital is diverted from industry and from all projects in which there is an element of risk, the productive activities of the nation are retarded, unemployment is increased and wages are reduced by excessive competition in the Labor market. But Congress still strikes at the rich and still pursues the corporations in the vain endeavor to restore prosperity by depleting reserves of capital and driving money into investments which afford the maximum of opportunity for evasion of the taxgatherers.

Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the United States Treasury, in his first annual report to Congress points out that, "The theory of taxation according to 'ability to pay', like all other general statements, has its limitations and its qualifications. In the first place, the tax must be productive, otherwise the whole purpose of the tax is lost. Again, it must not be unreasonable or oppressive, for in that case it will be avoided or evaded and thereby cease to be productive. Again, the tax must not be one the result of which is to interfere with productive industry; it must not dry up the very source out of which revenue is expected to come. If it does, not only will the tax cease to be productive but it will also result in lessened production, unemployment, arrest of the country's growth and serious injury to the people least able to bear the consequences."

Mr. Mellon further insists, and his contention is unassailable, that high tax rates destroy incentive and check the activities of individuals in trade and commerce. Thus business transactions are lessened, production is reduced and there is ultimately loss of revenue to the Government. Men will not take risks when all the risk must be borne by the individual and if finally success is achieved "a large part of the gain is taken away by the Government in taxes". Mr Mellon continues: "High taxation which seizes upon gains as quickly as realized, taking a large part thereof and making no allowance for the previous failures and losses which have had to be endured before success came, or for lean years, is utterly destructive of individual incentive." He explains that when he speaks of individual incentive he does not refer to individuals of large incomes but rather to those of moderate resources, "because it is upon the younger men of strength and courage and vision that a great deal of the burden must fall in the way of initiating and carrying on the productive industries of the country". Successful taxation, he argues, rests upon a prosperous people, not upon any one class but upon the people as a whole and individuals with large incomes play only a part in creating and maintaining the productive industries upon which the prosperity of a country depends.

The accumulation of necessary additional capital from year to year, he says, can come about only through the savings of the people, and the amount which any individual can save and add to the capital of the nation, of course increases progressively with the amount of his income. "The larger the income the larger the possibility of saving, because of the larger margin over reasonable living expenditures. When it is sought to justify very high surtaxes on the ground of ability to pay the tax, we should remember that ability to pay also means ability to save and to add to the needed capital of the country, so that the theory of ability to pay when carried to such limits destroys the ability to save, and thereby diminishes the capital available for productive industry. The idea seems prevalent that in taxing large incomes only the person receiving the income, and who is to pay the tax, is really concerned. This is a mistake. For whatever the Government takes, in the way of tax, out of any income, which would otherwise be saved and invested and thereby become a part of the capital and of the wealth of the nation affects not so much the individual from whom it is taken as it does the whole people of the country in the direct loss of productive capital. So that in considering the effect of high taxes upon incomes, particularly on very large incomes, it is not so much a question of the effect on the individual who is called upon to pay the tax as it is the effect upon the whole community. The man receiving a large income may not himself suffer any hardship because a great part of it is seized and taken for taxes, but the effect upon the community—upon the people of the whole country—is serious indeed."



Mr. Mellon further points out that the capital for building operations has come from people having incomes large enough to provide a surplus for investment. Real estate mortgages were always considered a sound investment for this class, and capital usually was available at a moderate rate of interest. Since the policy of high surtaxes this class of loans has largely disappeared. The investors who formerly put their money in such loans now find it more profitable to go elsewhere. The result is that capital has been diverted from building operations, there has been a great shortage of houses, rents have enormously increased, and people of small or moderate means living in rented houses have been compelled to pay greatly increased rents so that in the end the burden has fallen upon the very class sought to be relieved.

## VII

The common answer to Mr. Mellon and all other public men who challenge the wisdom of concentrating taxation upon corporations and individual incomes is that they are "slaves of Wall Street" and subsidized apologists for the "money power", but it is not easy to discredit such an independent and influential agricultural journal as *The Breeders' Gazette* of Chicago. That powerful weekly declares that the wholesale diversion of capital from productive industries must be stopped and denounces "the bunk handed out to farmers" in defence of discriminatory and penalizing taxation. It insists that "the one direct and certain method of restoring the funds of estates and insurance companies and idle or 'trust' money in general to the channels of everyday business is repeal of the silly supertaxes that penalize every investor's dollar that is put into or behind a business enterprise, whether it be manufacturing, merchandising or farming. It denounces governmental meddling in business and governmental control generally. "Great," it says, "is Government control! Great is Government mixing in business! Everybody knows that it takes the Government five times as long to put up a post-office building as it would take any live private management to do it, and that it costs the Government more to do anything than it costs anybody else. And yet year by year we are putting our faith and our tax money more and more and more in the hands of boards and commissions and bureaux that function just about as inefficiently as you would expect from the calibre of most of the available appointees. There are good, self-sacrificing men in the public service, but they are powerless, apparently to overcome the deadly blight of red-tapery that goes with every form of Governmental control over private business. Have we not had about enough of it? What is the farmer getting anyhow out of the 'work' of all these various creatures of Congress with their expensive offices, their army of attorneys, clerks and stenographers, mahogany desks and swivel chairs and railroad fares and hotel bills and short hours and salaries? Are we not paying rather a round price for all this complex machinery we have set up during the past ten years? And some of the latest creations have only just begun to spend our money. We got along without them fairly well in the old days."

There are many signs of a wholesome revolt against regulating machinery and official autocracy. For every new public body that is created drafts are made upon the treasury. Always eager to extend their powers they find new occasions for meddling and demand greater appropriations. Official is added to official, commission to commission and department to department. The State grows anxious to duplicate every kind of private business. It becomes the great Middleman and in the main does its work more loosely and

more expensively than any middleman that private business has ever produced. Year by year governments enlarge the official armies and lay heavier burdens upon the people for their support and unfortunately in too many cases they merely reduce efficiency, impair initiative and enterprise and consume taxes. It is a question if we should not follow naval disarmament with official disarmament. For this continent at least an agreement by legislatures and parliaments to enforce a long holiday upon the makers of new laws and regulations would be an immense economy and a great public blessing. We cannot afford to go on until one half of the people are paid for watching the other half, until the Ten Commandments become a thousand, and until one may neither live nor die except as a Living Commission may direct and a Burial Commission may decree.

### VIII

In Great Britain as in other countries the excess profits taxes have had the most unfortunate results. As a writer in *The London Times* Trade Supplement contends they led to gross extravagance and unnecessary expenditure on capital account. So many firms are in arrears that the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to spread the unpaid taxes over a five-year period. The sole excuse, says *The Times* writer, for the imposition of the Excess Profits duty was the allegation that business men were making abnormal profits from the country's necessities. "It was agreed that national disaster ought not to enrich sections of the community at the expense of the remainder of the population, and as the Government was unable to devise any means of preventing extraordinary profits being made from public contracts, it adopted the alternative and morally indefensible method of sharing the plunder, thereby giving direct encouragement to all and sundry to embark on the game of 'Beggars my Neighbors' on a national scale. Originally, of course, the idea of the Excess Profits duty was to restrict the gains of contractors to the Government, but when once these firms were given what amounted to license to get as much as they could naturally all other classes of the community were tempted to join in, and many were forced in. Labor insisted on its share; prices rose abnormally, and in the resulting orgy of squandermania the people of England were invited to take pride in the enormous sums raised by taxation."

There is reason to believe that Sir Wilfrid Laurier doubted the wisdom of imposing such taxes even for war revenue. Sir Thomas White was eager to get rid of the imposts as soon as the war was over. The Canadian Government saw the real effect of such taxation before the light was seen in the United States. But anyone who recalls the inflammatory speeches made during the general election knows that many public men in Canada still try to "out-demagogue" one another when they discuss methods of taxation, while few are dealing as faithfully with the people as President Harding, Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, a few teachers in the American universities and many leaders in American business who do not hesitate to bear criticism and abuse in order that the truth may be established and destructive taxes upon industry and capital modified or repealed.





MAKING SOAP AT PIERREVILLE, QUEBEC

From the Photograph by  
Edith S. Watson



# FLAG DAYS FOR CANADIANS

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS

THE TREATY OF PARIS, SIGNED FEBRUARY 10th, 1763



Y the Treaty of Paris France gave up to Great Britain all claim to Acadia "in all its parts" and ceded "Canada with all its dependencies, the Island of Cape Breton, and all the other islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence". The little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, lying to the South of Newfoundland, were retained by France "to serve as a shelter to the French fishermen". In ceding Canada to Britain, the French king stipulated that the inhabitants should be granted the liberty of their religion, the British king promising on his part that his new subjects should be allowed to worship according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church as far as the laws of Great Britain might permit.

This treaty brought to an end the long Seven Years' War which may be regarded as a turning point in the history of the world, three of its many victories determining for ages to come the destinies of mankind. Of these three victories, Rossbach, Plassey and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, it is only the last that need claim our attention to-day. Wolfe's triumph at Quebec marked the close of French dominion in America and proclaimed to all that the New World rising on this side of the Atlantic should be based on Anglo-Saxon ideals of government.

From the very outset success lay with the British. Then, as now, Britain was Mistress of the Seas, and

this was a vital factor in a struggle where the arena of conflict lay three thousand miles away. Again, the British in America vastly outnumbered the French. The French population was little more than fifty thousand, while the British colonies comprised more than a million souls. Finally, the British Colonies in America had been the result of free growth, while the French in Canada had been cribbed and confined under absolute government, the military character of their settlements having prevented them from becoming prosperous agricultural and industrial communities. Accordingly, only four years after Braddock's defeat in the Ohio Valley, the British ensign waved over the citadel of Quebec, and four years later France yielded to Britain all her territory on American soil.

Though more than one hundred and fifty years have passed since the signing of the Treaty of Paris, and though the French Canadians are "a distinct and visible element which is not English", yet their political constitution derives its strength from English principles. These have developed the French Canadian character to a degree which was never possible under the enfeebling conditions of the old French régime. In those days the king was supreme. "I am the state," said Louis XIV. in the arrogance of his power; and it is thus easy to understand that there could be no such free government or such representative institutions in Canada as were enjoyed from the very

commencement of their history by the English colonies of America. The historian Parkman sums up the conditions which fettered French Canadian trade and industry in one short sentence: "A system of authority, monopoly, and exclusion in which the Government and not the individual acted always the foremost part."

With the advent of British rule all was changed. The Treaty of Paris gave relief to French Canada from the absolutism of old France and started the colony on a new career of self-government and political liberty. Another historian has referred to the "British mind"—that love of fairness and justice which has done so much to build up and weld together the various parts of the British Empire. That characteristic was so eminently displayed in 1763 in Britain's provision for the liberty of French Canadians, that one is not surprised to read words like these written by one of their most distinguished sons: "We French-Canadians," said George Etienne Cartier, in a letter to the great Liberal statesman, Gladstone, "are British subjects like the

others, but British subjects speaking French."

Cartier was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of Confederation. He did not share the fears of those who thought that the differences of race and religion would wreck the new Dominion. On the contrary, he believed that it was precisely because of the differences of race that a federal system should be resorted to. "We are of different races," he said, "not for the purpose of warring against each other, but in order to compete for the general welfare." There we have the keynote of real national unity.

With the signing of the Peace Treaty, Canada enters, as she did in 1763, upon a new era of history. Now, as then, her greatest need is unity. But unity cannot be achieved by legislation alone. It cannot possibly be attained by dwelling on ancient feuds or magnifying present disagreements. We must forget the distinctions between East and West, creed and creed, class and class, race and race. United we stand; divided we fall. Let us, therefore, close up the ranks and march forward to national greatness.

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The subject of the March contribution to this series is "The Meaning of Responsible Government".



## THE FAIRIES OF THE FROST

By EVE M. WAIN

LAST night, when all you little folk  
Were fast asleep in bed,  
Jack Frost came swathed in sparkling light  
From white-shod foot to head.

A myriad tiny followers  
Were trailing far behind,  
Just painting sparkling silver frost  
On all that they could find.

Before him danced a tiny fay,  
Blowing a silver horn,  
Telling them there was work to do,  
Before the dawn was born.

Then each one with his can of frost  
And little silver brush,  
Painted fairy patterns on the trees  
And every single bush.

And then into the town they hied,  
To paint the windows bright,  
Oh, such a lot of work they did,  
All in a single night!



# IMMIGRANT SELECTION OR REJECTION—WHICH?

BY G. ELMORE REAMAN



O Canadian who understands our policy of selection and rejection of immigrants pretends to say that it is either adequate or fair. It is neither a satisfactory one for selection of our new citizens nor is it a fair one to those who are rejected.

First of all, what is the method? Briefly, it is the examination—very cursory and formal—by the ship's doctor before the emigrant goes on board ship. This is a precaution taken by the ship owners in order to prevent the necessity of giving a free passage back to a rejected immigrant—for all rejected immigrants must be returned to port of sailing free of charge. In this way the Immigration Authorities seek to put the onus of selection upon the steamship companies, but they are either incompetent to judge or are willing to take a chance on the emigrant passing the immigration authorities at the ports of arrival since from 1903 to 1919, 12,559 persons were rejected for the following reasons:

Accompanying patients .....	581
Bad character .....	946
Contract labor .....	91
Criminality .....	76
Head tax .....	6
Lack of funds .....	3,243
Likely to become public charges	2,071
Medical causes .....	4,974
Not complying with regulations	561
Previously rejected .....	10
Total .....	12,559

This means that almost 1,000 a year are rejected at the ocean ports, and this does not take cognizance of those who get past the immigration authorities who should be turned back, and the officers at this side cannot be blamed if some are permitted to enter who should be rejected. Picture the situation: Hundreds or thousands of immigrants arrive at the port and the ship's authorities are anxious to get rid of their load and it is a big task to examine thoroughly all those who are seeking admittance on account of the lack of time and facilities for handling them.

The question may be asked as to the kind of examination necessary. Everyone coming into the country should have a physical and mental examination as well as be able to measure up to any monetary or moral standards which may be set up by the immigration authorities. Naturally no one should be admitted who is likely to be a drag on the nation, and yet it is not easy to determine this. The present requirement of \$250.00 rather defeats its own ends. It is said on good authority that foreign organizations without demur pay the necessary amount for a compatriot to enter the country, but that for the British immigrant there is no one to come forward and pay any sum which may be lacking to the immigrant, and yet it is the British immigrant who is preferred. Moreover, there is always the danger of the foreigners being exploited by those who are willing to pay the required sum for their en-



trance into the country. And what of those who are rejected—what is their lot? It seems to me that a harder or more cruel situation can scarcely be imagined both for the present and the future. Think what it has meant to the immigrant to get to the Canadian port. First of all, he must advise all his friends that he is going to Canada; then he must sell all his possessions and spend a great deal of his money in getting to the port of embarkation. On board ship he is stowed away in the steerage, and anyone who has ever been through steerage quarters can conjure up in his mind what discomfort must be experienced in rough weather; and, finally, there is the trying ordeal of examination by immigration officials to be, what—rejected, when within reach of his goal! We are certainly not arguing that he should be admitted if he is unfit, but we do say that the system is wrong which will permit a man to sell all his possessions, spend all his savings, to get to a place where he is rejected. For what does the future hold for him? He returns to his native heath, stigmatized forever as a rejected emigrant—perhaps the only one of his family forced to remain behind. So much then for the present method and its results. What is the suggestion?

For sometime the immigration authorities have been considering how best the selection could be done in the Old Land, and their idea seems to have been to locate medical men at the ports of embarkation, but the large number of men required for this work has appalled them. Certainly to handle hundreds who must be examined in a few days before sailing would require a large trained staff.

Moreover, we have pointed out that one of the great hardships in our present system is that the emigrant must sell all he owns and then if he is rejected he must return to his community a marked man with all his possessions gone. In order to prevent this situation the prospective

emigrant should be able to learn whether or not he is acceptable to Canada, both physically and mentally, before he sells out, and also to prevent his being branded as an undesirable. The great difficulty with the examination at the ports of embarkation is the large number of men required to make those examinations in the short time at their disposal. Here is our suggestion:

Instead of having medical men at the ports of embarkation, these men should be stationed at certain points, or travel on circuit throughout the British Isles. Such men would be officials of the Canadian Immigration Department, qualified to give medical and mental tests so that anyone considering emigration must first secure a certificate as to his physical and mental fitness to become a citizen of Canada. These could be given after the manner of passports with the photograph attached to prevent misuse. In 1918-19 some 10,000 emigrants came from the British Isles and allowing one hour for each examination, seven or eight persons could be examined in one day, or between forty and fifty a week, or between 2,000 and 2,500 in a year, so that half a dozen officials could take care of the situation.

Supposing a person were rejected he would then give up all hope of emigration and no one in his community need know that he had been rejected, hence he would not lose his place in the community, nor would he lose what few possessions he had.

A small fee could be charged which would pay the expenses of the officials and the whole scheme would be easily financed and what a great deal of unnecessary suffering and disappointment would be prevented. Canon Pugh when in Canada last summer was very outspoken regarding the inadequacy of our present methods, and although no one attempted to defend them neither did anyone suggest a way out. The foregoing is a suggestion to that end.

# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## THE BRIDGE

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL. Toronto:  
The Musson Book Company.



EVERYTHING about the region of the Great Lakes seems to us to be so matter-of-fact that it requires the fancy of a poet such as the author of "the Drift of Pinions" to work out of it something in the form of pure romance. We cannot be convinced that "The Bridge" has any foundation in fact, that it describes actual conditions or that the characters are "drawn from life", and yet there is to this story an enthralling and ineffable quality that one likens only to the work of Conrad or Stevenson. This is especially true of the second section—"Mist"—which bears down on one with its weight of mystery and impending doom. No matter how one might be impressed with the first and third sections, the book is lifted high above ordinary novels by the sheer merit of the second section. As a whole, it is an unlikely story. Alan Maclear, engineer, driven by his passion for economy, has not gone as deep as absolute safety demanded in the central borings of a bridge being built under his supervision, with the result that the bridge collapses, killing four persons, including his brother. To escape the ordeal of an investigation and with hopes of overcoming his sense of guilt, he goes to a lonely island, and there during the violence of a sand storm literally falls, somewhat melodramatically, it must be acknowledged, into the arms of Sombra Luz, a young wo-

man who lives on the island in an abandoned hotel, with her uncle, who is blind and crazed by the memory of how Sombra's mother, whom he loved, was taken from him by a shipwrecked sailor, Juan-Mammalene Luz. Living with these two is Salvator, Sombra's twin brother. After Sombra has rescued Maclear from the sand storm, a very beautiful love story begins. Maclear lives in this great hulk of a house with the other three, and it is not long before he and Sombra are happily wedded. But between Salvator and the old uncle there seems to be the feeling of inevitable tragedy, and when at length Salvator, inevitably be it acknowledged, sacrifices the uncle in order to save himself, Sombra turns from Maclear because she is overpowered with the shame of her brother's deed and the sense of her general inequality. Great as has been Sombra's passion for Maclear, her shame is even greater. She absolutely withdraws from her husband and rejects all attempts at reconciliation until Maclear confesses to her his guilt in building the bridge. Believing, then, that he too has sinned, she goes back to him again, and Maclear resumes his business, chastened but not daunted.

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## THE WINDOW-GAZER

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.  
Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

MRS. MACKAY is a Canadian novelist who steadily strives to improve her work, and succeeds. In a book market which receives the outpourings of two other great countries speaking the same language, the

novelist in Canada has an uphill road and must have distinct merit in order to secure a sympathetic hearing. Mrs. Mackay has been a careful student of the environment of her own life, first in Ontario and later in British Columbia, but she is more than that; she is a persistent student of human nature, and of the dramatic side which makes for craftsmanship in fiction.

This time Mrs. Mackay sets part of her story in British Columbia, in that bold piece of natural beauty adjacent to Vancouver, and along the shore of the Inlet. Queer characters run through the pages, giving something of the contact with the Orient which marks life on the Pacific coast. Li Ho, the Chinese servant at the shack of Dr. Farr, is a quaint specimen whose jerky expressions and intuition reflect the creation of a real type. Old Dr. Farr himself is somewhat shadowy and never seems quite a real person, though his kinks and descriptions form an attractive feature of the story. His daughter, Desire, is much more lifelike, bright, attractive, and one whose course the reader gladly follows.

Desire is discovered by the reader, sitting on the dock at Vancouver shrouded by fog, awaiting the coming of the little motor-boat which takes her down the Inlet to her father's cabin. Into the same boat clambers Professor Benis Hamilton Spence, lured to this out-of-the-way place by correspondence with Dr. Farr. The stay at the Farr cabin was marked by a discovery of mutual attraction between Desire and Spence, by weariness of the peculiarities of Dr. Farr, who turns out to be not her real father, and by final marriage and flight to the Professor's home in an Ontario town. Then follow the effort to find common interest and happiness and the struggle to tame the imaginative, wild young maiden from the Pacific coast. The characterization of Professor Spence reveals the qualities commonly attributed to his class, but a more interesting char-

acter from the fiction standpoint is his peppery Aunt Caroline, who, despite her autocratic manner when first introduced to the reader, becomes human and not less interesting as the story proceeds.

As usual, Mrs. Mackay excels in snappy dialogue, and, though she has not developed the setting as much as might reasonably have been done, particularly on the picturesque coast, the story is well-balanced and thoroughly readable.

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### THE EMPTY SACK

By BASIL KING. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

"THE Empty Sack" opens in the big floor-office of the Cottingham Bank, where Josiah Fallet, an elderly clerk, is watching with something like stage fright the messenger (from the president's room) who is making his way towards him. Has his great hour come? Is he at last to receive that increase in which he and his family have been counting for years? As he passes through the long aisles of desks, his fellow-clerks congratulate him on his long-awaited good fortune—but Josiah Follet was discharged, after ten years service, for incompetency.

Bradley Collingham did not relish his task—and yet there was his efficiency expert hammering the doctrine in his ears, "The value of a thing is as much money as it will bring". And there was the precedent—if he retained the services of one incompetent he must harbor all. It was difficult. . . . but old Follet had a daughter employed as model, he believed; there was Ted too, working in the bank . . . and Follet had been warned . . . he had had five years in which to prepare for the future . . . . on forty-five dollars a week.

Heartbreak is not all which overtakes the Follet family—they are the personification of the empty sack—empty of all which sustained it and unable to stand alone, yet from the moment of Josiah Follet's dismissal,

the destinies of his and the bank president's families are terrifically linked, and the dramatic theme of the story is in full swing. With his father's small income withdrawn, Ted Follet, a boy of eighteen, and young for his age, assumes full responsibility. He is employed in his father's former bank. The two young sisters find various cheap employments, while the mother, a woman superior to her environment, keeps the family together as best she can. Josiah Follet, with one disappointment, discouragement and insult after another, in seeking new work, is drawn step by step to despair. Finally a physical breakdown overcomes him, and his death soon follows. "He raised his hands while a look of glad surprise stole over his face: 'There's a country—no, it isn't a country; it's like a town—they're working—they've got work for me—and—they're never—they're never fired.'"

This is one aspect of the drama; running hand in hand with the dissolution of the Follet family's grasp on life, however, is the story of Jenny, that eldest girl who is posing in costume for six dollars a week. The closest link of the fate that brings the two families together is Jenny. Bob Collingham, only son of her father's employer, has met her in the course of her work—and through a persistent courtship has finally married him, on the eve of his departure (through his mother's machinations) to South America. Jenny does not love Bob; she is even slightly repelled by his huge physique and intense personality. She does love, or thinks she loves, the artist for whom she has been posing, but Bob Collingham's money means salvation to the distracted girl—her people are even now threatened with eviction from their home, and are deep in hopelessness.

Then comes the story's climax. Young Ted Follet, hardly realizing his action, has fallen into defalcation at the bank, been detected, and in the frenzy of flight killed one of his pursuers. And here in the tragedy of

death and the ruinous pressure that has brought an impulsive, barely mature boy to thievery and murder through the struggle of over-responsibility is the full potent of the simile of the empty sack. The situation is made more complex by the mental collapse which overtakes the mother.

The Collingham's have been informed of Bob's secret marriage, and now Mrs. Collingham, after having unsuccessfully attempted to bring about infidelity and divorce between her son and the clerk's daughter, directs her husband in assuming a benevolent role in the public eye. Bob is recalled from his manufactured post in South America, and given liberal funds to provide for the Follet boy's defense in court, while the press hails Bradley Collingham, bank president, as a philanthropist of philanthropists.

The last scenes of the book are the happiest and at the same time the most pathetic. Ted is executed in spite of the best lawyers in the country, his mother dies, and Bob Collingham becomes the good angel of the Follet family. A characteristically Basil King touch of psychic comfort is introduced in the closing of the book, rather carrying out the spirit of the concluding circumstances.

Such is the bare outline of Basil King's last novel, a book in which much that is tragic is vividly counterbalanced by more that is best and finest in human nature.

Bob Collingham is the outstanding figure of the story, and in him Mr. King has given literary being to a type of young man who has not been uncommon since the war—physically superior, highly idealistic and with absolute faith in anything on which he sets his affections. His love for Jenny Follet, and the influence it exercises upon her rather shallow but nevertheless appealing nature, is perhaps the most impressive element in the book. His letters, written from South America, stir her anxiously with the constant iteration that he is always beside her and that his love will shield her like a cloak from evil.

It may be a mere chain of circumstances which saves Jenny from an emotional entanglement with her artist employer (in which her mother-in-law is highly instrumental) but the influence of Bob's love seems a likelier answer, somehow, under the spell of the story. There is one scene in which his mother confronts him with seeming evidence of Jenny's infidelity. His answer that he would believe no ill of her though it came from her herself, is indicative of his remarkable spirit of faith in his ideals.

Every character in the book has an original aspect. There are three dog characters which help along the atmosphere in several places and enliven the plot. Limitation of space prevents further description of any one individual, although several are worthy of more notice, from young Ted Follet to the smoothly-groomed Mrs. Collingham, who practices a kind of quiet intrigue upon her men-folk, her daughter and the world in general.

All in all the story the book tells and the peoples it presents are arresting. Like most of King's work it carries a message—this time, a cry for greater brotherhood among all classes, in presenting the poignant spectacle of man's inhumanity to man. "Muzzle not the ox which tramples out the grain," is the text on which the great lawyer bases his appeal in defense for the boy Ted—and every man or woman who reads the book must ask himself or herself how severely society is justified in punishing those against whom she herself has trespassed. But apart from whatever moral the author has sought to point, he has made an absorbing and tre-

mendously gripping narrative. "The Empty Sack" is one of those unmistakably "great" books which come from one pen or another every so often, and we in Canada should be proud to realize that this time one of our own countrymen has achieved it.

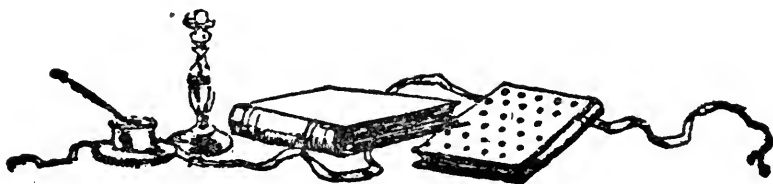
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### THE PATH OF THE KING

By JOHN BUCHAN. London and Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. BUCHAN'S historical sense is sound and his gift as a storyteller notable. His "History of the Great War" attests the one, his "Greenmantle and the Thirty-nine Steps" the other. In this instance, however, his qualities quarrel. He has undertaken more than he can perform in attempting to trace through a thousand years a wavering line of kingly descent from the Anglo-Saxon Ironbeard to Abraham Lincoln, by way of heroes and wastrels, younger sons and female inheritance—and with the accompaniment always of a ring formed from the armlet of Biorn Ironbeard's son! The fourteen episodes cannot stand or fall on so slender a basis of union, and most of them fail to attract or hold on their own account. A few, but very few, are in Mr. Buchan's better manner, but they have only a thinly plausible continuity, and it is plain that the author tired of his task long before he finished it. The last three chapters have an American setting and atmosphere far from convincing, although the Lincoln-Stanton relations are suggested with some dramatic sympathy.

There is a prologue to explain the scheme of the book, while an epilogue is provided for no other discoverable reason than to balance the former.



# THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

## THE EXCURSION

*Once during  
one's lifetime*

It was everyone's ambition then, as it is now, to go at least once during one's lifetime on an excursion to Niagara Falls. Nobody ever considered going in the ordinary way, paying the ordinary railway fare and staying at an ordinary hotel. Oh, no! Such an adventure never was a dangerous temptation, for, as the blacksmith put it, by the time you had paid your fare, eaten a meal or two, entered a few of the side-shows and taken a ride on the *Maid of the Mist*, even if you shouldn't go the length of a carriage drive down to the whirlpool, there wouldn't be much left of a ten-dollar bill for shooting-galleries, popcorn and souvenirs.

It is a souvenir, a sphere of glass with a picture of the Falls set in the centre, that recalls, as I look at it now, all the excitement and bustle and preparation that attended our first excursion. Crystal gazing it is, and yet, instead of looking into the future, as crystal-gazers are supposed to do, I look into the past, into that dim and distant other period when a trip of a hundred miles would furnish material for a year's conversation. It should not be inferred, however, that it was a period absolutely devoid of travel and expansion, for we had the Caledonian games at Seaforth, the Orange walk at Exeter, the bicycle meet at Mitchell and the startling announcement on all public horse-sheds that Barnum and Bailey were about to pitch tent at Stratford.

We went through Stratford, by the way, on the excursion to the Falls. But we must not get there too soon. We have yet to pack our baskets and lie awake all night considering whether we'll miss the train at Dublin, for there might be many a slip between the bed and the railway station.

The station was just five miles away. We—that is, mother—had made arrangements to get there in the back seat of Henry Perkins's surrey. Mother used to say that nobody could be more obliging in a case of that kind than Henry. Of course

*In Henry  
Perkins's  
Surrey*

there were only two of us—mother and I. We left the baby with old Mrs. Smallicombe. Mrs. Smallicombe was the best of neighbors in a case of that kind. Fortunately, she wasn't able to go herself, having sciatica so bad she scarcely was able to drag herself about the house. But she said the baby wouldn't bother her a bit. Why, bless you, she had reared six babies of her own, and every one of them a specimen. So that as to that we felt fairly safe.

But we didn't feel quite so safe as to collisions, falling between cars and knocking our heads against semaphores. Goodness knows, we had enough warning. But if it had come to the worst, we should have been among friends, because half the village was going, the fare being only a dollar and thirty cents for the round trip. Joe Ham said it was the chance of a lifetime. He himself, he said, really should have been hauling quarry stones, but he never had seen the Falls, and he had heard of men coming all the way across the ocean just to look at this one of the seven wonders of the world. He took his lumber wagon, and in it he found room for Jessie Littlejohn, Susie Butson, Tuffin's hired man and the music teacher. The farrier and his wife went in their top buggy, and the blacksmith hitched his horse to McCormack's old phaeton. Angus McKittrick started out afoot, hoping to be picked up on the way. Old Charlie, the agnostic, and Billy Pringle borrowed Ferguson's pony and rode bareback, turn by turn.

It was, as one might construe, a representative portion of our community. And, as we mentioned at the outset, it included mother and me. We were at the carriage steps in front of the house when Henry drove up. The horse was rather skittish, but we managed to get the baskets well placed under the seat and ourselves equally well placed on top. Mrs. Perkins was thankful it wasn't raining. It was just her luck, she said, for it to rain pitchforks every time she ever went anywhere. That was the reason she wore her seersucker dress instead of her navy blue henrietta. Mother replied by saying that she believed in dressing to suit the occasion, and that really we hadn't put on anything. She had made up her mind, even if she hadn't slept a wink, not to fuss; and, one thing, she wasn't going to worry about the baby. It was quite a wrench for a mother to go away and leave her baby, just weaned, for a whole day. But she just couldn't miss this chance of seeing the Falls, with children at half fare.

Meantime Henry was letting out the lines. We passed the

*Old Mrs.  
Smallicombe*

*Children at  
Half Fare*

*On the way  
to the Station*

farrier at the fair grounds. We caught up to the blacksmith at the schoolhouse, and he gave us quite a race until we passed him just the other side of Murphy's bush. Henry's driver certainly was in great fettle, for we passed old Charlie and Billy Pringle almost before they had time to turn aside, and at the fourth concession, when we whizzed by, Joe Ham's team looked almost as if standing still. We passed everybody, and drew up at the station twenty minutes before the train was due to arrive.

All but Henry got out, and then we laid the baskets carefully on the platform. Henry drove the horse over to the tavern and put it up for the day. He had his own oats in a bag under the front seat. Presently he rejoined us, and then we all stood in a row, apart from the score or more of other excursionists, to await the arrival of the train. First, however, Henry went inside and bought their tickets. Then mother went also and bought ours. Every little while someone would run on to the track and repeat, "She isn't in sight yet". The others soon began to arrive, and by the time everybody was on the platform we could see smoke rising over near Irishtown. Of course, the train was late, but the smoke was an indication of its imminence. Soon we could hear it puffing and the bell ringing and the grinding sound of the brakes taking hold. Then it rushed in upon us, spitting fire and belching smoke and thundering until, as Jessie Littlejohn said, we were all taken with convulsions. The engineer, in his tight black peak cap and blue smock, leaned out through the cab window, and the fireman, black and hot, pitched into the great maw behind the boiler stick after stick of cordwood from piles that lay upon the tender. Then the conductor stepped on to the platform, shouting, "All aboard", and the brakeman ran forward to open the switch.

We clambered aboard, baskets and all, and Henry undertook to find seats for us. He led the way. We made the perilous passage through the open space from one coach to another until we had gone through the several coaches of the train, crossed all the open spaces between the coaches, taken a drink from a tin cup at all the water tanks and until, hot and perhaps just a little dizzy, we at length leaned against a compartment stamped in gold letters "Ladies" and looked up at the kerosine shaking in the lamps that were fixed to the ceiling just above the bell rope hanging in loops down the middle of the aisle. For it was an old-time excursion on the old Grand Trunk, and we felt, somehow or other, that it was



only by intervention of the gods that we were suffered even to stand.

*Intervention  
of the Gods*

But standing betimes has its redeeming virtues, for we were handy to the water tank and other conveniences, and we could rest our weight mostly on one leg and then mostly on the other. Just all one could do when crowded into a seat was to sit there. To get up was to run the risk of losing the "space sufficient for one person". So that, standing, we could try to count the telegraph poles just as well as anybody else; we could see the shallow stream as we crossed it at Mitchell and appreciate better the jolts and tremors whenever the brakes were applied.

It was at Mitchell, I remember, that mother found a seat for me on somebody's lunch basket, and it was when we were moving out from Stratford, amidst much clanging and puffing and crunching, that she emitted her first real, deep-seated sigh. Then she threw her shawl across my lap, and I overheard her confess to Mrs. Perkins that she feared she had forgotten to tell Mrs. Smallicombe to be sure to put a little sugar in the baby's bottle. Mrs. Perkins assured her that the baby would not suffer one iota, and then I forgot all about everything else as a nice young man came along with a basket full of oranges, peaches, peanuts and prize packages. Someone handed me a peach and a prize package, and when I opened the package out popped a tin whistle and a gum drop. I ate the peach and the gum drop and fell asleep blowing the whistle.

And it was a whistle, the whistle of the engine, that roused me as we drew near to the Falls. Everybody was excited, for old Charlie, trying to beat his way, was put off somewhere along the line; and Susie Butson had fainted. All the water tanks had been drunk empty long ago, so they had had to open a pop bottle and pour the frothing contents over Susie's face; and by the time Susie "came to" the train had stopped at the Falls.

The Falls, when the train stopped, we could hear rumbling, and of course there was tremendous excitement. Everybody was grabbing something to carry out, and mother whispered to Mrs. Perkins that the music teacher was sticking pretty close to Jessie Littlejohn. Mrs. Perkins said that it was understood they became engaged last choir practice night. Then I began to cry because I couldn't find my tin whistle, and, to make matters worse, mother discovered the fact that

*Then I began  
to Cry*

*Aglow with  
Raspberry  
Jam*

the seat of my linen breeches was aglow with raspberry jam. That misfortune, however, was overlooked in the great jam on the station platform. There we pushed and jostled and crushed lunch baskets, until at length our own village contingent gathered together and marched in a body right up to the edge of the Falls. We were not foolish enough to hire carriages, the walking being good; and, anyway, we had four solid hours before the train would start on the return trip.

Just what should we do first? That was the question. Henry remarked that it was easier to carry luncheon inside oneself than inside a basket; and soon, with that, we all were seated upon the grass eating fried egg sandwiches, raspberry tart and drinking lemonade. It amused us to feel upon our faces spray from the falling water, to hear the roar of it all, and to wonder what it would be like to go over. We passed an hour or more lunching, asking questions about the Falls and answering them in our own way. Then the music teacher, who liked to show off, pushed a big stone over the embankment. The stone stuck about half the way down to the water. A few days afterwards the storekeeper asked the teacher to tell him the height of the riverbank. "Well," said the teacher, "I can give you an idea. The other day when we were there I started a stone rolling down the bank, and it hasn't reached the water yet."

Just before we finished lunching the *Maid of the Mist* steamed out from her moorings and entered upon her perilous course. That, to us, was the great sight of the day. We watched it in awe and wonderment. Jessie Littlejohn, who I daresay expressed the feeling of us all, said that she wouldn't risk a trip on that boat even if someone were to give her a ticket for nothing. And nothing could induce her to go down into the cave of the winds. But she was willing, as we all seemed to be, to walk across the International Bridge and see the red-haired mummy in the Museum.

It was the first mummy any of us ever had seen, and we passed many interested minutes looking at it. The farrier chuckled when he saw the red hair, and he was willing to bet a quarter that it was the carcass of one of those old cusses that had twenty wives. Then the farrier took me aside and spent the quarter on the round glass souvenir that started this reminiscence. As I said at the beginning, it is in front of me as I write. I pick it up, and it reminds me of our hurrying over to Goat Island.

*Over to  
Goat Island*

We were on the Island when Henry announced that we had but half an hour until train time. With that we hurried back to the Canadian side, and both mother and Mrs. Perkins remarked that never before had they been so tired. But they were determined to be at the station in time to get seats for us all. As to that they succeeded, to our great satisfaction and comfort.

*Back to the  
Canadian  
Side*

The train, of course, was late in starting. We were sure that the music teacher and Jessie Littlejohn would be left behind. What a scandal! But presently they appeared, arm in arm and looking very happy. Then we were all on hand, all except Angus McKittrick and Tuffin's hired man. These two had been, as the blacksmith expressed it, about three sheets in the wind an hour earlier, and therefore their absence was not unexpected.

We passed and repassed the tin cup with water from the tank, which someone must have refilled, and soon we were all comfortably settled for the long trip homeward. But we were disturbed presently by a little girl who came through the car selling small baskets of fruit. The music teacher, perhaps superinduced by the success of the outing, offered one to Jessie. The young woman, with one of her sweetest smiles, accepted it. Then the teacher fumbled in his pocket for money to pay for it. The conductor was shouting "All aboard!" and the little girl was in terror of being carried off on the train.

"How much did you say it is?" asked the teacher, still fumbling.

"Fifty cents."

"Fifty cents! Whew!"

The music teacher then produced a five-dollar note, but the little girl hadn't enough money to make the change.

The train began to move and the teacher went on fumbling in his pockets.

"Mister," said the little girl, "can't you give me something? I must get off."

"If you can't make the change, I guess—"

But the teacher did not finish the sentence, for the little girl had to run—without the money and without the fruit.

The teacher laughed inordinately as he sat down beside Jessie. At the same time he confessed that he had the exact amount in his pocket all the time, but that he didn't believe in letting these people take advantage of tourists if he could help it.

*The  
Teacher's  
Downfall*

*Jessie shook  
her head*

Jessie sat looking out through the window. The teacher, who, as all now seemed to understand, was betrothed to her, passed the basket of fruit, but she shook her head and kept on looking out through the window.

Then he offered some of the fruit to mother and Mrs. Perkins, but they both declined, saying they were too tired to even think of eating. I wondered why he didn't offer me any. I had an instinctive dislike for him, and it was intensified by my rather incomplete understanding of his treatment of the little girl. But when he failed to offer me some of the fruit, I felt convinced that the farrier was right in pronouncing him one of the "nearest" men he had ever known.

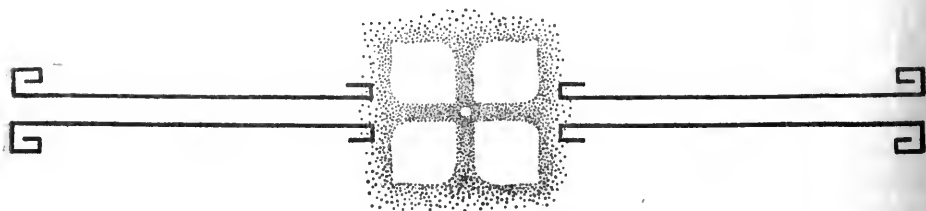
Everybody seemed almost to be ready to drop. But already we had dropped—right into the seats, and there we just sat, limp and exhausted. Susie Butson said that she never before had had such a gone feeling. She spread her handkerchief on her lap and let her arms fall on either side.

Presently the train moved, and we all braced up for a minute. Then the rumbling of the wheels put me to sleep. I must have slept most of the way homeward. But I remember waking once and looking up just in time to see the music teacher once more offering Jessie the fruit. But Jessie shook her head. And, although I fell asleep and did not see all, she must have kept right on shaking her head, for she never became anything more than just Jessie Littlejohn.

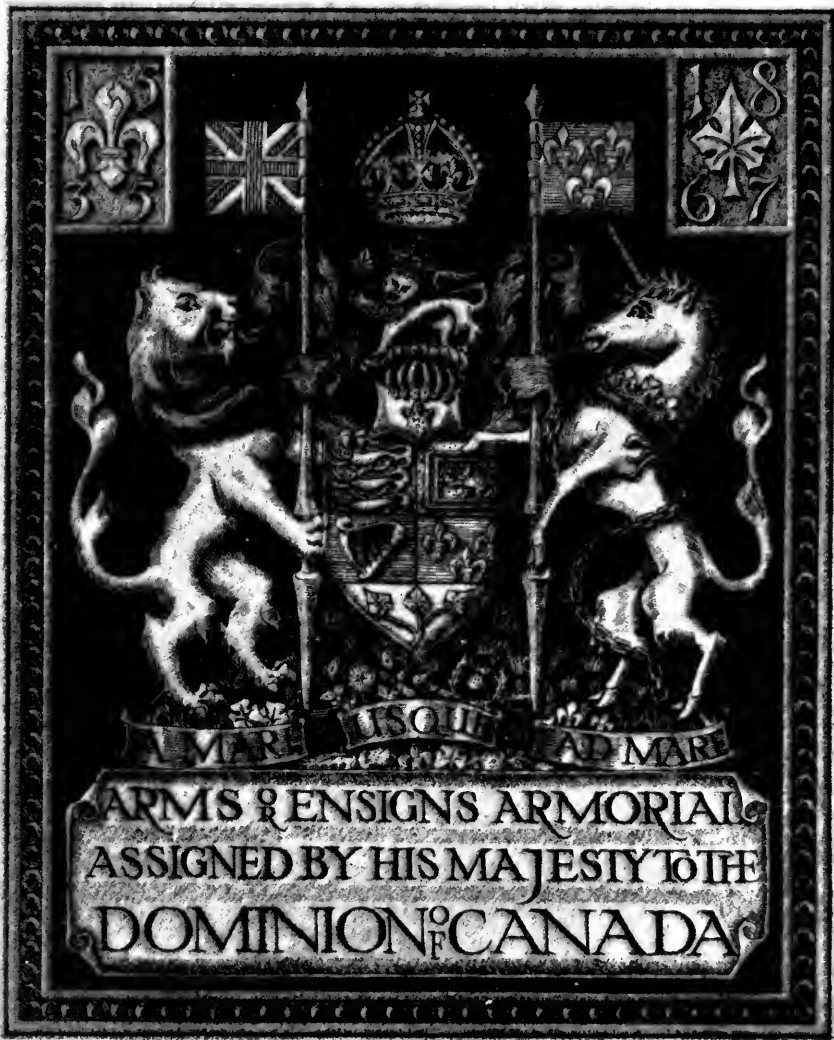
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#### APPENDIX

I intended to write that all mother's worrying as to the baby went for nothing, for we found everything quite natural when we returned. The baby was sound asleep, and Mrs. Smallicombe, even if aglow like a ripe pumpkin, complained that she had had to use her own judgment in putting sugar in the bottle, not having any orders. Then she made a grimace and groaned movingly before informing us that it was all she could do to breathe, because of a bad stitch in her side.







THE NEW DOMINION COAT OF ARMS

From the Etching by  
Stanley Harrod



*JAC*

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 5

## AN OLD-TIME MISOGYNIST

BY THE HONORABLE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL



**W**OMEN of the present age and perhaps more particularly those of this Continent are accustomed to the respect and deference of their men folk. In many parts of the world the rule is and always has been different; while in some countries, this respect is a matter of comparatively modern times and in most, is confined to those not of the lowest class.

In some of the countries of Europe in which woman has not even yet established a right not to be considered an inferior, she was for centuries spoken of by the upper and educated classes with respect. But there were exceptions; the monastic side of the Church and the Universities framed and conducted largely on monastic methods, never (except in very rare instances) looked upon women with favor. The brethren in the Monastery, the students in the Universities, allowed themselves full swing in the expression of their aversion to the fair sex. There are in existence many books of mediæval and later times, which testify to the lively

imagination and wealth of vocabulary of these men.

It may not be without interest to give some account of one of these; and a comparatively late volume is selected.

I select a little Latin 16 mo, of ninety-six pages which was printed in Germany in 1644 (in the time of Charles I of England); it is a not unfair sample of the kind of literature referred to. Written in a light vein, it is obviously "half in fun but whole in earnest"; and it repeats in a milder and more pleasant form, what had been the burden of previous solemn objurgation. The book is called "Hippolytus Redivivus" after Hippolytus a votary of the Virgin goddess, Artemis, who in the Greek story spurned the proffered love of his step-mother Phædra. The story is an unpleasant one even in the hands of "Euripides, the human with his droppings of warm tears".

The Latin is not very bad; although not Ciceronian, it is well up to the mediæval standard.

After a short "Permission to Print",

the anonymous author addresses the reader thus:

"Here, gentle reader, you have depicted (rather poorly indeed) according to our judgment as in a painting, the genius of the female sex: if we have not exhibited it with uncompromising severity according to the truth—since it is easy in such a sink of iniquity to overlook some vices—let everybody supply from his own mind those wrongly omitted. We have used a style irregular and little polished; but the disorderly race of woman deserve nothing better—nor should anyone think me destitute of humanity in so bitterly demanding open and declared war against woman, since we are at enmity, and those of them who accept the truth will no longer displease however worthy of vituperation they may be at present."

The writer then proceeds:

"Of the feminine kind about to be considered it is necessary in the first place to explain the name and then the properties (or, if you will, the qualities). I may say at once to prevent man from unduly admiring this Pandora, that the name of the first woman promised no good to them, and if one adopted the ancient Roman method and considered the name as an omen, she threatened the whole human race with disaster by her inauspicious and ominous name. He who gave names to the Universe was desirous of showing the wickedness of the female sex at the beginning of the world just as though He had actually used the word itself—for He called the first mother of all by the somewhat invidious but truthful name of Heva, either as much as to say that she would contract the greatest friendship with the serpent-kind (as she was the first to talk with the serpent), or what seems more probable, that she herself was of the serpent-race. For this word sounded with the 'h', thus 'Heva', means nothing else in Syriac according to Eusebius who says 'Heva, as interpreted, is the female serpent. . . ."

The Latin name "mulier" the author derives from "mollior" i.e. "more loose in life"; he thinks it not necessary to discuss the Hebrew name, which means nothing else than "oblivion"—for, as he sagely remarks, "An argument from etymology can result, only in probability not in certainty."

"After a description of the name, the proper order is to define the thing itself, although indeed I would rightly be considered crazy if I should seek order in that which is in the highest degree disorderly—in what I am about to say. I do not know what I shall say, or why—

the mind whirls, the pen trembles, conceiving that nothing so bad can be said about woman but worse remains to be said".

And this is how he says it:

"Woman, fed by Megaera, born of Tisiphone, into whose mouth Alecto dropped milk, is total shipwreck, a tempest in the house, a hindrance to peace, the captivity of life, a daily injury, willing for battle, a costly war, perpetual complaining, frequent passion, domestic punishment, unbridled jealousy, a constant liar, a shameless beggar, a beast of a guest, brazen disquiet, boldly quarrelsome, a made-up face, alluring form, artificial complexion, painted cheeks, tortuous vision, poisoned eyes, wasteful disposition, drooped shoulders, raised bosom, thin flanks, petulant words, fondling and caressing deceit, wheedling speech, simulated sighs, a serpent of pious breed—of tearful smile, discordant society, faithless companion, a hungry Aetna, secret disgrace, a filthy bedmate, an outrageous expense, an incalculable yoke, a piece of hell, a sulphur match, mercurial instability, a trouble to the timepiece, a wicked animal, a devouring lioness, a decked-out Scylla, three-headed Cerberus, fire vomiting Chimaera, terrible Charybdis, dog of the sea, glaring Harpy, thirsty Hydra, Theban Sphinx; a noxious breed, the vicar of Satan, the door of Hell, way of iniquity, stroke of the Serpent, kindled fire, lash of conscience, enemy of friendship, inescapable punishment, tempting of nature, a calamity though longed for, a domestic peril, hurtful though delightful, a snake in the bosom, an amatory noose, tinder to fire the passions. . . . a necessary evil, short joy, long hurt, an eternal contention—woman the cause of all evils."

(I leave out the coarser epithets—and there are plenty of them.)

One rather wonders what the author imagined he had left for his readers to supply.

The remainder of the book consists in great measure of special instances of depravity in woman, illustrated by apt quotations from Greek and Latin authors—and it must be said that for the author's purpose, the passages quoted have been well selected.

It may serve in some degree to illustrate the advance made by woman toward obtaining simple justice, to say that in no modern country with any claim to civilization could such a book now be published even in "the decent obscurity of a learned language".



# THE HOUSE OF ATREUS

BY A. CLARE GIFFIN

**W**HEN Tom Warrington and I came out into the hall after finishing the last of our third-year law examinations, we found Wilson waiting for us by the notice board. He fell into line beside Warrington and said, "Well, what about the Parade?" I said, "I was thinking about it myself," and Warrington nodded. So we walked down to the be-placarded recruiting station on the Parade and—four months later we were on our way overseas. Within the year poor Wilson was dead—killed before he had been an hour in action; the same fight (one of those glorious unnamed affairs, where heroic fortitude and heroic daring became things of course) gave Warrington the Military Cross, a broken arm, and three months' leave home; the Officers' Training Course and his commission were to come in due season. These things, bad and good, I heard lying in hospital in England. My own adventure overseas had ended in a railway accident in France on my way to the front, when my right leg was simply crushed off. No need to dwell on those months in hospital; I felt that amends were being made me a little, when Warrington hunted me up in hospital and told me we should be going home on the same boat.

When we were two days out I heard from a man in Warrington's platoon a somewhat detailed account of Warrington's part in that unnamed, epic fight. It was a wonderful story, a

revelation even to me, who thought I knew Warrington so well, but there was one bit of it that, for a particular reason, and rather against my will, held me more than all the rest. When Wilson fell, Warrington had gone out from their temporary shelter to bring him in; Wilson died before they reached cover, but, on the way, Warrington had noticed another of our men badly wounded, but still alive, and trying to crawl towards shelter. So, of course, when he had poor Wilson safe, Warrington went back for the other, and a few minutes later tottered into safety, carrying on his back the tallest and heaviest man in the battalion, their best sniper too—Paul Malvaize, a full-blooded Indian. It was that part of the story that set me thinking, and wondering if Warrington had thought, too, of a nonsensical old story that both he and I had heard ever since we were old enough to have a relish for such things, and which his family professed to laugh at, professed to disregard, and yet kept in mind, and, as a matter of fact, acted on.

Later, when Warrington himself told me about Wilson—the poor old chap had known him just at the very last and managed to say a word or two—the story and the question I had meant to ask slipped my mind as a thing of no consequence, until the talk had drifted away to the home plans that Warrington and I were making. Then, with the mention of Tidemount, which Warrington still thought of as home, though his peo-

ple had moved away from the old place there at least twenty years before, I thought of the story again.

"Of course there isn't a soul there that I can stay with now," said Warrington, "since Uncle Edward died and left the old house vacant—in fact I don't suppose there's an inhabited house anywhere within two miles of the old place. But there must be two or three empty ones in very fair condition, and a chap might be worse off than camping out in one of them. There's fine fishing in the Wide Brook, and if I could hire a little motor-boat for a week or two I could keep in touch with the rest of the world, and still have a good restful bit of quiet."

"Ye-e-es," I hesitated, a little ashamed of my own misgivings. "Ye-es, I suppose you might do that."

Warrington stared. "What's the matter with you?" he asked bluntly. "You know I could, and what a heavenly time it would be after all this. Out with it, whatever it is!"

"Oh, nothing," I told him. "Just Tidemount—I was wondering—you know your father just picked up and left after your Uncle Arthur was killed — and then little Ned was drowned that Summer—your mother always thought that perhaps if we hadn't let him go there that afternoon—of course it's all nonsense—but then it has been going on so long—when you come to think of it—look at all those stories your Uncle Edward told us—about his father and his uncle and his brother—wasn't it? You can't help thinking—"

Warrington's puzzled grin changed into a roar of laughter. He stood looking down at me with eyebrows humorously raised, and then shook his head at me and spoke. "You've been reading magazine stories about the war," he said. "Tales with signs and wonders in 'em! I know the sort! Your next move will be to a crystal-gazing lady, dear boy! As to the Dad—" his face grew gravely affec-

tionate in a moment, "did you ever know a deep-water sailor that wasn't ready to believe anything with a ghost in it? But, really, it wasn't Uncle Arthur's death made him move us away from Tidemount; there were no decent schools there you know, and Halifax was so much more convenient for him. A sea-captain gets little enough time with his family, and when we were at Tidemount he hardly saw us at all. As to Uncle Ned!—the dear old chap simply revelled in all kinds of local and family myths, and that curse to the seventh generation was a pet of his. But he lived to be ninety right there in Tidemount, for all that."

"Yes—; but he wouldn't marry, and he wouldn't make any change or improve or do anything—he always said he felt safer if he kept quiet—I've heard him say that myself!"

"Uncle Ned was an oddity—perfectly contented as long as he had a book on mathematics and that dog-eared old Horace and some unreadable bit of philosophy to speculate over and shock stray clergymen with. I think he made the old story a sort of peg to hang his notions on. Don't you remember how he used to give food or money or anything they wanted to Indians to get them to go away?"

"Because an Indian laid the curse on the family, and an Indian is always there when the trouble comes, or is mixed up in it some way. I thought of that when young Harper told me about you—wondered if you thought of it when you brought Malvaise in—"

Warrington laughed and blushed a little. "To tell you the truth I did. When I saw it was Malvaise I had, I went all cold and chilly for a minute—seemed as if the curse, if there was one, was in a fair way to score again. But you see it didn't, and I thought afterwards that that just showed what nonsense all these notions are. A nice brute I should

have felt if I'd left the poor chap out there just because of a silly old fable. And you see poor Malvaise did me more good than harm! Besides he is grateful to me out of all proportion—"

"Perhaps they'll let it count in your favor—against the curse I mean," I said, laughing a little shamefacedly. In my own mind I admitted that I was probably an idiot, but remembered too that it was at Tidemount only that the "accidents" happened. Away from there, the Warringtons seemed to stand about the same chance as the rest of us. I may have been going to say this, but another fellow came up and the talk went afield after mutual friends.

As a matter of fact, and to my very real relief, Warrington did not go to Tidemount. He came home to Hinchinbrook with me, met Muriel Ogilvy, and the Tidemount plan died a natural death. Of course Tidemount was only a matter of four or five miles away, either by land or water. Hinchinbrook, the neatest little doll-village in the world, is on a small inlet from the big bay that Tidemount Harbor opens directly into and takes its name from, and the few old houses that are all that is left of the once prosperous Loyalist settlement of Tidemount, are an hour's easy run in a motor-boat from Hinchinbrook—just out of Hinchinbrook Harbor, and around the Head, and up and across Tidemount Harbor and you are at the side of the old village. Most of the people moved away years ago, and the alders and blueberry bushes and blackberry vines are thick around the hollows that mark old cellars. You can see still where there were wharves and a shipyard eighty years ago or more, but the only house of any consequence still standing is the old Warrington house—the house built by the original Warrington, who had the ill-luck to share in the curse that some deeply-injured Indian brave laid on the

settlement and all who were concerned in it. Whether the curse was to blame or not, Tidemount was a failure; the people moved away, budding industries died out, and no new ones were ever successful. The Warringtons held out longer than any of the other settlers, but one fatality after another cut them down and in every one of the accidents that overtook them, so the stories said, an Indian was in some way concerned. So it happened that when Captain Herbert Warrington's only brother was accidentally shot by his dearest friend (because their Indian guide had got mixed up in his directions to them that morning) the Captain moved his family away from Tidemount and left the old house to Uncle Edward. What fixed the story in my own mind was a childish recollection of seeing little Edward Warrington's body carried from the boat to our house, and hearing from an older boy, an eye-witness, the whole story of the accident. They had gone to Tidemount from Hinchinbrook (Edward was Captain Herbert's elder son, and was visiting at our house that summer), and were fishing in the Wide Brook, a famous trout-stream, when a ragged little Indian boy appeared from a nearby encampment and offered to show them better fishing farther up, in the stillwater. They went with him, Edward taking one side of the water and the rest of the party the other, and then, quite suddenly, just at the lower end of the stillwater, they saw Edward slip, half recover himself, scream in a dreadful, terrified way, and fall into the water. They had no idea that the water was deep and expected to see him climb out long before they could reach him, but as a matter of fact he never so much as rose to the surface. It was only after three days' search that men with grappling hooks found the body. After that the Warringtons simply stayed away from Tidemount, and I may honestly admit that I was glad

when chance intervened to keep Tom away from the unlucky spot in the first place, and when Muriel Ogilvy's attractions sufficed to keep him away.

Personally I could not see why Muriel should attract Tom or anyone else. She was one of those slim, rounded, fair-haired, fair-skinned, grayish-blue-eyed girls, who seem to have no qualities whatever, good or bad. She took herself and everything connected with her with a seriousness that, to most people's minds, was quite unwarranted. She was eternally begging pardon for having inflicted slights which the victims had never noticed and would not have cared for if they had; she was given to spasms of deliberate kindness to those whom she thought deserving and to efforts at rebuke and reform, quite as needless and as fruitless. She was always fussing over something or someone, and what they could, should, might, or would think of her important self. The only way that I can account for Tom's falling heels over head in love with her is that she was practically the first woman he met on coming home, and there must have been something in her round sleekness and studied gentleness that soothed some over-strained nerve. Perhaps it was simply her young femininity that refreshed him after an overdose of men's society—I have heard a boy just back from the Front say flatly that he was tired and sick of talking to men. At any rate she suited Warrington so well that he was perfectly content to spend the largest part of his visit to me on the Ogilvy verandah. It puzzled me to think what he saw in her, but I was glad enough to see that he was really enjoying himself and really resting. Of course I could not have gone about with him if he had wished to go—a one-legged man equipped only with a crutch is a rather circumscribed individual. Knowing that Warrington was provided for I could give myself up to the luxury of being home, where home

meant a mother and father and the dearest sister in the world, and could take all the petting they gave me with a clear conscience. The two weeks of Warrington's visit and my own furlough were very nearly over almost before I knew it. Then, two days before we were to go, Muriel planned a picnic to Tidemount in our honor.

The picnic was an all-day, motor-boat picnic, involving a rather early start, say at ten a.m., the short run around to the "Mount" that Tidemount took its name from, and then strolls, talk, flirtation, smokes, mild arguments, cards, luncheon, and tea; the summer sunset would form a poetical background for the trip home. That was the picnic as planned, and I could bring no objection to it except one that I was ashamed of. I tried to beg off going on the score of awkwardness getting in and out of boats, hoping that if I made difficulties enough the whole affair would come to nothing; but the crowd who were talking it over on the Ogilvy big verandah, had ways and means to get over every difficulty I could bring up. I was flatly ashamed to tell Warrington that that old story was making me nervous—because, to tell the truth, I only half believed in my own fears. But I have wondered, more than once, since, if things would have happened differently if I had spoken. I am sure not, and still I wish that I had.

As it was, they got over all my spoken objections and we went. More than that, we had a perfect day (though up to that very morning, I had prayed that our uncertain weather-gods would be on my side) and none of the small miscalculations and misadventures and necessities forgotten that usually spoil a picnic came up to trouble us.

Muriel summed up the case when we were all comfortably settled in the big boat: '*Everything's* happening just right, and *look* at the day, and it seems as if things were just *planned*

for us!" It did seem so, and I began to think that my nerves must be a little out of order. The day was very well worth looking at; one of those perfectly cloudless August days, warm and bright, with enough wind for coolness and not enough for inconvenience; the islands in the bay looked only half their distance away, and the three or four miles out to Tide-mount Cape seemed only half as far. As we rounded the Head we could see the Mount, looking like a green mound raised straight out of the blue water. It formed a sort of small peninsula, with a deep cove at each side of the isthmus. In the nearer of these we were to anchor, going ashore in the dory that we towed behind us. It had been over the necessity of this transshipment that I had tried to make difficulties, but Warrington and Bernard Ogilvy had shown me practically how perfectly easy it was for the pair of them to lift me up bodily and put me anywhere they wished. In fact, Bernard might have done it alone. It was in connection with this dory, too, that the only hitch in our plans had occurred. The very substantial and steady skiff that we had planned to take was not to be found that morning, when we were ready to start, and we were obliged to borrow the first thing that came to hand—the bright red dory that was at this moment bobbing behind us.

Once landed at the Mount we went our separate ways in great content. One party went exploring up the Wide Brook; another started to climb to the top of the Mount, breaking their way through blackberry vines and alder thickets until they came to the small cleared space at the very top, where a rough stone with rude lettering was supposed to mark the grave of a murdered man. A small section busied themselves with the fire and luncheon preparations. For my own part, I picked out a dry, sufficiently-shaded nook and made myself perfectly comfortable with a pipe and

a pile of new magazines. I could read and smoke and dream and nap, and I was lazily contented merely to be there in the air and the sun. If it annoyed me a little to see Tom Warrington going off with Muriel, very far in the wake of one of the exploring parties and very plainly in a state of deep devotion, I had still sense enough to make me admit that Warrington himself must be the best judge of what he liked.

It was that quiet, easy, informal sort of day throughout. We sang at intervals, lunched in great comfort, idled away a long afternoon, had tea and cake and sandwiches as the afternoon wore away, and then as when we had first come, everyone except myself seemed to decide on exploration. I lay stretched at length watching them out of sight and noticed that, as before, Tom and Muriel were well behind all the others—plainly Tom's fetters were fast being rivetted. Well, what can't be cured—

They had all been gone for perhaps half an hour and the sun was very near setting when I saw Tom coming back alone. He came over to me and dropped down on the rug beside me with an odd, questioning, amused look, that seemed to take in some other object of reflection besides myself. Then he glanced back over the path he had come by.

"Where's Muriel," I asked after a moment.

"We met Bernard and she wanted to talk to him—sent me on ahead. I rather think—" he hesitated a moment and then went on, "I do rather think she wants him to say a word for us to her father." He suddenly looked very directly at me. "Of course you see how things are," he said.

I nodded and we sat silent again, I trying to think what would be polite and friendly and not too untruthful to say. There was no getting over the fact that I didn't like Muriel.

Here and there along the hillside we could see the rest of the picnic coming into sight. The sun had just

set and the air seemed a little chilly, though there was a fine glow in the west that gave an effect of warmth. Warrington was watching it, his face turned towards the hills, away from the water, and I was watching him, and wondering, and wishing. Then, quite suddenly, I heard a frightened cry from somewhere near me, and looked up, and saw the girl who had cried out, and followed the direction of her pointing finger. I tried to get quickly up, realized my own helplessness, and the sound I made startled Warrington. He gave one look, leaped bodily to his feet and began to run towards the water. By this time, most of the party were in sight, and all of them were making what haste they could; what we saw was enough to make us hurry, though, I think, most of the men were like myself, as much annoyed as alarmed.

What we saw was alarming. Muriel, temporarily not in the centre of the stage and anxious to get back into it, had left Bernard and gone on alone towards the landing. Here she had seen the dory that we had brought with us, and, finding the tide so high that it was very nearly afloat, had untied it, got into it, and managed to push it off with an oar. Then she discovered that the other oar had been taken on shore for some purpose and not brought back. After a moment of irresolution, (it was then that Edith Alleyne called my attention to her), she began to try to paddle with one oar. That and a light breeze of wind combined to take the dory some yards out, but after a few strokes she contrived to lose the oar, leaving herself altogether at the mercy of the wind. By this time, of course, Tom was at the shore and one or two others nearly there. I suppose the sight of help so near at hand restored her courage, and Tom's presence, no doubt, made her want to be dramatic and impressive. At any rate she straightened up to her full height, put her hands behind her head, and began to rock slowly and deliberately back and forth.

I stopped short where I stood, hardly able to believe my eyes; at the same moment I heard Tom's shout of warning, drowned by Bernard's roar—"Muriel, you fool, stop that!" She didn't stop, rocked, I think, a bit harder if anything, conscious of the spectacle, and then the inevitable happened and I saw Tom flash into the water, with Bernard only a moment behind him, but farther off along the shore. I was near enough to the shore to see everything now, but I kept scrambling on. When I panted down on the beach and could look again, I saw the red dory wrong side up, no sign of Muriel, Tom just at the dory and Bernard coming up with long strokes. The two other swimmers of the party were coming running across the hill, the rest of us were watching. Tom reached the dory and promptly went under it—of course that was where Muriel was. In a second her body was shot out from underneath it, just as Bernard came up.

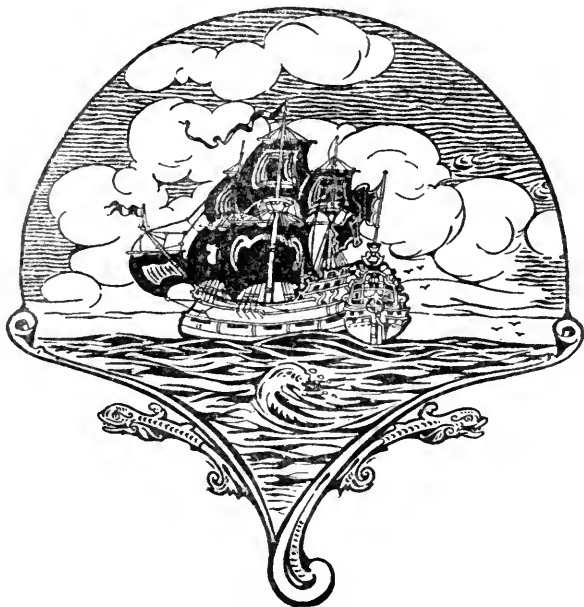
I saw that he caught Muriel and started for the shore again, and then I saw Tom coming up at the other side of the dory. He put out his hand as if to touch it, and then I heard him give a strange, choking sort of cry and throw both hands up and out of the water—almost as if he were trying to shake off someone or something. Then, before I could cry out or move, he went down, and I had a fancy so horrible that I hesitate to tell it; I could have sworn that I saw a hand—a long, lean, brown, yes very dark-brown, hand laid on the breast of his light shirt and forcing him down. It was then that I tried to get into the water, and Walter Alleyne and Ralph Ogilvy held me back. Of course I should have been useless and should most certainly have drowned, and the other two swimmers, who had come up meanwhile, were in the water at once, but then—I had seen that hand—I had seen that hand.

The next few minutes were just plain horror. Bernard brought his sister ashore and went straight back

to where Tom had gone down. But, though he and the other two stayed in the water till they were chilled and dusk was beginning to settle between the hills, they found nothing—no sign, no trace. Muriel was only unconscious for a minute; she came to her senses, and of course knew what had happened—there they were. in plain sight, swimming about, hunting, hunting——. Before the fit of hysterics began, though, she asked one question that I have thought of since—"Was it Bernard or Tom pushed me out from under the dory? *They were both under too, you know.*" Then she realized what had happened and screamed and screamed. And I have never been able to get her to speak of it since.

They came back at last, and brought the dory, and prepared to go back to Hinchinbrook. I tried to tell them about the hand—to make them believe that there was, or had been *someone else in the water*, some one fiendishly bad enough to murder Tom. They didn't laugh at me, but they were extraordinarily kind; and when I insisted on staying there until the

search party could come back with ropes and drags, they consulted a moment among themselves, and then MacDougall, the little Scotch doctor, elected to stay with me. We could build a fire on the shore and the night would not be cold. I was glad enough to have him, and when the rest were gone I let him take my temperature and look puzzled because it was normal. I told him what I had seen and what Muriel had said, and he stared and shook his head. And all the time the darkness came around us in folds, and a loon began to keen somewhere along the shore, and we could hear the sound of the motor-boat going back to Hinchinbrook. But where we were it seemed as if all the dead folk who had been part of Tide-mount were coming back and taking possession again. And Tom was lying there, waiting for people from the real world to come with dragnets—but could they drag him away from that hand? At any rate they never found his body! But of course the tide was going out at the time, and a very strong tide always sets out of Tide-mount Bay.





# OLD INNS OF LONDON

BY MARGARET BELL

**I**T seems a long cry from the days when Beau Brummel, all scents and satin, clattered over the cobbles from Tunbridge Wells and pulled up outside a hostelry in Eastcheap to call for a capon and a cup of Burgundy. Longer still, since dashing cavaliers jogged through marsh and mire, from hamlet to hamlet, telling of victories of swords and conquests of wit and odes written to Phillida's downcast eyes or Angela's ankle.

Bardolph has gone in for bolshiviking and Pistol prates of profits accrued through enterprises unknown in the days when goblets were used for toasting famous beauties in mysterious rear rooms of musty taverns or in bachelor drawing-rooms near Temple Court.

As for the jovial Jack Falstaff and his Quickly quips, he has gone the way of all modern gourmands, and if he cavorts at all, it is in an execratingly modern dance club, where the saxophone blares and the French horn zums and everyone is bent on boisterous enjoyment.

Though Jack has gone, his goblet remains. In Mile Lane, down among the sailors and fishermen, down where the dock worker slouches and the derelict loafs, is an ancient establishment, kept by a very garrulous individual known as Master Edward Honeyball. It is a quaint old tavern and it is one of the meting-places of those individuals who like to snatch an hour or two over a mug of beer, for the discussion

of every subject under the sun. Master Honeyball adds his opinion, darting in and out from the bar to coffee room, aproned and bent, but he does not form a very important part of the coterie, until the hour arrives, when the outer door is barred against stray wanderers. Then he joins his patrons and relates all that has transpired during the day.

There is a Dame Honeyball, plump and bustling and jocular and no mean substitute for the jovial Quickly, the paragon of hostesses, who made life so full and interesting for the raucous-voiced Falstaff. No mean substitute indeed, for she has the ancient manner and even finds it possible to drop a curtsy, now and then, should there arrive at her establishment a guest worthy of such homage.

Should he be interested, the guest might be shown the upstairs rooms of the tavern, where he would see many precious mementoes of the days Dame Honeyball's hospitality suggests. When the fire of London obliterated the historical Boar's Head, a number of its trappings were saved. These are the things that Dame Honeyball guards so closely in an upstairs room of her hostelry. Mugs and mirrors which knew the lips of Prince Hal the reveller, and showed him his laughing face. The most interesting of all is a certain drinking-cup, which looks like a golden goblet. It is the identical "parcel-gilt" goblet in which Jack Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Mistress Quickly. Dame Honeyball cherishes this memento most of



all. Perhaps she is searching in the unromantic maze of modernism, for another jovial tipster to toast her eyes, her lips, and until this guest arrives, the goblet will remain safe in its little glass case.

Although the Boar's Head was the rendezvous most generally believed to know Falstaff and his companions, the present hostess of the Mason's Arms, the tavern of Master Honeyball, and a large number of the patrons thereof are of the firm belief that Jack and his crew visited that establishment and revelled there. At any rate, this is one of the first things the stranger learns when he drops in for beer and badinage.

Not all the tavern-keepers of old London are as fortunate in possessions as the two Honeyballs, but there are many whose creaking signs, whining monotonously above carved oak doors, have some tale to tell, of queer caprice or wit or imagination.

There is Gresham Street, sneaking along between rows of gray, crumbling roofs in a district where housewives carry their coals in paper bags and grimy children search in the gutters for scraps of orange peel; where old men wander, with their eyes on the ground hoping to pick up a treasure in the form of cigarette ends, bits of string or perhaps a penny. Gresham Street in the days of humble serving-men and courtly knights in post chaises was called Ladle Lane. Ladle Lane was the resort of madcap roysterers, who hauled out extemporized songs and scribbled verse and otherwise gave evidence of secret intercourse with the muses. It was the home wonderful brews, of sizzling ribs of beef and well-baked pies; of pewter pots and clanking mugs. It knew the sound of the harp and sawtrie and was accustomed to the oaths of swaggering ne'er-do-wells.

Gresham Street to-day knows the wheezy treble of the kerbstone tradesman, with his tray of useless trinkets; the wandering dustman with his bell,

the lusty-throated housewife, on her way home from Billingsgate. There is little of the lilt of oldtime days in Gresham Street. And yet, there is something there which suggests the days of Ladle Lane.

A tumbledown tavern with a front of carved woodwork, a great oaken door and above it a most extraordinary sign, which creaks as it sways and seems to chant a dirge, to the accompaniment of the wind rushing up from the decks. The name of this tavern is the Swan With Two Necks.

Now, ornithologists and other persons with equally learned names state quite emphatically that no such bird as a two-necked swan ever existed. Yet there in Gresham Street, in full view of everyone who cares to look, there sits a wooden contradiction of ornithological lore.

The artist who painted the sign was the offender. He knew that there was no such creature as a swan with two necks. Had he been perfectly accurate he would have portrayed a bird with two small nicks in the hard part of its beak, and he would have been quite correct in so doing. The swans belonging to the corporation of London, which dot the Thames down around Richmond, are marked in their cygnet days by two nicks in their beaks, to distinguish them from ordinary swans which may float among them from private preserves. A number of individuals, representing the corporation, go up the river, on what is known as a swan-upping or swan-hopping expedition and perform this slight operation, afterwards returning in a body, to celebrate their achievement by a festive meal.

The reason for the artist's contortion of facts was that he could not display his skill and originality in painting an ordinary swan with two nicks in its beak. So he made use of artistic licence, changed the *i* to *e* and painted his picture accordingly. Thus he produced something, if impossible,

at least unique, which made him remembered long after he had placed his palette and camel's hair aside.

This artistic contortion of facts was as much of a hobby in the old days as in the present.

No one would ever think of Puritanism and of the Euston Road in the same breath. The Euston Road suggests Euston Station, steamers from Liverpool, thundering omnibuses, rows of sordid dwellings which advertise the fact that bed and breakfast may be had for two and sixpence a night. There are squalid second-hand shops there, there are barrows which gather up the refuse of the sordid dwellings; and there are public houses which, at closing time, eject frowsy-looking individuals. Surely nothing could be less suggestive of rigid Puritanism than the Euston Road. And surely, too, no one could be more justified in artistic prevarication than the painter whose professional journeyings took him into this drab thoroughfare.

Puritanism did dwell here at one time and artistic prevarication came along later.

The Puritans were very fond of inscribing Biblical texts above their front doors. Above one front door was the inscription "God Encompasseth Us."

This remained for a number of years, even after the owner of the house died. His son, having squandered the paternal substance, found himself, one day, without funds. The only thing he could do was sell his house. He must not have been nearly as good a Puritan as his father, for the person to whom he sold it was a publican, who, it appears, was quite an enterprising citizen, with a keen eye for business. Not wishing his hostelry to create a wrong impression and so drive a natural clientele from his doors, he changed the inscription into the quite irrelevant "Goat and Compasses" and designed an illustration to suit the new name. To-

day, the traveller from across the seas, on his way Piccadilly-wards from the Station, looks at the sign and frowns. He can see no possible connection between a butting quadruped and a mariner's instrument.

Another publican, this time down Barking way, where the coster struts all decked in "pearlies" on holidays, was not so conscientious about creating an impression of which the more inebriate frequenters would approve. He, in fact, was somewhat of a prig. He was jealous of the reputation of his establishment. He acquired a small, brown building, which obviously came to him with a reputation already established. The sign in front of it bore the word Bacchanals. Therein lay a confession of something which the new proprietor was not eager to take over. He took down the old sign and had a new one put up. He was not ingenious enough to invent a new name, so he perverted it into the very prosaic Bag o' Nails. History does not tell to what extent his scruples affected his receipts.

Shoppers making their way from window to window in Oxford Street have been seen turning their eyes upward to something on a certain public house at a corner. It is a very flamboyant sign, of a gilded pig imprisoned in an equally ornate square. Under the effigy appears the somewhat redundant words "The Hog In The Pound".

That animal did not arrive at that street corner with the bricks and mortar of the building. The original name of the tavern was "The Gentleman in Trouble". That was all. It was not illustrated. Later on, when a new owner moved among the rows of pewter mugs and asked a wag to suggest a new name which should be synonymous with the old, but which should not be quite so stilted, this witty roysterer, being of a metaphorical turn in mind, suggested what, to him at least, seemed a similar situation. Hence the grotesque and glar-

ing statute which looms up in the winter fog.

A few blocks farther along is a modest establishment where Saturday night beer flows in a steady stream and surreptitious gin finds its way, in quarter measures, to the tenements of thirsty charwomen. This tavern is known by the exceedingly respectable name of The Primrose.

Not always was it called this. Before the property was bought by Lord Rosebery, whose family name is Primrose, there stood above the heavy door the figure of a man whose back bore a woman, a monkey and a magpie. Under him appeared the name of the tavern, the name he was illustrating. It was "The Man Loaded with Mischief".

It is in the old city of London that one finds the greatest number of inns with strange names. In Cannon Street, not far from St. Paul's, there is a queer, quaint, little inn, called the Cock and Bottle. A strange couplet, and one without the slightest reason, as it stands. The name, like The Swan With Two Necks, is an artistic corruption. Its original name was the Cork and Bottle. But this gave the artist no scope for original effect. The present sign attracts a great deal more attention than the logical and original one.

There are many more apparently ill-matched couplets which form names, though each has a logical reason for its name. Down by the river there is The Magpie and Stump, and farther eastward nearing the

district where slant-eyed Chinese slink around through alleyways, there is a curious old tavern called The Razor and Hen. The Whale and Crow, The Ox and Shovel, and The Whistling Oyster are a few others which attract the attention of explorers of the East End. Each is a corruption of some older name, which doubtless had a more logical explanation than the present.

Of all the feathered flock, the swan is the most favored. There are Four Swans overlooking the Thames, there is Swan's Nest down by Fishmongers' Hall, which, at one time, was the famous resort of all the market keepers. Old Swan is in Fish Street and Young Swan near Billingsgate. Which would go to prove that the swans kept pretty much to their natural environment.

One of the most grotesque and perhaps the most delicate of all the inn signs in London is one which dates from the days when explorers first left the pier near Tower Bridge and returned, years afterwards, bearing in their frigates strange discoveries. One of the greatest sensations was caused by the introduction of the first black boy to the strange shores. Other discoveries included fruits from tropical lands, tobacco and strange minerals.

This particular tavern is called Black Boy With Stomach Ache, and it is much more realistic in attitude than it is delicate. The story is that the African lad, being unaccustomed to British beef, indulged too freely, hence the painful effigy.



# FLAG DAYS FOR CANADIANS

## THE MEANING OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

III.—First Responsible Ministry formed in Canada, March 11, 1848

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS



WO great processes have been distinguished in the evolution of British institutions," says Professor Chester Martin, "order first, then freedom in its train". Of the two, freedom is perhaps the more important, but order is the more fundamental because without it freedom degenerates into licence and destroys itself. What we understand by responsible government came in between the two, and we would do well to study its development both in the Mother Country and in Canada, for without it democracy is meaningless and impossible.

Order may readily be attained even under an absolute monarchy. Under the Norman kings in England it was attained more thoroughly, and centuries earlier, than elsewhere in mediæval Europe. By the end of the twelfth century, the country, if not free, was free enough from disorder to think of freedom; and when King John began to abuse his power, the nation asserted itself in the Great Charter of 1215.

The early stages of the struggle for freedom were, however, slow and tentative. The King created the House of Commons as a tax-voting machine, little realizing what it would later become. The result was nearly four centuries of representative, but not responsible, government. The commons could make the laws but they had no power to enforce them.

It became evident by the middle of the seventeenth century that legis-

lative power alone was not enough because it could be circumvented by a hostile executive in the hands of the King. It was necessary for the people's chamber to be able to carry out the laws in the spirit in which those laws were conceived, that is, through responsible ministers. In the Grand Remonstrance against Charles I., in 1641, a definite demand was made for the first time that the King should appoint as ministers only those in whom Parliament had confidence.

The process of controlling the appointment of the King's ministers was not, however, a matter of easy accomplishment, and it came about, more than a century later, by practice and experiment in what is now known as the cabinet and party system. William III. chose his ministers from that party which had a majority in the House of Commons, and the precedent thus established has been followed ever since. The influence exerted by the Cabinet is greater than that of the Crown; for the responsible ministers supported by a majority in Parliament can bend the Sovereign's will to their own by refusing supplies.

Responsible government in Great Britain was thus the result not of statutes and writs and charters, but of practice based upon generations of costly experience. As a system it was found to work, and, in the long run, discovered to be the only system that would work when the electorate had begun to realize their real responsibility and to think for themselves.

It is remarkable how closely this process was reproduced in the development of British colonies, provinces and dominions, except that such development usually lagged a century or more behind the usages taken for granted in the Mother Country. This may be due to the fact that the system of cabinet and party government in Great Britain had been so essentially experimental that it had scarcely been reduced as yet to body of political doctrine. In any case, many of the prerogatives of the Crown long survived their usefulness in the British colonies overseas; and one of the most remarkable features of the conflict which followed was the fact that a fully "responsible government" in the Mother Country was long unprepared to concede to the people in the colonies the same rights and usages that had been vindicated against the Crown in Britain itself.

Let us now turn to America. Almost from the beginning, the British colonies on this continent had their legislative assemblies in which the colonists could make their own laws and levy such taxes as were required for their needs. But free men are always the first to resent tyranny, and it was because they had already been given a large measure of self-government that the American colonists rebelled when George III. and his unwise advisers sought to tax them for the benefit of the Mother Country. Thus Britain's first experiment in the development of colonial self-government failed disastrously through the stubbornness of the King and faulty statesmanship on the part of his advisers.

It is interesting to observe that the problem which it took four centuries to settle in Great Britain, and a century and a half to raise in the Thirteen Colonies, came to an issue in Canada in less than fifty years. Had it not been for the war of 1812, the crisis would doubtless have been reached in at least a single generation after the granting of the first elective assembly.

By the Constitutional Act of 1791, Legislative Assemblies were established in Upper and Lower Canada whereby the people had a voice in the making of their own laws through their elected representatives. Then, step by step, the Assemblies gained control over all the revenues of the provinces. This "power of the purse", as it has been called, was fully won by 1831.

Next the Assemblies began to demand that the Governor should choose his executive or advisory council from the party that had a majority in the Assembly. Not however, until after the Rebellion of 1837, and the completion of Lord Durham's famous "Report", was this principle conceded. Even then the government was not fully responsible, for Lord Sydenham would not admit that the Governor must necessarily follow the advice of his colonial ministers. To recognize such a principle, he argued, would be to pave the way for the separation of Canada from the Mother Country by whose Government he had been appointed and to which alone he held himself responsible.

This last obstacle in the path of Responsible Government was not surmounted until Lord Elgin came to Canada. Elgin was the son-in-law of Lord Durham, and had at heart the working out of Durham's plans for self-government in British North America. It was Lord Elgin in Canada and Lord Grey in the Mother Country who now saw a way through the difficulties of the situation. The rule which they agreed to follow was that if a matter were vital to the Empire at large, the Governor-General must act according to the instructions of the Imperial Government, but in all matters of purely Canadian concern he must act solely on the advice of his Canadian ministers.

The adoption of this rule marks the definite triumph of the principle of Responsible Government in Canada, and the moment when the principle was finally and irrevocably accepted was at the signing of the Rebellion

Losses Bill in 1849. Lord Elgin himself disapproved of some features of this measure, as did many others. Yet the Parliament of Canada had passed the Bill and the Governor's ministers advised him to sign it. Clearly it was a matter of purely Canadian concern. Therefore in spite of insults and violence Lord Elgin stood by the great principle of Responsible Government, and from that moment it became a fundamental principle of the Canadian Constitution.

But, it may be said, Responsible Government by no means implies good government. That is true; but,

as a British premier stated in reference to granting this form of government to South Africa, self-government is more important than good government. Responsible Government is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. It is a method of procedure by which a people may get the kind of government that they deserve. Under Responsible Government, the element of irresponsibility is shifted from the ministers of the Crown to the electorate, and good government is possible only when the electorate itself is free from corruption.

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## WHEN EVENING DROPS

By P. M. MACDONALD

WHEN evening drops on city squares,  
And lights bedeck the avenues,  
There comes a clamor that ensnares  
Youth and its joys, age and its cares.  
Then jaded life the revel shares  
And Folly reaps her revenues.

When day's bright portals slowly close  
On woodland-lanes, on fold and field,  
There comes a whisper of repose  
That bids the forest tree, and rose,  
And herd, and man, and all that grows,  
Their wearying loads and vigils yield.



THE STAGE-COACH

From the Painting by  
Alice Des Clayes





# CROWS

A PLAY IN ONE ACT\*

BY BETTI PRIMROSE SANDIFORD

## CHARACTERS

OLD MARTIN WEBSTER	- - - - -	An old blind man
ROSE	- - - - -	His daughter-in-law
MARTY	- - - - -	His grandson

## SCENE

A home in Canada

## TIME

About 4 o'clock on an afternoon in late February

[SCENE: A middle-class parlour, furnished with some substantial old chairs, a round table on which are a plant, some books, and a basket full of mending. A low rocking-chair drawn close up to the table. A window on right wall, low and cheerful with some flowering plants on the sill. A door leading out of the house on back wall and a bookcase with a violin case placed underneath. A door on left wall leading into kitchen. The room has a well-cared-for appearance. On the walls are a few old prints. On the top of the bookcase is a pair of old brass candlesticks.

Old Martin Webster sits in a large armchair near the window with a rug thrown over his knees. He is blind and sits during the whole action of the play very quietly and without many gestures. He is seventy years old.

Rose Webster, his daughter-in-law, is a woman in the early thirties. She is simply dressed.

The curtain rising discovers Old Martin. Rose is heard through the open door into the kitchen rattling dishes.]

OLD MARTIN (*calling*): Rose! Rose! I'm awake.

(*Rattling of dishes in the kitchen*).

O. M. (*after little pause*): Rose! Don't you hear? I'm awake!

(*Renewed rattling in the kitchen but no answer*).

O. M. (*sharply*): Rose Webster, I've called you three times.

ROSE (*appearing in the kitchen door. She is unbuttoning a blue apron*): I answered you, father, I said the kettle was just boiling.

O. M. Rose!

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\*This play won the prize of one hundred dollars given by the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto for a Canadian play of one act.

ROSE: What do you say, father?

O. M. I don't like to be rude, my dear, but answer me you certainly did not or else I dreamt I called you.

*(Rose disappears into kitchen, returning immediately with a cup which she puts into O. M.'s hand and stands beside him. She looks at him with dis-favour).*

O.M.: Thank you, my dear, always ready with an old man's comfort.

ROSE: I try to do my duty.

O.M. *(shrinking a little)*: Not so loud, thank you.

ROSE: You don't appear to hear me unless I speak up. Reproaching me for not answering you in the kitchen just now!

O.M. *(mildly)*: Well, all I can say is I didn't hear you.

ROSE: That's what I say. You don't.

*(The old man holds the cup out cautiously with one hand, then puts other hand out to feel for hers).*

O.M. *(playfully)*: Where is your hand?

ROSE *(crossly)*: I said, wait a minute. *(Takes cup).*

O.M. *(falling back in his chair, astonished)*: I sometimes think either you are losing your senses or I am.

ROSE: It only points to what I tell you. You are losing your hearing.

O.M.: Don't say that, my dear.

ROSE: Saying or not saying it does not prevent these things coming to old people.

*(She puts the empty cup on the table, sits in rocking-chair and begins to work).*

O.M. *(tries to hum a little tune, then asks cheerfully, turning his head in the direction of the window)*: Is there much going on outside there? I thought I heard some sort of rumpus.

ROSE: I'm afraid I'm too busy to look.

O.M. *(wearily)*: Is Marty home yet?

ROSE: He is not home from school and when he does come he has to go a message for me.

O.M.: I never see the boy now-a-days.

ROSE: See, Father?

O.M.: Bless you, woman, have you no imagination? I can feel and hear him, and talk to him too without having my head bitten off.

ROSE: I don't approve of his being so much with you. It's not fair to tie up a young child to an old man. Waiting on you hand and foot!

O.M. *(anxiously)*: But, Rose, he seems to like to be with me, and as for waiting, he only fetches my fiddle sometimes and little things like that.

ROSE *(defiantly)*: Well, I don't intend he shall do it any more. It's time you gave up your fiddle—and I'm not the only one who would be glad if you did. It's not so nice for me to have Mrs. Young next door making remarks about the noise we make, or rather *you* make. Everyone is not so fond of what you call music. . . .

O.M.: I suppose it is rather tiresome. I don't do so well now as I did. Once, Rose, I played in the best orchestra in London.

ROSE: I wasn't privileged to hear you then. No doubt your own hearing being so poor, you don't realize what a noise you make.

O.M. *(smiling)*: No doubt. I've no difficulty in hearing some of your remarks. *(Rose mutters something).*

O.M. *(leaning towards her)*: What was that?

*(Rose speaks again indistinctly).*

O.M.: I must ask you to repeat that.

ROSE *(shouting)*: I said it was a pity you did not hear *all* my remarks.

O.M. (*sitting back*): I heard that anyway. What other remarks do you want me to hear?

ROSE: Well, about Marty. Mr. Smith says he is not studious enough. His head is so full of fancies; he dreams and idles away his time. (*Laughs*). Why he was even filling me up with some absurd nonsense about the crows; of course, I knew where *that* came from.

O.M. (*tartly*): All I tell Marty won't hinder him in his lessons.

ROSE: Well, he is going to have no more of such nonsense.

O.M. (*after a pause*): His Granny would have told him "nonsense" too. It's just as well she didn't live to be put in her place.  
(*Rose goes on with her work*).

O.M. (*in a reminiscent strain*): *She* was a good wife. Never too busy to tell me all that went on. Each afternoon she'd stand at this window and tell me everything she saw. I knew from her just what all the neighbors did and how the children grew and what flowers were coming up. Lots of things very pleasing for a man whose vision is gone. And, of course, every year she was watching out for the first crow.

ROSE: Those crows!

O.M. (*not heeding her*): They come every year. They'll soon be here now. I'll be glad to hear their queer voices. Some folks don't like the noise but then it's not everyone who counts so much on them as I do. It was this month forty years ago that Granny and I first saw this place. It was the first year we were out from Home and it had been a hard winter and we didn't quite see our way. We were just going to throw it up and go back—but we came here and that evening the crows were crying in the pines on the hill. The sun was setting and all day the snow had been running and it felt as if Spring were coming at last. "Let's stick it out, Jess", I cried—and we did. Now, now, that's a long time ago but every year when I hear the crows, they seem to tell me to stick it out, and—well—I've tried.

ROSE: Quite dramatic! But I can't quite see what you've gained.

O.M.: Some might not think so but we had a grand life. Even blindness can't rob me of all that went before. There was young Martin growing up and Granny always near. Never too busy to tell me a little of what went on. . . . Keep me up to date. . . .

ROSE: How you do harp on things! I'm sure I've always done my duty by you, Father.

O.M.: There's quite a difference between love and duty, my dear. Well, she's gone now. Perhaps it was getting to be too much of a strain for her. I don't think it was though. We were always very devoted. We knew what married love was, indeed we did (*he sighs*) but maybe it got to be a drag on her.

ROSE: I'm sure it did.

O.M. (*a little nettled*): If you must say such unpleasant things, I don't see why you should bellow.

(*Rose laughs and rising, goes into kitchen. She returns in a minute with an open letter in her hand and goes very quietly up to Old Martin's chair.*)

ROSE: Father!

O.M. (*starting*): What a start you gave me!

ROSE: Don't you hear my feet?

O.M.: Not when you creep like that. What takes you? You act like a child. I wish I knew what you look like. I never know what you are. (*He seems uneasy*).

ROSE: I suppose Martin must have told you. He found me agreeable.

O.M. (*shaking his head*): If I'd only seen you once I would know. Give me your hand.

ROSE (*stepping back*): No. I have a letter in it.

O.M.: What letter?

ROSE (*deliberately*): It's from Mr. Adder.

O.M. (*crying out*): Rose! You're not at that again!

ROSE (*in a hard voice, turning letter over*): Yes, I am, Father. I must do something. I've thought it out and I wrote and asked Mr. Adder if there would be room for you at Craigmillar and what it would cost. (*She pauses and looks at O.M. who is sitting with bowed head*). He says here that there is room for you now but I must answer at once for there is some one else wanting to go too. He only takes twelve.

O.M. (*slowly*): Twelve lonely old souls!

ROSE (*fiercely*): Twelve gentlemen with sense to know when they have been hanging on their friends' hands too long. (*She walks up and down past the chair*). He tells me just what it would cost.

O.M.: And how do you propose I should raise this money?

ROSE: Sell this house. (*She stops before him. O.M. is stunned. He covers his face with his hands. Rose stands close by his side and speaks in a loud, hard voice*). After all, Father, you can't expect this sort of thing to go on forever. You must have some sense. With the money the house will fetch, you can just live at Craigmillar for the rest of your life. The house and the furniture. I know who would buy it as it stands to-morrow. The things are valuable. I'm sure I have tried to do my duty by them since I came here, though they were in a nice state when I came.

O.M. (*breaking in*): What are you and Marty going to do without a home?

ROSE: Take my money and go to England.

O.M. (*astonished*): To England?

ROSE: Of course. Don't you know I hate Canada? Do you think I've ever been happy here?

O.M.: Most women would be happy anywhere with the man they loved—and their baby; not to speak of their friends.

ROSE: My husband has been dead two years; my baby, as you call him, is growing up a Canadian and I haven't a friend I mind leaving.

O. M. (*sadly*): How long have you been here, Rose?

ROSE: Nine horrid years!

O. M. (*harshly*): By all that's powerful, woman, what made you come? Never mind the answer. People like you are enough to dishonor the name of the English. No one makes you come.

ROSE: Martin asked me.

O.M.: You did not need to take him.

ROSE: You forget, my parents were dead, and I had no home—though I'm sure anything was better than this. Martin misled me when he met me in England. I thought he was only to be here until he made enough money to go back to a decent country. . . . And then he dies before he can do it.

O. M. (*stoutly*): He never would have done it.

ROSE: Oh, yes, he would—in time.

O. M. (*sadly*): Perhaps he would. He hadn't all the spirit he should have had.

ROSE: You may well say that! A man of more spirit would never have tried to keep a wife and a helpless old man under one roof. If he had had more spirit, he would have insisted on your going into a Home where you would have been with other old men.

O. M. (*still busy with the first idea*): You would have made my boy take the good Canadian money he had earned in the country of his birth to spend in another land?

ROSE: In the country of my birth.

O. M.: This becomes your country when you live here. It's Marty's country, anyway. Why, Rose, I helped to make this town. What a chance for the lad to grow up with a country—to start in the place where his grandfather's name was known before the Town Hall was built! . . .

ROSE: You know perfectly well, father, that Marty hates everything here just like I do. The horrid cold in winter—the heat in summer—the schools. He longs to go to England.

O. M. (*shaking his head*): You've such a pull over him, Rose. Yet this is the country for the young.

ROSE (*walking to her work and folding it up*): Well, I've made up my mind. If you go into the Home, I will take Marty back to England. Of course, if you are determined to be selfish and stand in my way, I can't do it. I hope I will always know my duty and as long as you refuse to consider me and my son, I will stay beside you. But you know now what I want and I think you should know what *your* duty is. I'm going to prepare the supper now. You can think it over.

O. M.: Stay! Wait a moment. When have you to let this Mr. Adder know?

ROSE: I must write to-night. Anything else?

O. M. (*in a dull voice*): You really want me to sell this house—my home for forty years—and all my goods?

ROSE (*going to kitchen*): I think it is your duty.

(*Rose goes into kitchen leaving the door open. Old Martin leans his head back on the chair and looks weary, sad, and old. There is a short pause broken only by sounds from the kitchen. Suddenly the door in back wall is thrown violently open. Marty enters. He is a boy of eight. He wears warm outdoor things and no gloves. He carries skates in his hand which he throws down with a clash. He snatches off his hat and throws it on the table. His face is scarlet with outdoor exercise.*)

MARTY: Hello, Grandpa! Gee! It's great out. Mike and me skated all round the rink fifty times. Some skating! (*He crosses to kitchen door and stands just within, slowly taking off his coat, in full view of the audience.*)

ROSE (*from kitchen*): Well, Marty, how did school go?

MARTY: Oh, aw right!

ROSE: Did you go out without gloves?

MARTY (*hanging his coat and scarf on a hook on the door*): Oh, Gee, mother! It's starting to thaw. I don't need mitts. Feel my hands, just *feel* my hands. They're as warm—as warm.

ROSE (*disapprovingly*): Don't say "Gee". And you know you must take gloves; your hands will freeze.

MARTY (*laughing*): Just feel my hands, mother. Only girls wear gloves. (*He rushes across to his grandfather and throws his arms around his neck, kissing him. O. M. is delighted. He feels the child's hair and pats his face.*) How are you, Grandpa? I never saw you a bit to-day and hardly any yesterday.

ROSE (*coming into the doorway of kitchen*): Marty, I'm sorry I forgot to tell you that I have a message for you to do. You must go and buy me a stamp.

MARTY (*grumbling*): Aw, mother, why couldn't you tell me before I got off all my things. Besides, I want Grandpa to tell me a story. I never get time to hear stories now.

O. M. (*gently*): Do as your mother bids first, my boy. I'll tell you one when you get back.

MARTY (*lingering by his side*): You've got a tear on your cheek, Grandpa. Will you tell me about the crows and how you built the house?

O. M. (*shaking his head*): I haven't the heart to-night, Marty.

MARTY (*eagerly*): Let me fetch your fiddle, Grandpa. Play the little Rondeau—that cheers you up. (*He runs to the bookcase and stoops to get the violin case from underneath*).

O. M.: Not my fiddle, dear.

MARTY (*returning*): Why don't you never play now? Mrs. Young next door asked me yesterday "Why doesn't your Grandpa play us a tune now and then?" She says, "We like it fine, Marty." Come on, play.

O. M. (*wearing a queer smile*): I thought some folks were getting tired of me and my tunes.

MARTY (*in great indignation*): Who says that? If I meet anyone who says that (*he squares up and doubles his fists*), I'll go one, two, one, two, on his nose; that's what I'll do.

(*O.M. laughs. Rose comes into kitchen door. She wears her blue apron*).

ROSE (*sharply*): Marty, did you not hear me tell you to go for a stamp?

MARTY: Oh, aw right.

ROSE (*coming to fetch him*): I think, father, you might encourage Marty to obey his mother.

MARTY: Grandpa told me to go. Really and truly, mother.

(*Rose disappears in kitchen, with an air of general disapproval. Marty reaches down his coat and scarf and brings them beside his grandfather's chair. He winds his scarf slowly round his neck*).

MARTY: I wish mother wasn't so cross to you, Grandpa.

O. M. (*evasively*): Your mother has to do her duty to you, young man.

MARTY: I didn't know you set so much on duty as mother does. I hate that word.

O.M.: I beg your pardon, Marty. I didn't mean to use it. I think I hate it too.

MARTY: Grandpa?

O. M.: Yes, my dear!

MARTY: What's 'magination?

O. M.: Well! Well! Well! Trying to see things where they're not; finding something in things besides what you see and hear. Like I tell you about the crows and their message of hope each Spring. Fancies! Dreams!

MARTY (*eagerly*): Fancies, that's it.

O. M.: What do you want to know for?

MARTY (*modestly*): I think Mr. Smith is pleased with me, Grandpa. I heard him tell the boys: "If you had more 'magination, you'd do better. Marty Webster has some 'magination and fancies!" He said, "But you all haven't got a grandfather like Marty." That made me very proud, Grandpa. I think mother and me are very lucky to have you.

O. M. (*pleased*): Does Mr. Smith think you do well.

MARTY: I think so but he told me not to read so much at home. He says I'm too. . . . I'm too (*hesitates*).

O.M. (*playfully*): Now, it is studious you want?

MARTY: That's it. (*He picks up his coat regretfully*.) I wish we hadn't to stop this intrinsing conversation. But I suppose I best go for the stamp.

O. M. (*sharply*): Is it a stamp you have to fetch? Call your mother. (*Marty drops his coat and runs to the kitchen door*).

MARTY: Mother, Grandpa wants you.

ROSE (*coming out and looking vexed*): Are you not gone yet? Really, Father!

MARTY (*whining*): Well, you never gave me the money.

ROSE (*going up to O. M. and speaking crossly*): What is it you want now?

O. M.: What is the stamp for?

ROSE: A letter.

O. M.: That letter.

ROSE: Well, yes.

O. M.: Don't send Marty yet, Rose, I want to speak to him. Sit you down and listen. (*Rose goes to chair and sits with folded hands. Marty very interestedly leans against O.M., who throws an arm round him*). Marty, has your mother ever spoken to you about going to England?

MARTY: Oh, yes.

O. M.: You would like to go, wouldn't you?

MARTY: Oh, yes, Grandpa.

O. M. (*heartily*): That's the boy.

MARTY (*suddenly*): Of course, I'd come back mediatly time I'd seen all I wanted.

O. M. (*feigning surprise*): Then you don't want to go forever?

MARTY (*laughting*): No, siree! Not for keeps.

O. M.: Why not?

MARTY (*vaguely*): Oh, well, there's no snow there and you can't skate nor sleighride and you can't swim in the lake all summer. Grandpa, I simply love Canada.

O. M.: Wait a bit, Marty. You're like lots of folk; only talking about places you know. Did you ever see a field of daffodils? Not one or two, but a whole big field like Mr. Young's, all yellow so you couldn't walk without treading on them?

MARTY: No, Grandpa, have you?

O. M. (*nodding his head*): Lots of times. . . . . in England. And, Marty, have you ever been in a wood where as far as you could see there was a carpet of sweet yellow primroses, stretching far away among the trees?

MARTY: That must be lovely. Do you see that in England?

O. M. (*firmlly*): Every spring. And you can walk along the roads and see the beautiful hedges sometimes made of hawthorne and full of columbine, and in the ditch beneath crowds of dear little violets, blue and white.

MARTY: (*clasping his hands*): That sounds d'licious, Grandpa. (*Turning to his mother*), Are you going to take me? (*Rose does not answer, for O.M. is speaking again*).

O. M. (*like a man seeing familiar sights*): And there's London, Marty, wonderful London. You've never seen great roaring streets and the fine old buildings. You've never heard the choir boys singing far away down the aisles in Westminster or climbed the steps to the top of St. Paul's and seen the river winding down to the sea. (*Turning suddenly to Marty and speaking in a gay old voice*). And the flower girls! And the costermongers with their dear little mokes—those are little donkeys. And then, *of course*, you've never seen Peter Pan's statue and those lovely gardens he played in that you read about to me. That wasn't there in *my* day but they tell me it's very fine.

MARTY (*jumping about*): Oh, Grandpa! Do let's go! Mother, when are we going? Can we go soon?

ROSE (*rising and speaking quickly*): I'll fetch paper and ink. (*She brings writing materials and begins to write her letter*).

O.M. (*sharply*): You may write it, but I've not said you may send it.  
(*Rose pays no heed but writes on*).

MARTY: Tell some more, Grandpa. This is much more 'citing than the crows.

O. M.: Oh, there's lots more I could tell you, plenty more exciting than the crows! You can sit and hear wonderful music in London and hear it cheap, too, upon my soul. Beautiful fiddles all playing together. Far lovelier music than I can play you now, Sonny, though once I helped to make it long ago. You've never heard flutes and oboes and bassoons, have you? And you've never heard a stream running down a mountain side, or seen the peat smoke rising out of the stone cottages in the valleys? Or the sea, Marty, the beautiful sea?

MARTY: I can't think why you ever came here.

ROSE (*laughing unpleasantly*): You may well say that, Marty.

O. M. (*gently, taking the boy's hands*): All those fields of daffodils, and the woods full of primroses, and the mountains and streams, they all belong to someone rich and powerful who will never sell to poor men like me. There was never any hope for me to own a piece of land like we live on here. There are lots of other things, Marty, that make folk turn their eyes to a young country with longing, but that's enough for you to understand just now. When Granny and I started life together we hadn't much chance in the Old Land, so we got in a ship and came to this New Land, and one day we came to this town, though it wasn't much of a town then, you know, and we heard the crows calling and we said "We'll live here". We bought the land and we built a house, just a very small one at first—why no bigger than this room—and every year when the crows came we were a bit better off. Then there was your father, a little lad like you, and then many years and always a little more to show the crows till at last we had this nice house. Then Granny grew tired and went to sleep under the pines just when the crows came. They found me a little sad that year—sadder than the year when I couldn't see them any more. . . . .

MARTY (*breaking in*): Then there was mother and me. That was nice.

O.M.: That was nice—specially you. (*Suddenly*): Marty, do you want to go to Enland?

MARTY (*pressing close to him*): Are you coming?

O. M. (*gayly*): You wouldn't be wanting a blind old fellow like me on a grand adventure like that.

MARTY: But where would you go? Who'd look after you?

ROSE (*rising and taking her purse from her basket*): I've finished my letter. Run for the stamp, Marty, and hurry. It's growing dark already.

(*Marty puts on his coat with her mother's help. He looks from one elder to the other in a suspicious, helpless way*).

O. M.: Run boy . . . . . and look out for the crows. They should be here by now.

MARTY (*anxiously, putting his hands up to his mother*): We wouldn't go away and leave Grandpa, would we mother? He's such nice company.

(*Rose makes no answer but pushes him to the door. Marty goes out. Rose comes back and stands by the window behind O.M.'s chair*).

O. M.: Are you there, Rose?

(*Rose makes no answer*).

O. M. (*stretching out his hands round the chair*): Are you near me?

ROSE (*loudly*): Didn't you hear me come? . . . . .



O. M. (*with bowed head*): I seem to miss your footsteps sometimes . . . . . I must be . . . . . just a little . . . . . I'm afraid . . . . . I *don't always* hear Marty unless he's near. Is your letter all ready? . . . . .

ROSE: Yes, father.

O. M. (*reflects*): You speak a lot about your duty, Rose.

ROSE: Don't I try to do it?

O. M. (*kindly*): I think you do, I think you do. But there's such a thing as mistaken duty (*suddenly loud*) and it's *not* your duty to take that boy from this country to lose him in England, where no one cares for him; and it's *not* my duty to leave this house and all Jessie's furniture. Why! I promised her I would never leave the pines as long as I could hear the crows. (*He is struck with the thought and murmurs*). I'd almost forgotten that . . . almost forgotten it. (*To Rose*) Keeping a promise is a duty, isn't it?

ROSE (*fidgetting with the back of his chair*): But you won't hear them any more, father.

O. M. (*horror-struck, speaking in a painful voice*): Do you really think I won't hear them any more?

ROSE: I'm sure I can't say but I think it's quite likely. (*She pulls aside the curtains and looks out*). I see the crows coming now.

O. M. (*in a voice full of emotion*): If I can't hear the crows—if it's possible I don't hear them this time—then I'll leave them. . . . I'll let them decide for me once more . . . . .

ROSE (*suppressing her eagerness*): If you don't hear them . . . . .?

O. M. (*in a resigned voice*): Then you can send your letter. (*There is a short pause. Rose moves restlessly about. O. M. sits quite still*). Are they calling?

ROSE (*in a muffled voice*): I think so.

O. M.: Open the door—wide.

ROSE (*crosses noisily to the door in back wall and throws it open, then quickly shuts it noiselessly*): Listen!

O. M.: Rose! Rose! What was that creaking?

ROSE: I knocked the bookcase.

(*O. Martin sits upright, straining every nerve to hear. Rose stands motionless with the letter held against her breast. There is absolutely no sound. O. M. slowly falls back in his chair. He makes no sound but grasps the arms of the chair. Rose holds the letter out and looks at it in triumph. Suddenly the door burst open and Marty rushes in*).

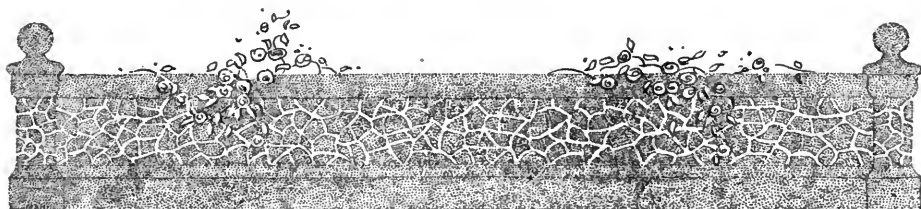
MARTY: Grandpa! They've come! Don't they make a fuss?

—(*Behind him through the wide-open door came the circling cries of the crows. O.M. lifts his hands up and covers his blind eyes*).

O. M.: Thank God! I can hear them again!

(*Marty throws his arms round him. Rose tears her letter into shreds*).

CURTAIN.



# GEORGE WASHINGTON'S PEN

BY GUY THORNE



LD Mr. Temperley, one afternoon in early spring, walked into the large private museum which he had built out at the side of his luxurious mansion at Hampstead.

His simple countenance radiated benevolence and content as he regarded the unique treasures he had amassed during the last twenty years of ostentatious and undeviating honesty. He was indeed a happy man. Early in life, when poor, unknown, and of an intellect which his employers regarded as practically non-existent, he had made a great discovery. Always a lover of that excellent dish, tripe and onions, he accidentally fell into a method of drying the succulent dainty and retailing it in boxes bearing the well-known legend, "Four Hearty Blood-forming Meals for Eightpence". From that moment he never looked back, and in a few years found that an immense fortune was flowing steadily in his direction. To-day, known and honored on all sides as the tripe King, he was a millionaire with an excellent digestion, and not a care in the world.

And his success, he was wont to say—loudly and often—was entirely due to his passion for truth—not the newspaper of that name, but the virtue.

Samuel Temperley was a truth-maniac. He had taken up truth as a hobby, when a boy, just as other lads take up fret-work or photography,

and had remained faithful to that severe and uncompromising lady all his life.

It is not much to say that Mr. Temperley was at least as famous for his love of truth as for his desiccated paunch of the ewe, and his addresses to Associations of Ernest Young Men (who had tried to be as truthful and hoped to be as rich) were in request all over England.

Mr. Temperley was now a widower with one child—a son. There had been nothing remarkable about his deceased wife, except her somewhat irritating habit of uttering what she would call "a few Home Truths". As an acknowledged and public expert, her husband naturally resented the efforts of an amateur, and on more than one occasion was heard to remark that "What Mrs. T. calls truth I call temper."

Yet if the Tripe Emperor had met with a disappointment in his spouse, he was doubly blessed in his son, G. W. Temperley, who was the very apple of his eye. The happy father was wont to say that in all England there was not such another son as George Washington Temperley, and like all the old gentleman's statements, this was strictly true.

G. W. T., like his illustrious namesake, could not tell a lie. No tiny fibkin had ever passed his lips, and yet, strange to say, he was far from popular. Inability to deviate a hair's-breadth from strict accuracy prevent-

ed his success in society, especially with women. He was forced to tell them the truth about themselves, until by a long and arduous course of training he had cultivated an abnormal power of silence. To a disposition naturally voluble this was a great trial, and his prospects of marriage seemed hopeless until he met the charming and beautiful Vera Robb, who had been stone-deaf from birth.

.... Mr. Temperley strolled round his museum deep in thought. It was the eve of his son's marriage and the millionaire was considering what form his wedding present should take.

The question was a difficult one. George Washington was already in possession of almost everything that the heart of man could desire. Motors, a yacht, excellent shooting in Scotland—G. W. T. enjoyed them all. His father allowed him ten thousand pounds income a year, and this was to be doubled on his marriage; what was there left to bestow upon so fortunate a youth?

It must obviously be an article of extreme rarity, and Mr. Temperley's thoughts began to be colored by the objects around him. The museum was his great hobby and he had spent many thousand pounds in acquiring the treasures it contained, mostly antiques of historical interest, though with here and there a modern piece.

Upon the wall, facing you as you entered, was Mr. Temperley's portrait by a celebrated painter, the picture—as most people know—depicting an incident early in the Tripe Emperor's career. He is, in fact, represented in his first shop, nailing a lie to the counter.

To the right was a large working model of the well at the bottom of which truth was originally discovered, and what made the exhibit particularly interesting and valuable was that the actual bucket of the famous well was used in the model. Mr. Temperley had purchased this through Mr. Moses, his confidential agent and a well-known dealer in antiques, for five hundred pounds—together with a

certificate of its genuineness signed by Mr. Moses.

This certificate, framed and glazed, hung upon the wall, and as his eyes fell upon it, Mr. Temperley thought that he saw a way out of his difficulty. Mr. Moses, of course! Mr. Moses would know of some unique treasure fitted for the occasion, and Mr. Temperley determined to consult him at once.

In a few minutes a magnificent Rolls-Royce car was conveying the millionaire to his agent's office in a quiet street of the West End.

Mr. Moses was a dark-skinned gentleman with curly black hair and eyes bright as the huge diamond he wore in a ring upon his finger. An expression of extreme joy pervaded his countenance as Mr. Temperley was shown into his private room.

"Vell, this *ith* a pleasure," said Mr. Moses through his nose—it appeared to be his principal organ of speech—"And how's my kind friend and patron to-day? Thit down and have a cigar. Do!"

Mr. Temperley sat. "I came to see you, Moses," he said, "because I find myself in somewhat of a quandary. I think that you know my only son George Washington is about to be married?"

"All England knows it, Mr. Temperley. Not an hour ago a client was in here, occupying your very chair. It was the Duke of —, I must not mention names, of courth, but a nobleman who is always at Buckingham Palace. He practically lives there. His Lordship tells me that a thertain illustrious lady and gentleman, again I mention no names, are greatly interested in the coming event."

"You don't say so!" answered Mr. Temperley, much pleased and reflecting what a valuable friend he had in Moses. "Well, the fact is, that I'm rather troubled in my mind about the wedding present. It is difficult to know what to do. In the case of my future daughter it was easy. The diamond tiara I purchased with your

kind help, had pleased her greatly. But my son is different. I can think of no ordinary thing which he has not got, and yet I desire to present him with something which will be to him a precious possession, and which, at the same time, will make a stir in England."

"Quite tho, Mr. Temperley. Generosity combined with advertisement! You are a great man, sir! No one is more worthy to be custodian of the Keys of Truth."

The Tripe Emperor blushed with pleasure. No one appreciated him quite so well as Mr. Moses did.

"I do my best in my humble fashion," he replied. "And in the semi-official position that has been thrust upon me, I endeavor not to neglect the claims of business. And now, Mr. Moses, do you think, can you help me?"

Mr. Moses, who had been thinking very hard, rose from his chair. He put his cigar carefully upon an ash-tray. He walked on tip-toe to the door, opened it suddenly and closed it again. Then he went very close to his client and spoke in a whisper.

"Now that we are quite alone," he said hoarsely, "I have some startling news to impart, sir. I have rethently become possessed of an unique treasure! I am only speaking tholid truth when I say that not a soul in London knows about it as yet."

He was—for once.

"Dear me! Dear me! You interest me extremely. What is it?"

"A marvel, almost priceless! I have been tempted to approach one or two of the great American collectors, but I refrained. 'Mr. Temperley shall have the first offer,' I said to myself, 'espeethially as the article in question will have a tremendous appeal to him.' I had not thought of it as a wedding present for Mr. Temperley, Junior, but nothing could be more appropriate."

"What *is* it, man?" almost screamed the millionaire.

Mr. Moses saw that his fish was safely hooked. When he spoke his

voice trembled—no doubt with emotion.

"... Nothing less than the actual pen used for years by the Great George Washington himself, first President of the United States of America, the man who could not lie, whose name your son bears."

Mr. Temperley sank back in his chair with his mouth open and staring eyes—like a cod. The shock of joy almost deprived him of speech. Here, indeed, was a worthy gift for his beloved son, unique in itself and almost magically appropriate to the occasion.

He grasped Mr. Moses by the hand, and with tears in his eyes managed to articulate four words—"Name your own price."

"I'll thow it to you first," the dealer answered; and left the room, carefully closing the door after him.

He went upstairs into a lumber room crammed with various objects where he remembered noticing an old quill pen some days before. Ah! there it was, lying on the floor behind the bronze statue of Venus, and he picked it up with a grin.

"Truth!" said Mr. Moses to himself, "bah!"

"A thousand pounds, Mr. Temperley! No, I won't take it."

"Two thousand then, name your own price."

"No, nor yet two thousand. Mr. Temperley, honored sir, you and me have had many dealings together and I hope we shall have many more. I'm a going to make a present of this pen to the most conthistent follower of Truth of our day. Take it, Mr. Temperley, with old Moses's blessing!" and the generous dealer turned aside his face—no doubt to hide a tear.

It was a fortnight after the wedding, which had been celebrated with every circumstance of luxury and pomp. Mr. Temperley was once more alone, sitting by the fire in his museum, and once again his benevolent countenance wore an expression of

perplexity, though now it was mingled with grave distress.

All had gone well. When the Truth Worshipper had presented George Washington's pen to his son, his speech had drawn tears from all eyes, and been subsequently reported verbatim (at advertisement rates) in the public press. The happy bridegroom had received the precious relic with a joy and veneration befitting its importance. It would, he said, remain his most valued possession throughout his life, and every letter that he sent to his father during the honeymoon should be written with the sacred quill.

It was what had happened since the wedding and what was happening at the moment, that troubled the Millionaire. George Washington was spending his honeymoon in Paris, attending an International Conference of Truth, and inaugurating a mission on the subjects to American journalists.

He wrote home to say that he was having the time of his life, that his reception had been more than cordial and that the sweet and sympathetic presence of his wife had made life a new thing for him.

"... On Thursday last I was present at the conversion of a well-known proprietor of patent medicines, who admitted with tears of contrition that, despite his advertisements, his Universal Remedy while efficacious enough in Typhoid, Consumption, Cancer, Rheumatism and Spinal Disease, was absolutely useless in a severe case of housemaid's knee. He has long kept this fact from the public, but has decided to do so no longer and make a frank statement upon the wrapper of the bottle. Darling Vera was greatly touched. She says that she never understood Truth so well before"

And again.

"... Writing to you with the sacred pen which—next to Vera—is my greatest earthly treasure, reminds me to tell you, Dear Father, that our good friend Mr. Moses has been passing through Paris and called upon us at our hotel. He had introduced me to a French colleague of his M. Vieux Sournois, a dealer in genuine antiques from whom, by special favor, I have been able to purchase

an unique relic for the Museum. It is a celebrated picture of the Emperor Napoleon telling the truth—to his physician—and the only recorded instance in the life of this great but misguided man."

Now all this was very well, and would have delighted the Tripe Emperor beyond measure had it not been for one awful, almost unthinkable fact.

Mr. Temperley, Senior, had received evidence that appeared indisputable that George Washington had not only never been near the Truth Conference in Paris, but was spending the whole of his honeymoon in Monte Carlo, nay, had even broken the bank at that city of pleasure and scandal.

He had been seen there with his wife, and his every action noted, by an acquaintance whose word could not be doubted and who, out of pure kindness, had immediately come to Mr. Temperley with the news.

Confirmation was not lacking. With business promptitude the millionaire despatched one trusty private detective to Paris and another to Monte Carlo. The first succeeded in discovering the actual hotel servant who forwarded the Riviera letters from Paris, so that they should bear an authentic post-mark. The second returned with an excellent series of snap-shot photographs depicting George Washington Temperley and his wife raking in thousand franc notes at roulette in the Casino, and lunching in luxury on the terrace at Ciro's famous restaurant—where even one hearty blood-forming meal cannot be obtained for eight pence, and Temperley's Dried Tripe is unknown.

The great Truth Expert was stricken to the very heart. No words could do justice to his mental agony as he realized that his whole life work was undone, his fondest hopes crushed into the dust.

Far from being unable to tell even a fib or be guilty of a mere terminological inexactitude, George Washington could—and did—manufacture a whole series of easy, brilliant, polished

lies, super-untruths equal to a Cabinet Minister's election address, or the reminiscences of a German General.

It was not Monte Carlo, and its dissipation that hurt the millionaire, it was the utter downfall of all his hopes and beliefs about his son, the revelation of his true—or rather untrue—nature. And when he thought of the desecration of the great George Washington's own familiar pen and the horrid uses to which it had been lately put, the stricken father groaned aloud.

Days of pain and indecision followed, but as the end of the honeymoon drew near and the young couple were expected home Mr. Temperley made up his mind. He must be faithful to the principles of a life-time and cast his erring son from him forever.

Nearly a month had passed. Mr. Temperley stood in the dining-room giving final directions to his butler, for Mr. and Mrs. Temperley, Junior, were expected back from "Paris" in half an hour.

All the household knew that there were grave matters afoot. From Lurby, the confidential butler, to the meanest kitchen-maid everyone was aware of a coming tempest and trembled.

"You quite understand, Lurby?"

"I think so, sir, thank you, sir."

"When Mr. and Mrs. George Washington"—the poor old gentleman choked at his son's name—"When they arrive they are to be shown at once into the small drawing-room, and you are to tell them that it is by my orders. All the household will be ready downstairs and will proceed here, to the dining-room, at once. When all are assembled, you will request Mr. and Mrs. Temperley to step this way."

"Very good, sir. Thank you, sir. Oh! by the way, sir, Mr. Moses called half an hour ago, but I told him that you were much engaged."

"I trust you did not say 'Not at home', Lurby?" asked the millionaire with sudden sternness.

"Of course not, sir," Lurby answered in a voice that showed he was deeply wounded. Had he been ten years with his beloved master to go and commit an outrage upon truth like that!

"Forgive me, I am not myself, Lurby," his master rejoined, "I should not have said that to *you*. But somehow I begin to suspect everyone. Did Mr. Moses leave any message?"

"He said his business was important, sir, and that he would call again in half an hour."

Mr. Temperley reflected for a moment. Mr. Moses was an old and valued friend, almost one of the family by now. His presence would add to the solemnity of the occasion. . . .

"When he comes again show him into the dining-room." Lurby bowed and withdrew.

The Tripe Emperor sank into a chair and for many minutes remained motionless. His heart felt like a lump of lead. His blood flowed slowly like iced water through his veins. All hope was dead and only justice remained to be done. The task was horrible and by nature he was the kindest of men, but his lofty sense of duty never failed, and when the servants filed slowly into the room and ranged themselves like mutes about the walls their master stood upon the hearth-rug steady as a rock.

"Mr. and Mrs. George Washington Temperley," boomed the faithful Lurby, and slowly the young man and his wife entered the room amid an awful silence.

The lady was heavily veiled and little could be seen of her face. But George Washington, how altered and broken was he.

The candid glance was gone. The infantile and innocent mouth that had never fibbed, dropped in dejection. The horrid vice of lying had left its impress everywhere and Mr. Temperley's son was the picture of remorse and guilt.

"My son, all is known," said Mr. Temperley in a trembling voice. "You have deceived me in a way which can

only have been the result of long and assiduous practice. Using the sacred pen of your great name-sake itself you have written me a tissue of lies, and being false to your life-long training and all the traditions of this house. You have shamed me in the eyes of all men and besmirched my name as a Christian of the Keys of Truth. I have tried to be a loving father to you, but this, this is too much to bear. Speak, wretched young man, have I spoken truly?"

A low groan burst from the culprit's lips and sobs agitated his frame.

"Father," he wailed. "What you say is true in every way except one. My lies to you were *not* the result of long practice. Until I went away upon my honeymoon I had never spoken anything but the most literal truth. That I swear to you. But somehow a terrible influence seized me, so strong and irresistible that I took a delight in lying. I was utterly powerless in its hands."

Mr. Temperley mistook his son's meaning and anger flared up in him like a torch.

"Cur!" he shouted. "Coward and cur, as well as liar! Do you mean to insinuate that your young wife changed your nature in a week, and to throw the blame for your infamy upon an innocent girl you have promised to cherish and protect?"

He stopped short. George Washington's face was flaming red in an instant. His wail went, he shouted loud in answer.

"Whatever I've done you should not dare to accuse me of that, Fa-

ther," he cried. "My darling Vera's influence has been nothing but good. Liar some hideous influence has made me, and I must abide the consequence. Coward, sir, I am not!"

There was a deep murmur of appreciation from the walls, and Mr. Temperley recognized the voice of truth in his son's ringing accents, when the door of the dining-room burst open with a loud explosive noise.

Hatless and showing every sign of deep agitation Mr. Moses plunged into the room.

"Stay! Pauthe!" he bellowed. "Mither Temperley, dear old friend and patron, pauthe before you say the irrevocable words! It is all right. Our dear young George Washington is guiltless, I can explain all!"

"Moses! if only you could."

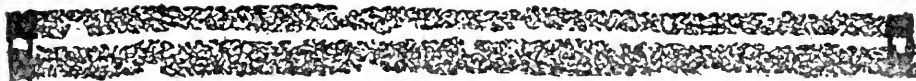
"I can. Ith all my fault. My wicked carelessness ith responthible for everything. The boy couldn't help himself. You know that pen you gave him as wedding present?"

"George Washington's own pen," said Mr. Temperley, trembling violently.

"I thought tho. I handed it to you under that impression, for George Washington's pen was thertainly in my possession. But I was careless. I mixed it up with the pen of another celebrated historical personage, as a matter of fact, an ancestor of my own. It's *that* pen which George used to write his letters with."

"Whose pen?" shouted son and father simultaneotusly.

"Ananias!" said Mr. Moses.



## AMIENS

### A CANADIAN BATTLE FRAGMENT.

By D. C. MCARTHUR

Now the dawn rolls upon the field of battle,  
And the long rows of guns stand out in the wheat fields  
With the gunners unprotected, bareheaded behind them.  
There's Red Richards,  
His hair like a torch, his teeth shining white as he grins at us,  
That's a boy, Red!  
Sling in those shells, that's the stuff to give 'em!  
All for William, and nothing coming back for George's troops!  
Look at the shells there,  
Whipping a path over the heads of the wheat—  
Bang! Bang! Bang!  
The noise is enough to knock a guy over!  
See those ambulances ahead—  
O well, there's bound to be dirty work somewhere.  
All around the guns  
Long files of infantry go by,  
Holding their fingers in their ears and shouting at the gunners.  
Hurrah! Here's the cavalry!  
Squadron after squadron, all the old regiments, the famous old squadrons,  
The Bengals, the Scots Greys, the Strathconas,—  
Say, this is a real war, a regular moving-picture battle—  
The cavalry jump wire and trenches,  
The riders laughing and waving their hands at us;  
Here goes a staff with its pennants flying,  
Pack-horses with machine-guns and ammunition,  
Wireless sets, telephones, cases of iron rations,  
And over by the woods, through the smoke,  
We can see the big tanks lumbering forward;  
Fighting tanks, supply tanks, whippet tanks,  
Tanks in their thousands, the whole bally family.  
The little whippets bounce gaily over the trenches,  
—"Fireaux", "Fish", and "Featherbed"—  
Their officers squatting on top, contentedly smoking.  
And above the noise  
Comes the high, strong drone of the planes,  
Coming from ahead they swoop down over Domart—





OLD STREET, PRAGUE

From the Etching by J .C. Vondrons  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# THE BOY WHO CAME HOME

BY HENRY AMOSS



JEANETTE FUQUA sat in a room at Exhibition Camp, waiting the arrival of the hospital train. It was hours late. Delays of any kind were intolerable to Jeanette. She had inherited more from her Scotch mother than her tall form, firm chin, thin lips and high nostrils. That spirit of promptitude and punctuality which, as much as any other characteristic, has made the Scot a successful man of affairs, was strong within her. Not only were her Scotch business instincts outraged; but her French blood was dancing with impatience. Not that she was anticipating a joyful meeting. On the contrary, she dreaded it. But as the critical moment drew nearer, her Gallic impetuosity rushed forth to meet the crisis.

For three long years she had been approaching this crisis, even as the broad Ottawa of her birthplace feels the draw of the Allumette Rapids, long before its smooth waters break. For Jeanette had been born on the Island opposite Pembroke. At the time of her birth, her father, old Jean Fuqua, had been a lusty, good-hearted, devil-may-care lumberman. But Scotch Maggie, his wife, was ambitious. Under the spur of her sharp tongue, he rose to the position of gang foreman. Then, without quite knowing how, he found himself plunged into the tie-contracting business. Contrary to his wishes, Maggie moved the family into town. Jeanette was sent to high school, then to business

college. From there she entered the office of the Z— Lumber Company.

In the mills Harry James was engineer's boy, and later ran the donkey engine. Propinquity resulted in the usual boy and girl attachment. Dancing, skating, tobogganing and snowshoeing parties during the glorious winters of the North: long canoe trips down the river in the lazy, summer, Sunday afternoons! Harry was popular among the men, energetic and able; but these native characteristics had never been welded into effectiveness. Good-natured, easy-going, if he had any definite ambitions they were to marry Jeanette, have a good time, and perhaps run the big engine at the mill. In the ordinary course of events, two if not three of these aims would have been fulfilled. Old Jean liked the boy. Maggie classed him as a thriftless bairn; but she had great confidence in her own ability as a man-maker, provided she were supplied with half-promising material.

Then was enacted in Jeanette's young soul the French-Canadian war tragedy. Two million people beheld the whole world plunged into a titanic struggle in which they could take no part. No more patriotic man breathes than the French Canadian. But his patriotism is Canadian, not British. The French always have had and always will have a dislike for the English. It is a racial antipathy. Under wise statesmanship, and in a new world where both races became new peoples, this mutual antipathy might have been—may yet be—eradicated. But the meeting-place must be

on the common grounds of Canadianism.

When we speak of chivalrous instincts, we think of the French. Herein lay the tragedy of French-Canadianism, to behold a world war of chivalry, and to be unable to participate. Canada entered the war, not as champion of a high ideal, but in defence of the mother country. It was made a British war, an Empire war. The French Canadian has no mother country but Canada. His Canadianism, his patriotism were not appealed to. The pity of it! The war that should have united the two great racial elements of the country into one people, one nation, only resulted in widening the chasm between them.

For nearly three centuries the forefathers of old Jean Fuqua had been Canadian. He had been reared in hatred of his English masters, and in contempt of his French betrayers. Not that this feeling was directed toward any individual. Many of his friends were English. His partner in the tie-contracting business was an Englishman. He had married a Scotch wife. His Anglophobia was confined entirely to the matter of politics. First a Laurier man, then a Bourassi man, he pursued the form of political freedom, spurning the reality.

In her political faith or fanaticism, Jeanette was her father's girl. When Harry enlisted, the schism in her soul began. Her passionate, romantic nature drove her to hero-worship. Harry looked so splendid in uniform; and at last he was about to do something worth while. But he was taking sides with the tyrant, England. It is characteristic of youth to mark out the sphere of moral action into large areas; and to attribute to each province the qualities of some small, known section. In Jeanette's mind, Harry's action was associated with what she regarded as an evil; therefore it was wholly wrong.

After the soldier's departure, a reaction set in. Home life became unen-

durable to Jeanette. Her tempestuous moods greatly upset old Jean. He could not comprehend the situation. In response to her ceaseless demands, he secured her another position. Through his influence with a friend he had made in the tie-contracting business, and who was now a C.N.R. official, a situation was secured for the girl in the railway offices at Winnipeg.

The irreconcilable, emotional elements at strife in Jeanette's nature, exhausted by this internecine warfare, gave place to a new interest. Her enthusiastic French energy under the control of a calm Scotch will, fitted her admirably for the life of a business woman. In an effort to forget the insoluble, she plunged into this new work; and was astonished to find a happiness that was positive, not merely negative. The work itself was interesting; and as she advanced step by step, demanded more and more of her attention. Success was gratifying. Romantic dreams gave place to ambitious visions. By the time she became private secretary to one of the managers, her old life had become a dim memory, and the feeling tone surrounding it, a feeble halo. When her chief was moved to Toronto, she went with him.

Here she became acquainted, or rather re-acquainted, with a young broker named Charles Effingham, who hailed originally from her home town.

Heretofore, despite her French Canadian prejudices, she had regarded the English speaking slacker with aversion. Cowardice in a man is repellant to the essential nature of womanhood. But Charles was a new type. That he was no physical coward she had ample proof during a returned soldiers' riot on Yonge Street. After that experience she could not attribute the cause of his non-enlistment to fear. He treated the war with a cynical indifference that was new to her—a quarrel between aristocratic factions of an effete

continent, in which the common man was used as a tool—or, a trade rivalry between German and English merchants, with which contention the business man this side of the Atlantic had no concern.

This was a new viewpoint to Jeanette. Perhaps, slackers of British origin were not necessarily cowards. Perhaps like her French Canadian friends, they too had a reason.

To all appearance Charles was a gentleman, affable, kindly, courteous. Indeed he sedulously cultivated the semblances of these qualities. It was good form, good business. A brisk breezy goodfellowship helped to put through many a deal. She began to assimilate his viewpoint of life. The world is a place in which to get on; and it is the function of each individual to go as far as he can. For his own personal rights or advantage, he would put up a stiff fight; for the rights of others he would not lift a finger. Every man for himself, was his motto. To such a person the war gave opportunity. Only a fool could lose money in the speculative enterprises that presented themselves. The chance of a lifetime! As the result of several successful ventures, he was growing rich.

He also interested Jeanette in certain small deals. The money-making game fascinated her by its dazzling vista of possibilities. The old beacons beside the road of life faded in the narrow intense glare of this new light. New concepts of living forced her to adopt new forms of life, the ethics of wealth. Measured by these standards, Charles appeared to still greater advantage. So that the telegram announcing Harry's arrival, and requesting her to meet the train, greatly annoyed her. She had no desire to return to the past, even to remember it. From the new heights she had attained, and from the lofty pinnacles to which she aspired, that episode of childhood seemed folly. Besides, the coming of Harry might

result in an inconvenient situation. Why had she continued that foolish correspondence, and linked herself with a memory?

The waiting crowd began to stir. The train was coming in. Jeanette shivered. How she hated meeting him! He had always been good-looking, smart, and tidy; but in a crude way—his cap on the back of his head—loud ties—always whistling—and the soldiers came back so rude. Unconsciously she had imbibed deeply of the cynical criticisms of her new friend. Not that Charles ever spoke disparagingly of the soldiers—merely superciliously. Officers were all right, in their way; but the privates, just things to come to the salute and be ordered about. The ethics of wealth do not recognize free service of any description. They do not even recognize the sale of service, apart perhaps from the sale of the servitor.

She wondered how Harry would greet her: "Hello Jean, old girl!" Would he want to kiss her? That had been his privilege once. For a moment she thought queerly, that no one had kissed her since. Bygone memories seeped up into consciousness, and refused to be crowded back. Was her grip of self deserting her? The temptation to run away while yet there was time arose.

Someone caught her sleeve.

"An whaur wull the pur lads be cooming by, lassie?" a voice inquired.

Jeanette turned. A little old woman in a faded black dress, with a plaid shawl over her shoulders, was peering anxiously up into her face.

"T'wull be my Geordie," she explain. "Four lang, cruel years, and him with a peg leg."

A murmur of excited voices arose as the crowd pushed forward; "Here they come! Here they come!"

Only years of cynical indifference can entirely burn out those cords of sympathy whereby the human heart responds to the vibrant emotions of a crowd. The soul of Jeanette was

strongly vital. Primitive instincts and emotions surged up from subconscious depths, and burst through the films of restraint. She felt a thrill in her bosom. A dry sob clutched her throat. Harry and her painful task were completely forgotten.

"This way, mither!" she cried, her tongue reverting for the nonce to the speech of earlier days. Pushing her way through the throng, she guided the trembling old woman toward the edge of the walk. As she made way, faces scowling with resentment were turned toward her; but instantly softened to a smile, at sight of the old woman by her side.

"Give the missus a chaunce, Bill!" cried a burly fellow, as he pulled his chum to one side. A strangely human crowd, pregnant with human sympathy and kindliness.

The khaki-colored figures climbed the steps, and turned down the walk. Burdened with greatcoats and kit bags, they walked, hobbled or crutched onward; their faces ever searching the crowd to the right, till they were recognized and absorbed.

"Mither!" shouted a great voice; and the little old woman by Jeanette's side was lifted off her feet.

Instinctively Jeanette turned her eyes now moist with emotion, toward the steps, and looked directly into the eyes of the man she had come to meet.

"Jeanette, Jean!" he cried.

"Harry! Oh Harry! I am so glad to see you!"

It was not what she had intended saying; but strangely enough, it was true. The mood of the crowd was strong upon her. Between the meeting of the Scotch soldier with his mother, and her own started recognition of Harry, there had been no time for an emotional fade-away. Her newly-acquired disposition as a business woman, even the import of her present mission had been inhibited by the clamorous, victorious insurgency of primitive feelings. She was being

carried helplessly away on a stream of emotions whose springs she had thought forever dried. Almost anything might have happened in this moment of strange rejuvenation.

"Down to see the boys come in, Jeanette? Nellie and I just happened around this way," came a breezy, pleasant voice. She turned to see Charles and his sister.

As if a button had been pressed, switching the spot light of attention from the rear of her mental stage to the front, every-day life reasserted itself. The film of years rolled back over her recent mood like a curtain. The play was over. And yet not altogether. Harry's re-entrance upon the scene of her life had been accompanied by a tumult of unusual, but joyous emotions, as if he came heralded by an outburst of thrilling music. Forever after in her mind he would be associated with this feeling. Had Effingham arrived a minute sooner!—

"Oh, Mr. Effingham and Nellie! You remember Mr. James, do you not? He used to be in the Z—— Lumber Co., home. No! Miss Effingham, Mr. Effingham—Mr. James."

Charles was delighted to meet anyone from the old town, especially one of the boys. "Always regretted that business prevented my going over with you. But we fellows at home had our part to play, you know."

"We appreciated the way you people at home backed us up," was the calm reply.

Jeanette's hearing, which had become acutely sensitive, detected no hidden sarcasm in the answer.

"Since we are all here together," continued Charles, "if you have no other arrangements, Mr. James, suppose we drive down to the King Edward, and have a bite to eat. Hungry, I'll bet, after the trip?"

Harry hesitated, but Jeanette, thankful for this solution of the awkward dilemma in which she found herself placed, eagerly accepted the in-

vation. So they seated themselves in the big car, and shortly after were entering the grill-room.

Jeanette had been here with Charles before, but only to after-theatre lunches. At first she had been rather self-conscious; at least she had paid so much attention to her immediate surroundings, that she had failed to take careful note of the other diners. Little details of modes and manners had passed unnoticed. Without comparison, contrast, or question, Charles had been accepted as a standard. Hence, amid an environment where he had always dominated, Charles's star, as he had calculated, again swung into ascendancy. She was rather ashamed of the rough, loosely-hanging tunic that Harry wore, so different in appearance from the smart dress of the civilian. A little feeling of pride arose as she noted the familiar, easy nod with which Charles greeted the head waiter.

The waiter at the table to which the party was assigned did not please Charles. Where was Dick the regular man? The waiter endeavored to explain that the other man did not come on until the night shift. Charles grumbled at the change of service, as he was pleased to call it, finally remarking ungraciously that they would have to put up with it, he supposed.

To Jeannette this contemptuous attitude toward servants, adopted by her table companion, was a source both of secret dismay and admiration. Something about it was repulsive to her natural, courteous instincts. His sudden transitions from excessive geniality to overbearing arrogance, caused her vague uneasiness. On the other hand, her new conception of ethics rushed forth to champion him. He was asserting class. Wealth is power to purchase service. To place the purchaser and the purchased on the same footing is to deny value to the dollar. Charles did it

so well, Jeanette thought. One felt as if one were dining with somebody.

This dualism ran through her mind to-night, until, as usual, her new code bore down the opposition of native instincts and early habits. Her confidence in the bearing of the civilian resumed its sway. With a little throb of triumph she glanced across at Harry, to see to what extent the soldier had been impressed. She was startled to surprise a look of frank astonishment and disapproval upon his face. It angered her as if she had sensed a challenge. Evidently Charles was correct. These common soldiers could not appreciate class.

"Now this man is just back from the Front," Charles was continuing. "We want a good tuck out. No expense spared, you understand. Nothing too good for the boys." He looked at the menu, and began to order a Lord Mayor's dinner.

"Pardon me, Mr. Effingham. You are altogether too bountiful. I still have an army stomach, you know," said Harry.

"Best is none too good for our returned men. However, yours is the fancy, to-night," and Charles handed Harry the card.

The waiter who had been listening in non-committal silence, moved behind Harry's chair.

"Consommé and iced celery. I am hungry to-night, waiter, but rather tired."

"The tenderloin is very nice, I believe, sir," replied the waiter, suddenly coming to life.

"A mayonnaise salad, but no cabbage—"

"I think the special to-night would suit you, sir."

"Thank you. A French pastry and a cup of strong black coffee."

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, returning to Charles.

A curious unsettled feeling assailed Jeanette. For a moment she was ashamed of Harry, ascribing his

courtesy to the waiter and his small order to ignorance. Even the differential attitude of the waiter called to mind a favorite expression of Charles—"Wounded hero stuff". But his sudden change of manner, as he returned to complete the civilian's monstrous order, cast a shadow of doubt upon her assumptions. She began to look about the room, and soon became painfully aware that Charles was making their table conspicuous by his voice and manner. Several pairs of eyes were looking askant in their direction. A fellow servitor cast a grimace of commiseration at their waiter. The gentleman at the opposite table did not find it necessary to order his waiter about. On the contrary, he was speaking very pleasantly to him. Neither was his table cluttered with meats and vegetables.

Just then Harry looked up, and involuntarily imitated her in glancing about the room. Suddenly his eyes stopped, and a little flush mounted his face. Jeanette, following the direction of his gaze, saw a gentleman rise from his chair, and walk toward their table. Harry rose to meet him; and the two shook hands with a hearty grip.

"Well, James, my boy. I am delighted to see you. Couldn't believe my eyes, when I saw you come in. Heard they had finished you up in The Mud. But you'll take a lot of killing yet. When did you get back? And how is every little thing with you?"

"Just arrived by hospital train this pip emma, sir. Miss Fuqua, Miss Effingham, Mr. Effingham, Colonel ———, formerly O.C. of my old battery."

"Delighted, ladies! Very pleased, sir! You will pardon my stealing your guest for a little while. But I see you are not served yet, and I want him to meet Mrs. ———. Why, James, I have told her a dozen times how you salvaged that G. S. wagon

from the Imperials. She would never forgive me, if I neglected the opportunity of presenting the hero in person."

As Harry was being introduced to Mrs. ——— and her lady companion, Jeanette whispered to Charles, "That wasn't the Mr. ———, was it?"

"Yes, that's the son of old Moneybags," replied Charles. "Funny how chummy these officers get with their men, all of a sudden! Trying to save his face, I bet."

"Why, Charles, he seemed genuinely pleased to meet Mr. James," interposed his sister.

"Mere camouflage," returned her brother. And he began recounting some scandalous tales concerning the conduct of overseas officers. "They are doing the hush, hush stunt now," he concluded.

Jeanette allowed the words to drift through her mind without cognizance. Her attention was directed toward the other table where Harry seemed to be recounting some adventure. Mrs. ——— was laughing, while her companion leaned across the table with an eager smile. When Harry rose to leave, the Colonel accompanied him part way. As they parted, he laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder. She heard him say, "Be sure and look me up at the office, now."

The dinner was being served when Harry returned; and Charles was recounting the tale of his favorite hero.

"Jim was knocking around Frisco at the time of the World's Fair, taking in a little rube money at the cane and ring game. He ran across a chap selling complexion powder. Chap was in wrong with the bulls, and offered to sell out stock, receipts and everything to Jim for two hundred dollars. Jim had worked in a drug store and he sized the dope up for a good turnover, providing he could sell the stuff. It went so well that he hikes to New York, rents a quarter room for an office, and sets up busi-



ness. Every time he made a dollar he put it into advertising. Soon he had the room to himself, and was putting a regular line of cosmetics on the market. Got it up in swell style and boosted the price sky high. Well he's worth a cool million to-day, and right in the bread line for his share of easy money. That's what I call good business. Get a string on some luxury the people are crying for, and feed it to them strong. Why——."

## II.

Jeanette felt restive and feverish, when she returned to her room that evening. It was her home room. The furnishings, which were her own, had been slowly accumulated during the past three years, and represented a taste almost luxurious in one of her position. She loved her things. It was her habit of an evening to lounge in the depth of the big Chesterfield, and con over her treasured possessions. To-night the deep cushions irritated her. She detested the soft paddings and craved a square, solid, substantial chair to sit upon. The Persian rug annoyed her. She got out of her seat, and kicked the rug to one side; then walked up and down the bare hardwood floor. The physical contact with solidity soothed her. It seemed to bring her into touch with reality.

To-night had been a contrast not of personalities, but of types. Were the padding stripped from both men, would something radically different in each greet her eyes; cheap maple framework in one, solid mahogany in the other? The comparison was scarcely fair in Harry's case. With him their had been no swank. She sensed his naturalness. The crudity and braggartism she had dreaded to find in him had not appeared. But a new dread far more terrifying than the old had arisen. She was beginning to dread herself. Somehow, her own character and being seemed in-

volved in the contrast. Whatever there was in Charles that had excited the antagonism of the soldier, existed also in her. In Harry's antipathy there was more than the contempt of the soldier for the slacker. It was a conflict of something behind, something that had made a soldier of the one and a slacker of the other. If she could only rip the silly padding off!

Was not this thought traitorous to herself, her life and her ideals? Was there anything wrong with business? She had been a business woman, he a business man, a man of the world. Was he not making good? Not rich yet—but some day—rich as old Money-bags himself.

Then her thoughts veered off at a tangent. Old Money-bags! The apex of her ambitions! She had dreamed of the day—And Harry had reached the goal at a stride—thought nothing of it. She could not delude herself with the interpretation Charles had placed upon the incident. Harry had been accepted as an equal; and he was pennyless.

What was life? What was success? Again and again she attacked the problem, only to find her efforts baffled by the padding.

Seemingly from nowhere a sudden resolve sprang into consciousness. She would ask for her holidays, and go home to her father. Intuitively she knew old Jean Fuqua was a man. True, her last visit home had not been happy. She had tried to persuade her father to drop his partner, and take a government contract for making ammunition boxes. She had expected opposition along the line of politics. But Jean's one argument had been that old George could not carry on the tie business without him; and he would not desert old George. She had left home in a huff. Now she would return, and readjust her viewpoint. With this resolve in mind she went to bed and slept.

Not till morning did it dawn upon Jeanette that Harry would be spending his two weeks' hospital leave at home. What a fool memory she had! That plan was impossible now!

Little did she dream that while she fretted and fumed, her faithful old slave, the brain, whom she now berated, deep down in the subconscious workshops of mind, had been toiling at the broken and tangled skein of life, tying a knot here and another there, joining the loose ends of dissociated instincts and habits with the web of knowledge, until it finally arrived at the only possible solution of the riddle.

In the midst of this new quandary the car called for her. It was a curious party. The evening before Harry had asked for the Sunday afternoon. Charles had invited her to go for a drive. She had recognized that even so small a thing as a choice between the two might eventuate critically. In her present state of mind she wished to put off anything decisive. So she had suggested to Charles that it would be nice to take Harry and Nellie with them and she had persuaded Harry to accept the rather begrudged invitation. Charles managed to manoeuvre Jeanette into the front seat. Beneath a flood of cheerful verbiage, he was plainly grouchy. Jeanette was ill at ease, and inclined to be petulant. Harry and Nellie were silent, the one sensing his presence as intrusive, the other feeling conscious of her position as a deflector.

As they speeded through the wood at High Park on their way for a run up the Hamilton road, a dog ran out at them, barking along side the car. Charles nursed his engine, and watched his opportunity. As the road entered a short cut at the top of the hill, he put on full speed. Swerving sharply to the right and then to the left, he jammed the astonished animal between the heavy car and the bank, as the rear wheels skidded in response to the second

turn. It was a dexterous piece of work. The dog rolled down into the road, feebly kicking.

"Got him that time!" said Charles, turning to the rear seat for approval. The punishment he had inflicted upon the dog, relieved his angry feelings. His pride in the way he had handled the car made him good natured. "One less road nuisance!"

Harry was looking at the dog lying upon the highway. Suddenly he turned to face the speaker.

"Stop the car; I'm getting out!" he commanded sharply.

"What's the row? It's only a dog," remonstrated the driver, suspecting his motive.

"Stop the car!" insisted Harry.

"Say, who's running this car?" growled Charles, all his anger flaming up afresh. "Want to get me in Dutch with the owner?"

"You stop it, or I'll stop it," replied the soldier looking the civilian squarely in the eyes. It was the challenge of a man who had gambled with the ultimates.

Charles braked the car; and Harry climbed out. He turned apologetically to the girls, "If the dog's dead, I don't care a rap. But I can't leave a wounded thing there," he stammered.

Charles scowled at the soldier trudging down the road, then turned to Jeanette, "That kill-joy friend of yours has put the blink on this party. I'm going back to town. How about a little ride after we drop him?"

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Effingham; but really I have an engagement this afternoon. However, Harry and I will take a Bloor Street car home, and not interfere with your ride."

"Certainly not, Miss Fuqua," he replied.

### III.

One afternoon that same week, a canoe drifted down a branch of the Ottawa toward the Lost Chenail. The northern winds still blew chilly, the

river was swollen with the spring thaw; and little patches of snow hid in the evergreen depths and amid the niches of the rocks. But the sun was shining; and here and there a spring bird twittered.

"How different things seem on the old river, Harry, with trees and rocks all around. What a strange world it has been! Just like the Ottawa at Des Joachim! Thousands of men giving up everything, and rushing forward on the current of self-sacrifice to offer life itself if need be; while hundreds at home drifted with the back eddy up stream as it were, back into meanness, pettiness and selfishness. I hate business, Harry!"

"Why do you? What do you think your husband is going to do for a living, yap at the heels of politicians and profiteers for gratuities and cast-off jobs? Nothing doing, my dear! That sort of thing may suit the batmen's brigade and the foreign squad. A nice name they are giving the army too, with their yelping. But the real Canadian is not going to be satisfied

with sops. We're going to kick our feet under the table, and pass up our plates for the first helping.

"Business is all right, kid. They have their profiteer prowlers, just as we have our gratuity grabbers. You can't judge a wine by its scum. Most of the business in this country is clean, sound, honest and healthy. And the Canadian soldier will quietly get back into the game, make good himself, and make business good. For we've learned how.

"I know automobiles inside and out. The year I was with the motor transports, I took to pieces and put together every kind of engine made.

"Talked it over with the Colonel, last Monday. He wanted to start me off as foreman in a big shop. Mighty decent of him too! But I'm going it on my own. Through the Colonel, I got a swell location on Danforth Avenue. Have enough funds to open up a vulcanizing shop; next year a repair shop, and in five years I'll be doing one of the auto businesses of the city. But believe me, dear, I'm not waiting that long before we——."



# GEORGE TATE BLACKSTOCK

BY FRANK ARNOLDI



**I**N 1857 there was born to the Rev. W. S. Blackstock, D.D., at Newcastle, Ontario, a son who made his name, George Tate Blackstock, that of a very striking and highly esteemed personality, not alone in the Province of Ontario, but as well in Great Britain and the United States. He died on December 27th, 1921, at Toronto. His education at Upper Canada College sufficed him for the very prominent career which he afterwards attained and followed as a member of the Bar of Ontario, to which he was called in 1879. He received the distinction of Queen's Counsel in 1889.

The general estimate of George Tate Blackstock was that, at college and in his early career, he had acquired a wide range of information and learning which soon procured him recognition in his profession and generally by the public as a man of outstanding accomplishments and ability. Those who knew him personally, and they were many indeed, recognized in him a man of sterling ability, of the widest learning and of noble character. Many notable things were done by him which established him in the highest esteem and regard of those who knew him, and demonstrated the great ability which he possessed. To meet him, to be intimate with him as a friend, was a privilege. His friends will never forget his geniality and kindly co-operation in everything that tended to the betterment of his fellowmen. All these attributes were shadowed forth in his

physical appearance, which commanded attention at all times.

In 1890 he gave evidence by his defence of Reginald Birchall in the trial for murder at the Woodstock Assizes in that year, of the great ability which he possessed as a counsel and as an orator. The Crown availed itself of this ability in notable prosecutions; in the celebrated Kinrade case in Hamilton in 1909, and in very many others.

He took within his cycle of study, questions of politics, of citizenship and statesmanship. This was well illustrated by his address to the Canadian Club at Toronto in 1907, which may be found in the records of that club, entitled "Some Political Tendencies" and was described at the time as "the wittiest and most entertaining lecture of the year and the most direct in its appeal, which was for high ideals of citizenship and statesmanship".

His abilities were so well recognized that he was invited to go to England in 1910, and went there as a speaker for the Unionist cause. His efforts there were very successful and widely recognized. It was stated as a fact that no speaker in that campaign was in greater demand than he was. He was the author of many articles from time to time on various subjects affecting his ideals. He was described in his time, in the Press, as "a man of amazing personality and magnetism", a man of independent character and intellectual virility".

Such a man leaves his impression upon those who had the privilege of

knowing him, and the esteem in which he was publicly held warrants the perpetuation of his name as a great orator, a man of extraordinary ability, and genial and kindly disposition. His fund of anecdote and humor, which completed his character, was of the richest and most fascinating order and never failed him.

It was deplorable that while yet in the prime of life, owing to illness, he was lost to his profession. The expression of regret on this subject contained in a letter from a friend of his in the United States, a leader of the Bar of New York State, beautifully expresses this thought in the following words:

"His is one of the most amazing cases that has ever come under my observation. It is an example of the utter prodigality of nature to have endowed this man with so many brilliant and engaging qualities and then to have wrecked his physical power and left him so helpless in the prime of life."

Many instances might be quoted of his deliverances on important occasions which always sustained his reputation. The most appropriate, however, at the present time, in view of our relations with the United States and the state of the public mind, is an address which he delivered at Philadelphia on September 27th, 1905, at a banquet given on the occasion of a convention there of The American Street Railway Association.

As a tribute to him, this address is here reproduced in full:

My first duty in rising to address you to-night is to thank you, sir, for your congratulations upon my having escaped the seductions of New York and arrived in Philadelphia; and you, ladies and gentlemen, for the very kind and gracious manner in which you have been pleased to receive this toast.

I need scarcely say, sir, that it is a very great pleasure for a backwoodsman like myself to come down into one of the greatest centres of the con-

tinental and find myself in touch with those great captains and leaders of American industry, whose courage, whose tenacity of purpose, whose vigor of will and whose resourceful capacities for conception and construction have made the American name renowned throughout the world, and whose lives and characters exhibit so much that is worthy of emulation; and in particular, sir, I am very glad indeed to find myself among the members of this Association who are concerned in the exploitation and management of those great enterprises which not only serve the comfort and convenience of urban communities upon this continent, but are in addition, as I am persuaded, intimately connected with the moral and physical well-being of those communities, and are, as Mayor Weaver has so well said, an important factor in our modern civilization.

Well, sir, having said so much I should be very well pleased to resume my seat without saying more, unless, indeed, I intimated the pleasure with which I find, through the preceding speakers, that there are the same very interesting internecine pleasantries and strifes in this country and in my own, between the bond-holder, the stock-holder and the strap-holder. [Laughter.] It is exceedingly pleasant, sir, to feel that these are not the exclusive possession of my country; but that they also manifest themselves in yours.

Mr. Chairman, when you spoke of your unwillingness to deprive the orators on the list below you of the pleasure of speaking let me assure you that that remark passed me without touching me in the slightest. I felt it had not the smallest application to me. There was, I believe, a precept of general acceptance among the ancient Schools of Rhetoric, which prescribed for the orator the rule that in his opening sentences he should very intimately consult the predilections of his audience and be careful that he said nothing that would in any way grate upon their feelings or set them against

him. I am sorry to say that I have to begin to-night by contravening that very salutary rule and by admitting that I find myself in very grave difficulties. In the first place my friend, Mr. Ely, has demolished for me that great fortress of unctuous mediocrity which consists in being able to truthfully say one is unexpectedly called upon. That was a cruel thrust from a friend. How often have I retired behind the friendly ramparts of that asylum of saved oratorical reputations, leaving behind me the pleasant impression that if I had only had timely notice I could have produced a composition worthy of the occasion! But by advertising the call he intended to make on me with orderly and merciless precision, the President of your Association has robbed me of that pretext. But, sir, my difficulties are of a far deeper and more radical kind. I am to speak to you to-night of the Canadians, a people who have modestly squatted down upon one-fifteenth of the land surface of the globe, a country a little larger than the United States itself; and it must be obvious to the most obtuse person that if the length of my speech is to bear any relation to the geography of my country—[Loud laughter.] Ah! yes, ladies and gentlemen, I see that with quick American intelligence you “take” me. [Applause.] I like to address an audience that arrives before the sentence does. Well, in addition to that, sir, our international relations have become so numerous and complex and their ramifications so extended that it is a little difficult to know what topics to touch upon and what to pass by. Then again, there is the question of whether in addressing you I shall speak with frankness and candor, that frankness and candor, which we of the English-speaking tongue always admire, and without which there can be no real comprehension between us, or whether I shall merely mount the trapeze and with post-prandial agility execute some of what you would call rhetorical “stunts”. [Great applause and

laughter.] Well, sir, happening to meet a friend of mine as I was quitting home, in whose judgment I greatly confide, I represented to him those difficulties of mine. “What is the occasion of your speech,” he demanded. I told him that it was a banquet of gentlemen interested in street railways. “Oh,” said he, “that is very simple indeed. Your choice lies between the sound advice which I shall give you and those oratorical imbecilities which you will prepare in the train going down. Now,” said he, “my advice to you is to simply get up and tell the audience that we have a splendid street railway system in Toronto and sit down again, and you will be voted a great success.” [Loud laughter.] Well, sir, I am sorry to observe that about this board the advice of my friend seems to meet with a somewhat more sympathetic response than I could have hoped for. That makes me hasten to say that like all persons who seek advice I have not the slightest intention of being governed by it. I will not, Mr. Chairman, use that old sporting expression and say that I am “loaded for bear”, nor shall I so far accommodate myself to my present environment as to say that I am “charged for the grade”, but I will borrow a simile suggested by a very active and intelligent little instrument I saw in a public place to-day and say that you cannot drop a nickel into my slot without producing the gum candy of my eloquence. [Laughter and applause.] You have brought this down on yourselves and I have not the slightest intention of coming down here and appearing at this banquet without getting off my speech. I intended, sir, to devote this morning, feeling the weighty responsibility that devolved upon me, to the preparation of a proper speech; but early in the day I fell in with two charming ladies, the wives of High Moguls in this Association, who represented to me that if I would accompany them on their automobilious career during the day they would save me harmless in

respect to your wrath and indignation at the feebleness of my remarks this evening, and they assured me if the worst came to the worst and the audience was indignant that at all events I might be certain that I should stand well with them, however I stood with the audience. [Applause.] So it does not in the least matter what you think of my speech; you may pour down upon me the vials of your wrath; you may beat the tom-toms of your indignation; you may transfix me with the darts of your satire; you may put me in the pillory of your everlasting contempt; but you cannot and you shall not deprive me of the high standing which I have achieved during the day with those ladies. They are here to-night and I observe that they are keeping a menacing optic upon you and woe betide the man who fails to applaud my sonorous cadences or omits to laugh when an alleged joke heaves in sight. [Laughter.]

Those ladies took me out into Fairmount Park and suggested that we might concoct a speech out there and that I might try to imagine that one of those delightful hillsides covered with trees was an audience and deliver the speech to them. We did so. It was a speech which I thought most admirable and which I intended to reproduce here to-night, but unfortunately I find myself in the same situation as that clerk in Holy Orders of whom Disraeli speaks in his "Curiosities of Literature". The gentleman was extremely nervous and represented to his Bishop that he feared he should never be able to stand in the pulpit and acquit himself with credit. The Bishop recommended him to go out in the kitchen garden and endeavor to imagine that the rows of cabbages were his audience and to practice upon them. He did so and became a very effective cabbage garden orator, but upon his venturing into the pulpit to try it there he found that old *rigor mortis* seized him and he was unable to say anything for a long time, but at last he blurted out "Ah! Christian Brothers and Sisters,

at length I perceive that you are not cabbage heads." [Laughter.] Well, I am gradually perceiving, Mr. Chairman, whether my speech would go even if I could recollect it.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, it is not a very great wonder, perhaps, that the country from which I hail should receive some consideration at your hands. Not only is that country your great neighbor to the north with a contiguous boundary line of nearly four thousand miles, but our social, commercial and political relations are becoming more numerous, more complex and more extensive from day to day.

Sir, we are standing upon historic ground to-night in the history of this great Republic. I need not enlarge upon the great Republic. I need not enlarge upon the great and conspicuous role which this city has played in your history, but what I wish to bring to your notice to-night is that in a certain qualified sense this city may be said to be the birthplace of the great Dominion of Canada to the north. These twin giants of the American Continent lay here in their infant days, 130 years ago, in the same cradle. They issued from the same spot. It was in 1759 that Wolfe broke forever the powers of France on this continent in the great struggle with Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham. That was only seventeen years before the revolution of the American colonies and one would have expected that these French Canadians, conquered but yesterday as it were, would have been among the first to have joined in that great revolution. How came it that instead of doing so they stood aside and had no part in it, but on the contrary remained faithful to Britain? Well, sir, the reason is to be found in the first place in the liberal and generous treatment which Great Britain meted out to them after the conquest. If you look at the treaty of Paris, signed in 1763, in which the terms of capitulation were deposited, you will find that Great Britain treated these people, in sharp



contrast perhaps to her treatment of the American Colonies, with the greatest generosity and liberality. Their language, their religion, their laws and many of their national rights and privileges were secured to them. Following upon this, in 1774, these French Canadian rights and privileges were crystallized in what is known as the Quebec Act, an Act of the Imperial Parliament by which their rights were Canadian liberties. Well, now it happened that in the same year, 1774, there met here in Philadelphia the first national convention of the American colonies to formulate their grievances and to protest against the tyrannies and exactions of the Crown; and in the Declaration of Rights which was then drawn up it is a curious fact that while declaiming and rightfully protesting against the encroachments of the Crown and its arbitrary proceedings, yet oddly enough by one of the strangest contrarieties in history they also protested against that large measure of liberty which the Mother Country was granting to their fellow-colonists in Canada. The language of the Declaration of Rights in which this protest is couched is so notable that I could not forbear to-day to extract it in order that I might read it to you as it seems to me one of the most important items in the history of this continent. In that Declaration the liberal action of England towards the French Canadians is stigmatized as one which "recognized the Catholic religion, abolished the equitable jurisdiction of England, and, ignoring the antagonistic faith of the old colonists, their laws and government, set up civil and spiritual tyranny in Canada, to the great danger of the neighboring Provinces which have so much aided Britain to conquer our country. Nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that colony a religion that often drenched your Island in blood and disseminated impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion throughout every part

of the world." Well, sir, that Declaration played a conspicuous part in subsequent events upon this continent. The French Canadians were frightened by its terms and felt that their rights and liberties as secured by the Treaty of Paris and the Quebec Act were safer in the keeping of and under the Mother Country than they would be in the hands of the American Colonies, and so, when, two years later, the revolt of the colonies took place, Canada stood aloof from that great movement. That was the commencement of Canadian nationality, and it was created in the best centre in which we are gathered to-night. So much, then, for the creation of a French Canada hostile to the new Republic. But there was then no English Canada. How came it that there sprung up alongside of French Canada an English Canada also hostile to the United States? Well, for that circumstance we have also to thank you. As you created a French Canada, British in sentiment, so also you placed alongside of it an English-speaking Canada, British in its predilections too. Immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War your forefathers expelled from the United States great numbers of those who during the war had remained loyal in their attachment to the Crown and there then took place one of the greatest treks, to use the South African term, in history. There were expelled from this country from twenty-five to forty thousand people, honorably known in the history of the United Empire as loyalists, who went out into the forests of Canada, carrying with them feelings of burning indignation against those who had expelled them from their homes, not only because of the confiscation of their property but because of the personal indignities to which they had been subjected. These people were no rabble but great blocks of human granite, and your forefathers by their action in expelling them laid them deep and firm into the masonry foundation of the Dominion of Canada. And when, later on in



1812, when the Mother Country's hands were tied in her titanic struggle with Napoleon and you declared war once more against her, it was these people and their descendants who, acting with the French Canadians at Detroit, at Fort Erie, at Lundy's Lane, at Crysler's Farm, at Queenston Heights, at Niagara, at Grimsby, at Kingston, at Chateauguay and on the ramparts of Quebec, gave so gallant an account of themselves, turned back your invading forces and at the end of three years of strenuous war were able to hand over the great country of Canada once more inviolate and intact to the Mother Country. [Loud applause.] Sir, that war and the incidents connected with it solidified Canadian national sentiment, both French and English toward the Mother Country.

After this there followed a long period of peace upon this Continent. During that time you were extending the boundaries of the Republic and opening up vast areas to the purpose of mankind; so also in the north the Canadians, in their quiet, unobtrusive and more modest way, were developing Canada. The Republic grew rapidly; Canada grew slowly. After a time there sprang up in this country that opinion, not dead yet, which felt that Canada could be coerced into the Union by being divorced from the trade of this country. I well remember when I was a youngster one of the most distinguished men that this country has had in modern times telling me that we in the north must either be content to be perpetually divorced from the trade of the continent or we must come into the American Union. I ventured then to tell him what history has since shown to be true, that the same spirit of sturdy resistance which characterized the people of the United States characterized their brethren to the North and that they were little likely to be coerced by considerations of this kind. But these opinions prevailed in the United States and for years a hostile tariff was maintained in this country

against Canadian products. After various efforts to modify this condition of affairs the Reciprocity Treaty of 1856 was negotiated between Mr. Marcy on your side and Lord Elgin on ours, and during the next ten years the trade between the two countries advanced by leaps and bounds greatly to the advantage of both. Notwithstanding this, those who held to the opinion that Canada could be forced into the Union by trade ostracism were so far able to control matters that at the termination of the ten years during which the Reciprocity Treaty was to run they secured its abrogation instead of its renewal. This created a very unfavorable impression in Canada, as it was regarded as an intimation upon the part of the United States that they did not desire to trade with us unless we joined them politically. 'Now at the time of the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty there was no Dominion of Canada. It was a group of scattered provinces, each independent of the other, and it was largely as a result of your action in refusing to renew the Reciprocity Treaty that Canadian statesmen felt that unless the British North American Provinces were consolidated and fused into a great confederacy it was doubtful whether they could maintain themselves upon the continent in opposition to the United States. And so a spirit of cementing unity sprang up among the various provinces, which, two years later, on the 1st of July, 1867, issued in the Confederation of the British North American Provinces and so, largely as the result of your action in these United States, there was set adrift upon the stream of time that great political entity, known as the "Dominion of Canada", stretching from where the East Atlantic billows spend their fury against the rock-bound coasts of the Maritime Provinces to where on the west the Pacific tells its tale of summer gladness to the beach, and from the International Divide on the South to where the Dog Star with brightest ray peers into the frozen bosom of the North,

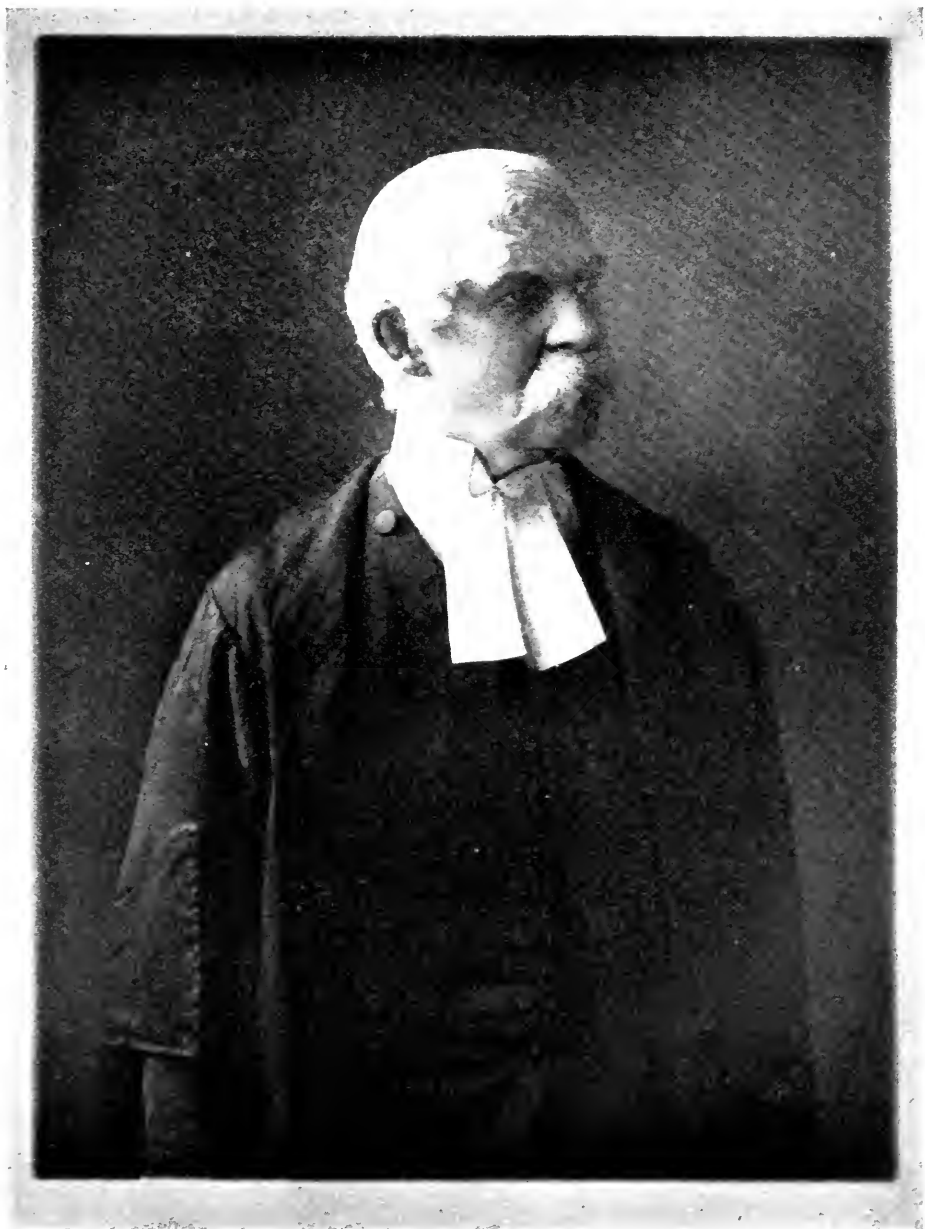
and over the whole of this vast territory, dedicated like your own great country to the genius of liberty, there is not a man who, while he wishes to cultivate terms of amity and friendship with you, is not still at the same time animated with the sentiment of maintaining the independence and integrity of his country, and the honor of its flag.

Well, sir, even after the Dominion was created, grave fears were entertained of its future and there were not wanting faint hearts who feared it would never survive its infancy, but again you came to our rescue by a series of unfriendly acts which roused in Canada sentiments of national indignation as, for instance, when, although you were forcing England on the one hand to pay you damage for the Alabama claims, you at the same time declined to pay us damage resulting from the Fenian incursions into our country. Then came your tardy and reluctant payment of the Halifax Award; your failure to ratify the Atlantic Fisheries Treaty, although that convention was signed by your own plenipotentiaries; your steady refusal to negotiate a trade treaty; then came the passage of the McKinley bill which cut off a large and lucrative trade between Canada and the United States; and this, in turn, was followed by your claim that the Behring Sea was *Mare clausum*—mere mill-pond of the United States—from which you claimed to exclude us, and your high-handed proceeding in seizing our vessels and taking them into American ports. All these and many other unfriendly acts upon your part sank deep into the minds and imaginations of our people and created a profound impression upon them; and there arose, together with a sturdy sentiment of resentment and resistance, a profound conviction amongst our people that you were actuated by feelings of animosity towards us, that no fair international bargain was to be made with you and that your only idea of fair dealing was that you should get everything and give

nothing. And so, sir, it is this great Republic which has, in a large measure, contributed to create a national sentiment throughout the Dominion and to consolidate and unify the national feeling. [Applause.]

Well, sir, we have received these hard knocks at your hands as I have told you. My father used to be very fond of telling how, years ago, in the contest between General Grant and Mr. Creely, he found himself out in Indiana and a Republican orator was telling an audience of the iniquities of the Democratic party and of the fatal instinct they had for always getting on the wrong side of every question, and after he had pointed out how successfully they had done so in the past he demonstrated how they were doing it on the present occasion, on the great question of "greenbacks". "However," said he, "fellow-citizens, let them go on. It is only by blundering and making mistakes and getting hard knocks in consequence of their mistakes that they will ever learn anything. They remind me of an old farmer up in my neighborhood whose son had a bull-pup and he was anxious to make the pup cross and savage, and so to that end he clipped his ears and docked his tail. This brought some temper to the surface, but not as much as he wished for, and so he pulled the dog about and teased him. At last his father said one day, 'Well, my boy, how are you getting along with the pup?' The boy answered 'Oh! first-rate, father. Get down on all fours and make a lunge at him.' The old man did so and the pup also lunged and grabbed the old man by the nose and held on firmly, to the delight of the urchin, who cried out, 'Hang on, father, hang on, I know it hurts but it will be the making of the pup.' [Laughter and applause.]

Well, Mr. Chairman, you have been the making of the Canadian pup. You have brought out his spirit, and so it comes to pass that we have cleaved to the Mother Country and that our development, unlike your own, has been



GEORGE TATE BLACKSTOCK



in association with her. One of the most remarkable and thoughtful deliverances I have met with in recent years emanated from one of your distinguished men, Mr. Andrew D. White, in a speech delivered in Washington, "Evolution versus Revoulution", in which he threw out the idea that perhaps all the grievances under which the American colonists labored might have yielded to constitutional agitation, and that perhaps, after all, it would have been better if the development of the United States had taken place in association with the Mother Country instead of the rebellion. Well, opinions differ about that. I am one of those who believe that it has been an immense advantage to the world that the American colonists broke away from their allegiance to Great Britain and have had an independent development of their own. [Applause.] On the other hand, sir, ours has been in association with the Mother Country and I sometimes wonder why these great minds which are engaged in your industrial enterprises do not think it worth while occasionally to examine the experiment in human government which is taking place in the country to the north of them. It is an interesting experiment and one which lies midway between the extremes of the Old World and the New. If you observe the Canadian people you will find that they are in all respects a compromise between the English and the American. It is not surprising that this should be so for we have been a small and comparatively insignificant portion of the Anglo-Saxon family sandwiched in between two large and powerful sections of it, the United States to the south, and Great Britain across the water. We have been powerfully played upon by both. On the one hand our juxtaposition to you, the circumstances that, like you, we were exploiting in a new country, that our surroundings were more closely analogous to yours than those of the Mother Country, the exigencies of pioneer life in a new country, all

these things made us borrow largely from you; hence it is that in many departments of legislation, customs, manners and forms of life we are more like you than like the Mother Country. On the other hand, we have continued to have social, political and commercial connections with the Mother Country, and have gained immensely by bringing into the new Dominion many of the customs, manners and forms of life of the older civilization of the Motherland. Hence it is that our development has been slower than yours. It has, perhaps, to some extent been more conservative and while we have lost something of the energy and rapidity of growth and development which you have known, yet, on the other hand, I think we have gained something; I think, perhaps, the sentiment of reverence has been slightly more accentuated amongst us than with you; I think, perhaps, respect for law and order has been a little more marked and that the political boss and the revolver have not been quite as much in evidence as they would have been under other circumstances. In these respects I think we have gained. We have, perhaps, been greater borrowers and more frequently guilty of grand and petit larceny than any other community I know of. We have borrowed, I need scarcely say, tremendously from you. We have done the same thing from the Mother Country. The application of the stolen goods to the circumstances of our own country and the welding them into our national life have been exclusively our own work.

Our comparative insignificance has had another result. It has compelled us to look outside ourselves, and I think I may claim for my countrymen that they are less insular and self-regarding in their views than either you on the one hand or the inhabitants of the Mother Country on the other. We have been accustomed to contemplate and study you both and hence it is that to-day we are always able to translate the Englishman and the

American to one another more successfully than they are able to interpret themselves to one another. I am one of those old-fashioned people who still believe that Providence takes a hand in the affairs of this world and I believe that when the wrench came by which you separated from Great Britain, Providence left that great country to the north of you in the possession of the British Crown in order that it might be the common ground where the United States and England should meet once more in the future and renew their bonds of affection and interest. I do not mean by that, political union, perhaps, but a union of sympathy and sentiment and it is curious to note in this regard that the rapprochement, that good feeling which now exists between Great Britain and the United States, largely results from those acute controversies which have sprung up between them in respect to the Dominion of Canada and which, yielding to peaceful solution and happy compromise, have terminated in the end in a far more friendly feeling between those who participated in those disputes than existed before. In further illustration of this idea it may be pointed out that those bold and aggressive spirits whom you furnish in such large numbers are entering into our country and are there finding renewed fields for activity, opportunities for fame and fortune which, in some instances, have been denied them at home. I need only point to such brilliant examples as Sir William Van Horne, Mr. Chas. M. Hayes, and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, all of whom are citizens of this country who have risen to the highest position of influence and honor in the Dominion of Canada, as well as having found immense fields for the useful employment of their great talents [Great applause.] So that in this respect we are also now feeling the good effects of the relation of which I have spoken.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I fear I have detained you at far too great length. It is one of the mis-

fortunes of an extempore speech that one is betrayed into situations of that kind, but before I sit down to-night I wish to say that I have not brought forward these differences which have existed between us in the past for the purpose of reviving ancient grievances and animosities. That would not only be in very bad taste, but a gross breach of your generous hospitality. My object is quite the reverse. These differences between us have been merely quarrels of the nursery, which serve in after years to draw together more closely those who participated in them. My object to-night is to persuade you that our lots have been cast upon this great continent and that our futures, as our pasts, are indissolubly bound up together. That little band of people to the north of you are the third best customers you have in the world to-day. Last year we purchased from you one hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of goods. Hostile tariffs, sir, cannot entirely interrupt friendly intercourse and friendly barter between people of generous sentiments lying on both sides of the international line.

Well, sir, to borrow a beautiful expression from your country, we are "up against" many of the same propositions in Canada that you are. I think that is one of the most forcible expressions you have ever put into circulation. [Laughter.]

Sir, I am not interested in the question of what changes are to take place upon the face of this continent. "Man proposes and God disposes", as the old copy-book headline said. I know how futile are these speculations. No one, 150 years ago, would have believed that France and Spain would have disappeared, bag and baggage, from this continent as they have in the interval. Therefore it is not germane to my object to-night to indulge in forecasts of what political alterations are likely to happen upon the face of this continent and it is of no consequence, Mr. Chairman, because there are far deeper things that ought to be occupying our minds

and engrossing our energies. The question which it is important for both of us to ask ourselves is what real contribution are we making to civilization and the advancement of the world and what is the real character of our vaunted progress? In vain you send up your tall chimneys, in vain you speed the wheels of industry, in vain you construct your vast railway and steamship services, in vain you build your private palaces and public institutions, in vain are the avenues of transportation choked with the prolific products of the field and mine and factory, in vain you amass wealth beyond the dream of Midas,

“Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand

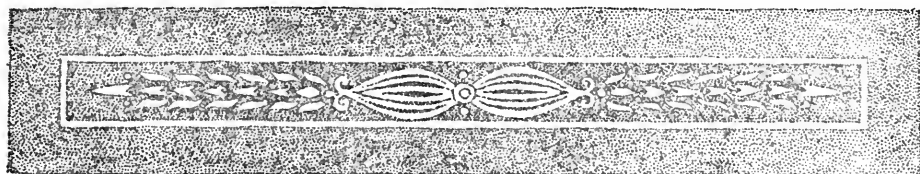
Showers on her Kings  
Barbaric pearls and gold——”

All, all, all is in vain unless the individual man, the unit, in the body politic, is marching up the hill of moral as well as material progress. The question we have to decide in common with you is whether, in this great scene of unparalleled prosperity which we occupy on both sides of the line, we are going to render ourselves examples of Goldsmith's line which says,

“And honor sinks where Commerce long prevails”,

or whether we are going to use this immense prosperity by responding to the responsibility which it entails upon us and producing a civilization correspondent to the opportunities which we have and of a kind which is likely to challenge the admiration of

mankind. [Loud applause.] And, sir, if I were able to persuade myself to-night that I was the bearer of any mission amongst you who are here, my trumpet call would summon you, not to competition with us in war, nor yet alone in commerce, nor yet alone in the peaceful arts and sciences, not in these alone but in the effort to induce mankind to scale higher and higher from one plan of moral elevation to another until we have arrived at such a pitch of progress and perfection as the world has never seen before; that the world has a right to expect from us and we shall conspicuously fail amidst all these opportunities and successes of ours unless we demonstrate as well to the world that we are capable of a moral elevation and dignity which are compatible with them. [Loud applause.] It is to this competition that I would invite you to-night; to exertion upon this ennobling structure and I cannot do better in closing than quote to you in support of this idea the magnificent language of your own immortal Webster, *Nomen praeclarum et venerabile*, speaking at the funeral of that other distinguished American, Mr. Justice Storey, when, referring to the Temple of Justice, he said: “Whoever labors on this edifice with usefulness and distinction; whoever clears its foundations, strengthens its pillars, adorns its entablatures, or contributes to raise its august dome still higher in the skies, unites himself in name and fame and character with all that is and must be durable as the frame of human society itself.” [Long and continued applause.]



# IMPRESSIONS OF ONTARIO

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM CALDWELL

## III. PLACES AND SCENES IN ONTARIO



HAVE already spoken of the fact that you can see in Ontario something of every characteristic Canadian activity, farming, lumbering, mining, fishing, manufacturing, speculative enterprise and so on. It is certainly equally true that you can also see there most of the things that are typical of Canada from the point of view of natural scenery, of the kind of country that you happen to be interested in. There are hills and mountainous regions in Ontario, although these cannot compare, of course, in impressiveness, with the mountain glories of the great Canadian West or with those of Switzerland or Colorado. There are lakes and rivers all over Ontario. There are literally thousands of those silent yet speaking bodies of water, both large and small, those "cathedral aisles of the forests" as they have been called. There are in Ontario all the lake and river facilities for that wonderful fishing and lumbering and sporting life of our Canadian men and our Canadian youth. There is the endless bush and forest land without which Canada would not be Canada. There are the ever-recurring shores and the vistas, and the immensities of the great inland seas of the North American continent. There is the contact at a thousand points with the impressive waters of Lake Ontario, Lake Huron, Lake Superior, James Bay, Hudson

Bay (if you get up so far), not to mention the Georgian Bay and Lake St. Clair, and so on—those outlying parts of the Great Lake system that to those living on their shores are just as wonderfully impressive as the Great Lakes themselves.

It is customary in attempting a description of Ontario to distinguish the following parts or sections—the Upper St. Lawrence region (about Brockville, Kingston, Belleville), the Lake Erie region (Chatham, St. Thomas, Simcoe), the Lake Huron region and the Bruce Peninsula (Godfrich, Kincardine, Walkerton), the Lake St. Clair region (off from Chatham on to Windsor and Sarnia), and the Georgian Bay region including the Muskoka district (the famous holidaying ground of so many Torontonians and of so many Americans), the Ottawa Valley region (Ottawa, Renfrew, Pembroke), Newer Ontario in the Timiskaming region, the Lake Superior region and so on. Then it is natural to speak of the famous farming region of Western Ontario, of all those fine counties with English names (Essex, Kent, Middlesex), and the fruit-growing region about St. Catharines and the Niagara Peninsula. You single out too for the purposes of description and designation, the mining section of Northern Ontario (about Cobalt, Sudbury, Haileybury), the fishing centres at Owen Sound and on the shore of Lake Superior, the manufacturing towns like Toronto, Ottawa,



Oshawa, Hamilton, Brantford, Sault Ste. Marie, and the milling towns of Fort William and Port Arthur. And then there is the great railway centre at North Bay where you get (from the enormous freight and passenger traffic) a vivid and a lasting idea of the tremendous inter-provincial and inter-continental traffic of Canada, and of the business of Canada with the United States.

I have referred in my other articles (at least incidentally) to many of these wonderful Ontario districts and places, introducing diverse impressions and reflections. And you certainly feel after travelling about in it that no one has any idea of Ontario who has not somehow seen at least many of them, who has not spent some time, say, on a model farm in Western Ontario, who has not whiled away a day near the Thousand Islands and the Muskoka region noticing all the privileged holiday life that you will see there, who has not seen the sunsets of Goderich and Kincardine, who has not spent a Saturday night in a place like Chesley, who has not played a game of golf on the superb Cataraqui Lakes at Kingston, of a game of bowls in the evening in some charming village green with a lot of Old Country Canadians, men who set forth in their play and in their ways all the fun and all the humor of the old world and of the new.

You are really sorry, too, for a person who has not spent a day or two in some such Old-Country-like Ontario inn, or hotel, as you may find in a place like Cobourg or Walkerton. There is a dream of an inn, by the way, in this last town of Walkerton, that in the matter of the taste of its rooms, of its quiet charm, of the dark restful colors of its walls, recalls many an old English inn. And there is a similar charming country hotel at Kincardine, kept by a Napoleon-of-Notting-Hill-like Englishman who was once a chorister in Norwich Cathedral. Think of it, the traditions and suggestions of an English Cathedral town

far away in a new world! And you feel again, perhaps, that you can give but little idea of the life of Ontario to a person who has not travelled out of North Bay in a smoking-car with a lot of diamond-like Canadian lads and men going out West to "move" the crops. I met some scores of them in this way, men with their service buttons still on, going out to "clean up" those peaceful fields of Western Canada in as businesslike and determined a way as they "cleaned up" the bloody fields of Flanders. You want to talk, too, if you would know Ontario, to such people as the mining engineers you encounter about Haileybury and Sudbury, the commercial travellers on all the trains, those modern knights of the road, who know in their own smart way about the whole life of this continent. Then there is the corner drug store potentate of a country town who doles out to you over a "soda drink" the whole wisdom or the whole prejudice of an entire community. And you will meet a judge here and there, perhaps, a colonel either of local militia or of an Overseas battalion, a talkative hotelkeeper, a communicative railway conductor, the faithful doctor of a countryside, the bright young lady at the desk of a summer hotel. And above all you want to talk to the clergy of all the different denominations and to the principals of the high schools. For it is these two last sets of men, who in their influential, although inadequately remunerated positions, carry in their minds and their souls and in their daily lives all the problems, most of the joys and most of the sorrows of our fluid and over-sanguine Western civilization.

Never as long as I live (it was indeed a bright vision) can I forget a splendid example of the better class Ontario farm that I visited near Leamington one summer evening in company with the local Presbyterian minister. It was a superb, prosperous model farm, famous for miles throughout the surrounding country. Here you saw, as you toured in a car over

its beautiful well-kept paths, all that the industry and the love of man, all that science and experiment and the faithful toil of years could do for a fine piece of farmland in a wonderful region with superlative climatic conditions. The owner, I learned, had been at work there but for some fifteen years. And he had a way of taking into a kind of working partnership with him any deserving helper, starting many men on farms of their own. He was forever giving away roots and seeds and so on, and always handing out the benefit of his unique experience, and he was a public spirited citizen and an ardent church worker, teaching with regularity a young men's class in the local Sunday School. Such a man I hold to be, like Agamemnon, a "king of men", worth untold millions to Ontario or to any other country. And I am proud to think that there are many others like him all over Canada. I cannot see why such an agriculturist is not worthy of the degree of Doctor from Toronto or any other Canadian University. He is veritably the doctor or professor of an art or a science or a culture that is the most ancient and the most honorable of all the activities, that is at the root of everything else, of civilization itself.

By way of a further random reference to typical points and places in Ontario I would like to mention (or mention again) Goderich, Kincardine, Pembroke, Ridgetown, Guelph, Sarnia, Barrie. Goderich, for example, it situated on a fine bluff or raised shore of Lake Huron. It commands at one famous point a beautiful and extensive view over an incoming river that is spanned by a marvellous railway bridge, on to the stretches and enclosures of an immense natural harbor, and out into the vast spaces of the boundless lake beyond, an "ocean" for all practical purposes—a view that for sheer sweep and magnificence could not be surpassed anywhere. And like Cobourg and Kingston and Bowmanville and numberless

other Ontario towns, Goderich contains many fascinating old residences and houses that, with their grounds and their trees and their lawns, have an inexpressible Old Country or Old Colonial charm.

The sunsets, again, that you see off Kincardine, away out on the spaces of the great Lake Huron, are quite equal in their way to those of the lower St. Lawrence, and this is saying a good deal. And for the delight of the visiting Scotsman, or the historically inclined person, you have near Kincardine a whole crop of interesting little hamlets and villages with such Scottish names as Holyrood, Glamis, Bervie, and so on, just as you have elsewhere in Ontario for the reflective Englishman a whole crop of Old Country names and associations about places like Stratford and Woodstock and St. Mary's on the Thames.

In Guelph, to take another example of a characteristic new world interest, there is a portion of that royal and ancient city quite close to the station and just behind the commercial buildings there, and near the imposing Church of Our Lady (this reminds you by the way of many a famous burg or Calvary in old Europe) that, in the quaintness of its old streets and the stillness of its cathedral-like closes and enclosures reminds you of portions of Oxford or St. Andrews.

Pembroke, to turn to it for a moment, is rapturously situated in a fine region at the junction of two splendid rivers, one of them the Ottawa. And you look off there in that high clear windswept atmosphere, from the bridge in the middle of the town, across the river on to the Laurentian mountains and the Ottawa shore of the Old French Province of Quebec. The whole effect of the situation and the prospect here is at once magnificent and inspiring. And the public buildings in Pembroke, and the spacious shops and the beautiful homes, would do credit indeed to many a more famous or pretentious place. And I was

told by a McGill student who drove me about here in his car, that the amount of quiet wealth and solid success on the part of many of the Pembroke people was something astonishing. Many there have built up big businesses and splendid spacious homes out of next to nothing to begin with. But this, to be sure, is true of many other places in Ontario and throughout Canada.

At Sarnia, as I indicated in my first article, you can see between yourself and the great American Republic across the river, a fine clear channel of some two miles in width, and on it vessels of the largest description passing up and down between the Great Lakes—the whole thing but some three hundred yards from the steps of your hotel or the windows of your street car. It is an impressive and an awe-inspiring sight.

The small town of Ridgetown again, to take another example, is fortunate in having within driving distance a great Provincial park that is as wonderful as anything in all Ontario. The Algonquin Park, I confess, not to have seen. In this Ridgetown park you can see at once impenetrable bush and noble ancient trees, big game, small game, camping grounds (for all who will keep the rules), keepers' houses, breeding-grounds and cages for different kinds of animals and so on. And it has numerous accessible and attractive entrances and exits and endless vistas out onto a lake that is practically an ocean.

And as for its superb situation right on the edge of Lake Simcoe, the brilliance of its charm, the pleasing modernity of its main street (with the usual complement of new banks and shops) its attractive and solidly built stone station, commend me of all places, anywhere, to the little town of Barrie. It is simply a miracle of joy, at least in the typical Canadian sunlight. The view here across the bay to Allandale (there is another fine soft name for you) on an evening with a sunset, in the midst of all the sur-

rounding hills, dotted here and there as they are with fine residences and church spires and so on, is one of the finest and the most romantically beautiful things in Ontario.

A baggageman of Barrie by the way, with whom I had a chat of half an hour's duration, sitting on a hand-car and looking out on to the lake, told me confidentially that the only trouble with that fascinating little place was that there were on its Town Council a good many retired farmers who had a way of blocking all attempts at local improvements and local expenditures. And I learned similarly in other Ontario places, that the farmer, say, who had retired some years ago with what was then a competency, was to-day finding considerable difficulty in adjusting himself to the increased cost of living. But in spite of all this sort of thing, and to judge by the many fine school buildings and the many fine town halls that you see, and so on, there are obviously throughout Ontario many generous Town Councillors and public spirited taxpayers. Ingersoll, for example, when I was there, was just finishing the erection of a high school that was quite a big and expensive and impressive affair. Its erection, I was told, had been no small drain on the resources of that small community.

One can muse and think, it can thus readily be seen, in many of these Ontario places about most or all of the social and economic and political problems that are coming up for solution there just as they are in the big world outside. There is in fact throughout Ontario no lack of a real intellectual and social interest for all rightly disposed people. Men are talking and thinking all over Ontario just as they are talking and thinking elsewhere. It is no merely provincial and no merely rustic, or primitive, world that people are living in in Ontario, but a great living active civilization. And all these smaller communities are going to turn out their crop of writers and thinkers and leaders in the near

future. They are already doing so in fact. The Ontario farmer's movement is showing only too plainly that the plain man, and the worker, of Ontario are coming into politics for themselves and for their kind. They do not know everything, these farmer politicians, to be sure, but they are no longer willing to leave politics and social questions to lawyers and politicians of the old professional class.

Every smaller centre in Ontario is indeed a real microcosm, a true little world, a true picture of the macrocosm, of the great world of the province as a whole, or of that of the busy countries that surround it.

I have thus referred in the sketchy and random manner that alone is possible here to such typical places and scenes as I was privileged to see on a lecturing trip. I entered Ontario, as I indicated in the second article, from the St. Lawrence region, going directly west, and then all about the middle region and then away north to Sudbury and Haileybury, and then south again and round about, ending up in Mr. Meighen's town of St. Mary's. In this last place I was glad to be able to quote some constructive things from some of his past speeches. Many important places and scenes and things have naturally and inevitably been here overlooked or omitted. And I have not said more than a single sentence about Toronto. For, of course, I naturally made a definite point of trying to "take in" the great annual Ontario Fair at Toronto on my way back to Montreal.

I had the advantage of arriving in Toronto on Labor Day when the Exhibition crowds from scores of neighboring towns and places were simply immense. And you could certainly see more of the Ontario spirit on the streets of Toronto that Labor Day, or in ten minutes among the Exhibition crowds, than you could see in months in the smaller places, unless you happened to bring there some sort of knowledge of Ontario as a whole or of Toronto, its capital city.

In that wonderful Toronto and "Empire Triumphant" Fair there were indeed abundant signs of everything that is characteristic of Ontario and of the Dominion. As an annual thing the Toronto Fair is about the most stimulating, and the most unifying, and the most impressive institution that any country could possibly have. It exceeded altogether, for example, in scope and in detail the wonderful Yorkshire Fair which I was privileged to see in England last summer. It seemed to equal almost the great international exhibitions. Toronto and its life and spirit, and its marvellous annual Fair are certainly a unique expression of the entire life of Ontario and Canada, and the whole world would do well to take note of it. And what is more, it is all a perfect mirror too, of the life that connects Ontario with the great British Commonwealth and with the rest of the Dominion, and with the United States. It certainly goes without saying that unless you have lived and visited and strolled about Toronto for days and weeks you know little about the spirit and the life that seems to penetrate and to animate the whole of Ontario. I can certainly testify that for one reason or another, possibly the educational activity that is focused in Toronto, or possibly its newspapers, or possibly the energy of the Toronto business men, there is no small place whatsoever in Ontario that does not reflect the dominating influence of the Capital city, as well as the spirit of the great new world that lies all around Ontario and that touches it at a hundred points.

There is one other typical Ontario natural feature or picture to which I have made but an imperfect reference. This is the presence in Ontario, in one way or another, of the foreigner, the immigrant, the alien. It may be the foreign girl in the mill or in the canning factories that you happen to notice. Or it may be the fruit-packers going out into the country on trucks and lorries or in the cars of the radial

railways, or it may be the navvies in the ditches or in the mines and the construction camps, or it may be the Greeks in the fruit stores, or the Chinamen in the laundries, and so on. But there he, or she, is your foreigner or your group of foreigners, whether in a conspicuous or an inconspicuous capacity. And you seem to notice the foreigner all the more in Ontario, and the doings and the ways of obvious foreigners, just because Ontario is otherwise such a Scotch-English-Irish kind of place. So scarce, however, for example, is "help" in Ontario hotels at the present time, and so difficult is it to get the native-born Canadian to do certain menial things, whether for

good pay or for any kind of pay, that many hotels in smaller places in Ontario are apparently giving up the dining-room feature of hotel life altogether. They simply cannot carry it through for the lack of help. And their guests have to go out on to the streets in search, perhaps, for the nearest good Chinese restaurant. Or you may find occasionally a café-restaurant being run by a Chinaman in connection with the smaller hotels, but quite independent of the hotel management.

I have said enough, I think, by way of a sketchy indication of some characteristic scenes and places and features in Ontario.

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The subject of Professor Caldwell's article for the April number is "Places and Scenes in Ontario".

## THE DEATHLESS NIGHTINGALE

By J. D. LOGAN

WHEN I am old, and, one by one, devoted friends  
 Have passed to timeless Sabbaths on Life's thither side,  
 I'll wait till all the fierce, impetuous day-fret ends,  
 And hang my undimmed love-lamp high each eventide.  
 With folded hands, and bent in lowly listening,  
 I'll sit before my night-watch windows, opened wide,  
 To hear the woodland nightingale clear caroling  
 Enchanting nocturnes from his wonted woody nide.

What blessed memories his bell-clear clarions will bring  
 Of lost days on the sunlit lawns of purest bliss—  
 Ecstatic days when your most dear companioning  
 Turned every fancied desert to an oasis.  
 Should Death take all I love—and You whom most I prize—  
 And leave me bared and lone upon Life's bleakest lea,  
 He cannot still the nightingale that never dies—  
 Your nightingale that sings each eventide to me!

# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

Whatever else may have been accomplished at Washington, the British Empire has been interpreted to the American people as it never was before. It was singularly fortunate that a courteous and scholarly gentleman like Mr. Balfour should have headed the British delegation. Few men of his time have greater charm or greater simplicity notwithstanding all his diplomatic dexterity. He came to the United States during the war, gravely doubting how he would be received, lamenting that he did not understand the American people, and fearing that he might fail in his mission through inability to catch the atmosphere and deliver the right message. He found that he only needed to be himself and from the first he was profoundly interested and attracted by the New World which he had perhaps neglected in his thought and in his reading. From the first, too, the affection and respect were mutual. Mr. Balfour has had many experiences and many triumphs but one feels that there is nothing he will cherish more deeply through the rest of his life than the memories of his association with American statesmen and the American people and the sense that perhaps he did something to assure enduring amity between the Empire and the Republic. No man could be more unlike Lord Bryce and yet he seems to have got as close to Americans as did the democratic author of "The American Commonwealth". There is, too, something of a revelation in the fact that both men were appreciated and both understood. Nowhere is distinction more quickly recognized than at Washington or the quality of a man more readily distinguished from the pretension of a demagogue. The place in its regard which the United States has given to Mr. Balfour is an answer to many charges that are laid against its press and its people. And as Americans continue to think upon what has happened at Washington they will see ever more clearly that the United States and the British Empire have common ideals and common objects and that Great Britain was abreast if not in advance of any other nation represented at the Conference in support of all practicable proposals to ease the burden of armaments, to remove causes of international friction and to ensure by concession and compromise the peace and security of mankind.

## II

A remarkable reserve has been maintained by the new ministers at Ottawa ever since they took office. In this there is evidence of strength and wisdom. Their attitude suggests that they mean to understand the problems which they must handle and will not aggravate a difficult national situation by rash and ill-considered legislation. In the one speech that Mr. King made in North York he displayed good temper and excellent discretion. It is creditable to

the constituencies which the ministers represent that they were not required to undergo the ordeal of bye-elections. The opposition with which Mr. King was threatened in North York did not produce a good feeling in the country. Over certain incidents, however, for which Mr. King was not responsible a local feeling was excited which the more moderate Conservative element in the constituency found it hard to subdue. But ultimately to the credit of the Conservative party Mr. King was returned without a contest and no doubt this decision gave Mr. Meighen an easier victory in Grenville.

The Progressives who forced Mr. Meighen into a contest cannot be congratulated on their action. The Conservative leader fought as gallant a battle in the general election as ever was fought by any public man in Canada. His defeat in Manitoba cannot fairly be regarded as a reflection upon his integrity or his capacity. In the state of feeling which prevailed the Progressives were invincible in the Western Provinces as the Liberals were invincible in Quebec. But Mr. King and his colleagues recognized that it was desirable to have Mr. Meighen in Parliament and the Progressives would have answered to the general public temper if they had shown the same generosity. Indeed there is reason to think that neither Mr. Crerar nor Mr. Drury was anxious to have the Conservative leader opposed. The less tolerant wing of the Progressives, which even regards Mr. Drury with some suspicion and is not altogether amenable to Mr. Crerar's orders, precipitated the contest in Grenville. They have the satisfaction of knowing that they dragged a man worn out with the strain of the general election into a winter campaign and gained nothing but the condemnation of more chivalrous people and a decisive defeat in a contest into which they should not have entered.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Stewart, Minister of the Interior, could not secure a seat in Alberta. But in this connection no reproach necessarily lies against the Progressives. In all the history of Canada no Liberal has ever resigned in order to make way for a Conservative minister nor has any Conservative ever resigned to accommodate a Liberal minister. If it is the settled policy of the United Farmers to maintain a separate and independent political organization they could not be expected to hand a seat over to the "old parties". Whether or not the Farmers' party can hold its strength in the country is an open question. In 1912 under Roosevelt the Progressives of the United States polled six million votes but four years afterward the party was a ruin, the Bull Moose was sent out to pasture, the sword of the Lord and of Gideon had fallen from Roosevelt's hand and he was back among the Republicans. It is true that "class consciousness" was not the inspiring principle of the American Progressives but one doubts if in that principle there is the seed of life in a free country. The Progressives of the United States built upon a wider foundation and they had a leader of as great resource and courage as had appeared in American politics since Andrew Jackson.

Unquestionably, however, the Farmers' movement in Canada will have permanent social and political effects, and by no means all for evil, but it is hard to believe that it will have length of days as a "political entity". The chances are that the King Government will grow stronger and soon command a working majority in Parliament. At the moment there is a general feeling in the country that ministers have many difficult questions to handle, that the time is unfavorable for partisan jangling, that to force another general election would not help either Conservatives or Progressives, and that, save where vital convictions and principles are at stake, all groups in Parliament should co-operate to stop waste and extravagance, to stimulate production in field and factory, and to maintain confidence and stability. In Canada as in

other countries there are signs that the people are growing weary of intemperate agitation and destructive legislation and returning to the old belief that the man who made his talent produce other talents was after all a more faithful servant than the man who buried his talent and produced nothing.

### III

It looks as though we would again have "the Protestant Horse" and what the late Joseph Tait used to call the "Hyree-archy" in the politics of Ontario. It cannot be expected that Protestant taxpayers will agree to any system of taxation that will give an undue proportion of the public revenue to Roman Catholic schools. On the other hand no Roman Catholic taxpayer who desires to support Separate Schools should have to contribute to Public Schools. There have been revolutionary changes in methods of industrial and financial organization, and many new taxes have been devised for Provincial purposes. If there is any reason to doubt that these taxes fall with equity upon Roman Catholics it should be possible to revise the system or to justify it without a fresh religious quarrel. Why should it be impossible to have a reference to a judicial tribunal with the right of ultimate appeal to the Imperial Privy Council? One may regret that Separate Schools ever were established but they do exist and they constitute the very bedrock of the Confederation settlement. There should be no concession of new rights or privileges to any racial or religious element but nothing that the Constitution gives should be withheld and it is a doubtful national advantage to exalt the letter above the spirit. We need peace, co-operation and good-will in Canada as we never did before, and if the Roman Catholic leaders in Ontario are making a demand for taxes to which they are not entitled, or are drawing an undue proportion of the Provincial school revenues surely the facts can be established by an independent tribunal before which the problem can be investigated in all its phases and a judgment rendered which all parties in the Legislature and all elements in the Province can accept.

### IV

With the spring will come the building season. In most of the industrial centres there is an acute scarcity of houses. Not only are rentals high but thousands of families simply cannot find decent accommodation. A common estimate is that at least five years will be required to overtake the scarcity of dwelling houses. It is admitted that with the prevailing high wages, high cost of supplies and high rates for money it is difficult to build houses in which people of small incomes can afford to live. But if there is no revival of building rents must remain high and housing accommodation continue inadequate.

Many builders contend that they cannot undertake new building projects until wages are reduced. Many workers suspect that the chief desire of builders is to take advantage of a season of depression to force wages back to pre-war levels. Neither builders nor workers are grateful for outside advice. It is doubtful if even the appeals of Mr. Murdock will have any far-reaching effect. There is little that government can do to compel co-operation between employers and workers. One group dislikes coercion as much as the other. It is manifest, however, that there must be some readjustment of wages as the cost of living decreases, that without lower building costs there will not be materially lower rentals, and that strikes and lockouts have greatly retarded the restoration of normal commercial and industrial conditions.



It has been estimated that for the first half of 1921 strikes over the world involved a loss in wages of \$1,180,000,000. This would give a total for the twelve months of \$2,360,000,000. Possibly the estimate is excessive since during the last six months of the year there was some cessation of industrial conflict. The calculation, however, that the loss in wages in 1921 was enough to give 2,000,000 men a year's work at \$100 a month is probably fairly accurate. In the building industry alone it is estimated that the unwillingness of employers to give the wages demanded by workers delayed construction to the value of \$10,000,000,000. The official journal of the Trades Union Congress of Great Britain declares that 1921 was the most disastrous year in the history of British Labor organizations. The total reduction in wages is put at \$40,000,000. The unions distributed \$35,000,000 in relief of unemployed members. It is stated in recent cable despatches that a Trades Union Reform Association has been organized "to prevent the evils and tremendous cost of the present system and to obviate huge levies being squandered as in the past". Its manifesto denounces "the reckless mixture of political and industrial effort" by which apparently it is believed industrial conditions in Great Britain have been seriously aggravated.

More and more it becomes apparent that governmental meddling and political intrusion into the arena of business rarely produces good results. In Great Britain, in the United States and in other countries Industrial Councils and other projects for co-operation between employers and workers have steadied wages, increased production and brought happy agreements to prevent reduction of staffs and to assure partial employment to all workers where full staffs at full wages cannot be retained. No country has yet discovered a sovereign remedy for all industrial evils and distresses but it does become clearer that many employers have a new conception of the human relation and that in co-operation to increase production and adjust wages to the fortunes and conditions of industry there are guarantees of benefits to employers and workers which cannot be secured through coercion and conflict. Labor itself in many cases is taking a new attitude and multitudes of employers are striving as never before to deserve the confidence and good-will of the working partners in their common enterprises.

## V.

Dr. Skelton of Queen's University has been greatly concerned over the status of Sir Robert Borden at Washington. *The Manitoba Free Press* has shown equal anxiety. So *The Toronto Daily Star* has been troubled, and we may be sure that Mr. J. S. Ewart, K.C., is not happy. According to these Imperial reconstructionists or destructionists, as you may happen to look at it, the Meighen Government receded from the position achieved by Canada at Versailles and permitted Sir Robert Borden to go to Washington by courtesy of the British Cabinet and not as the independent representative of Canada as an equal nation in the Empire.

The *Free Press* argues that Sir Robert went to Washington "as a member of the British delegation, upon invitation of the British Government, and he was present in Washington, at least at the outset of the Conference, not as the direct representative of Canada, but as the Canadian expert of the British delegation. There are those who can see no distinction between the two positions. But the Premier of South Africa saw the difference clearly enough. He saw that the other Dominions by accepting this arrangement had thrown away the rights they won at Paris; and he entered his protest. If as the result of that protest the character of the British delegation at Washington was so

changed as to regularize the procedure with the precedent of Paris, it is time there was an official announcement to this effect. So far as the known official record shows there has been no such formal change."

It is true that Canada was represented as an Empire at Washington, but is that something against which the Canadian people desire to protest? Although Sir Robert Borden belonged to the Imperial delegation he was peculiarly the representative of the Dominion. He was nominated by the Canadian Government, he spoke for Canada and he signed for Canada. He was under no greater obligation to consider purely Imperial interests as against purely Canadian interests than he would have been if Great Britain had never existed. He was not instructed by London nor primarily responsible to London. He was not treated at Washington as a subordinate of Mr. Balfour nor as a mere registering agent for the British Cabinet. The Meighen Government sacrificed nothing nor laid any indignity upon Canada.

In a speech before the Canadian Club of Ottawa Dr. Skelton asked, "If Sir Robert Borden is not representing the British Empire and is not representing Canada, then who is he representing at Washington?" In answer to this *The Winnipeg Tribune* said:

"Sir Robert Borden is at Washington representing the entirely causal efficiency of British constitutional methods. There are ten thousand Skeltons scattered about the Empire who could invent a status for Sir Robert Borden at Washington. There is no more difficulty about this than about fitting him with a new coat, and the two operations would not be dissimilar. If a thing is unfortunate, it must be unfortunate for some interest or person. Sir Robert Borden is at Washington, and from all accounts is doing very good work there. Is this unfortunate for Sir Robert Borden, for Great Britain, for Canada, for the British Empire? How is it that men obsessed with fixed ideas can never realize how absurd they are? Although Sir Robert Borden's activities at Washington appear to be satisfactory all round, Professor Skelton is no doubt ready to continue demonstrating with his last breath that a misfortune has been suffered."

There is a suggestion of nagging, of a perverse determination to find grievances, in the attitude of Dr. Skelton and his allies. Practically we are asked to trust every nation but Great Britain and to believe that only in London is there plotting against Canada. There is rejoicing when Canada is represented at Paris or Geneva. Deep conspiracies are suspected when Canadian ministers go to Imperial Conferences in London. What does it all mean? Is it actually suggested that Canada should hold exactly the same relation to Great Britain that she holds to the United States or France or Italy? Is it wrong or dangerous for the Dominions and the Mother Country to agree, or endeavor to agree, upon a common policy in international affairs and upon common action at International Conferences? Are we to unite in war and divide in peace, to make common sacrifices for Empire and yet deny the fact of Empire?

Day by day we are told that we must co-operate with Washington and as faithfully warned that there is danger in co-operation with Great Britain. For that after all is the plain meaning of the attempt to sow suspicion of British statesmen in Canada and to discover evil designs in the dealings of Imperial ministers with the Dominions. We continually demand new privileges in the Empire. No one suggests that we should shoulder additional obligations or responsibilities. If we were as ready to suspect and distrust Washington as we are to suspect and distrust London the happy relations which now exist between the American and Canadian people would soon be vitally disturbed. No doubt plain speaking is natural within the family but eternal nagging and suspicion do not make a happy household. Nothing could have been more wisely ordered than the representation of the Empire at Washington and it is merely mischievous to suggest that Canada was slighted and humiliated by the Meighen Government or the Imperial Government.

## VI

It cannot be doubted that there is a reaction against Prohibition in Western Canada. The proposal to have a referendum in order to discover the real attitude of the people towards Government control as established in Quebec and British Columbia was defeated by only two votes in the Legislature of Manitoba. In the debate, however, there was a good deal of shuffling and evasion. Many of the speakers were content to give their chief attention to the advantages or disadvantages of testing public feeling by referendum. There was attack upon the genuineness of the petitions presented. Differences of opinion were expressed as to the obligation of the Legislature to act upon petitions signed by fifty thousand people.

In 1916 the Legislature passed an Act recognizing the principle of direct legislation. The bill, however, was declared *ultra vires* by the Canadian courts and by the Imperial Privy Council. In theory governmental legislation must originate with the Lieutenant Governor and it was held that any measure empowering the people to initiate legislation by direct action was unconstitutional. It is pointed out, however, by *The Manitoba Free Press* that there is nothing to prevent the Legislature passing an Act and providing that it shall take effect only when it is approved by the people. In this way the people can be directly consulted and the constitutional objection to direct legislation overcome. The *Free Press* professes to believe that in all the Western provinces changes in the liquor laws must be made by the people themselves and that for all such legislation neither governments nor legislatures will take the final responsibility. It suggests that the petition of the Moderation League for what Sir Wilfrid Laurier defined as "a consultation of the people" must be granted but argues that the question voted upon must be so stated as to leave no room for controversy over the exact meaning of the popular verdict when it has been pronounced. It is certain, therefore, that the people of Manitoba will be asked to decide whether Prohibition shall continue or some system of direct sale by government be established.

In Saskatchewan also the Moderation League seems to be making substantial headway. The *Regina Leader* points out that "whatever the Government could do to enforce the Temperance Act appears to have been done", and that many amendments have been put through the Legislature to make the measure effective, but that despite all this the law is not being enforced. It states that in 1919 four-fifths of the time of the Provincial Police was occupied in attempting to enforce the liquor legislation, that the cost of maintaining the force had then increased from \$140,000 to \$350,000 a year and that "since then the force has been further increased and the cost of maintaining it has practically doubled".

Dr. J. M. Ulrich, speaking in the Legislature at Regina a few days ago, described Prohibition as "Failure, Folly and Farce", and insisted that it had not lessened the consumption of liquor or the evils of intemperance. *The Melville Progress* demands a system of governmental dispensaries at central points in Saskatchewan. The Swift Current *Sun* declares that the Saskatchewan Liquor Commission has done its best but is not supported by public opinion and that the temperance laws are bringing the institutions of government into contempt among the foreign population. *The La Fleche Advocate* says: "Our Government know that the present situation is intolerable and the sooner they remedy it the better."

*The Alameda Dispatch* states that the people of its district "will not rest content till our Province is absolutely bone-dry or the liquor business is

handled by the Government in a clean and upright manner". *The Macoun Post* holds that "the growing sentiment in favor of government control is not promulgated by agitators but is the realization of the people that they have made a mistake and that in the frenzied desire to improve conditions the pendulum was pushed too far". *The Estevan Progress* says, "If the Provincial Governments are powerless to eliminate the traffic within their borders then it would be better to establish a system of government control." *The Estevan Mercury* deplures "the lamentable fact that popular sentiment is not enlisted on the side of law enforcement", and adds, "notwithstanding the overwhelming majority for absolute Prohibition in Saskatchewan it is common knowledge that liquor is illicitly made in more homes of the people than could be covered by the entire police force". The view of *The Weyburn Herald* is that "like a man willing to sacrifice his wife's relations, too many are in favor of the Prohibition law against the other fellow only". The Village Council of Macoun in a resolution deplures the flagrant disregard of the law and "the appalling conditions in the Prairie Provinces" and suggests federal government dispensaries, abolition of the income tax and application of the revenue from liquor to payment of the National Debt.

The Regina *Leader*, which quotes these extracts from the weekly press of Saskatchewan, is the chief Liberal journal of the Province and urges the Martin Government to undiminished effort to enforce the Temperance Law" as long as it remains on the Statute Books of the Province," but adds:—"At the same time *The Morning Leader* cannot fail to recognize the widespread antagonism to the Act that exists throughout the Province or to appreciate the danger of keeping on the Statute Books a law that cannot be enforced with reasonable success. The causes of temperance and good government both suffer when legislation of this sort gets too far in advance of the public conscience. A real Temperance Act that can be enforced with reasonable success is much to be preferred to a Prohibition Act that cannot be." *The Leader* recalls and emphasizes a statement made by Attorney General Turgeon when the Saskatchewan Temperance Act was before the Legislature. "The administration of this law," he said, "must have the support and co-operation of the great mass of the public. To that end it is necessary that a new public conscience be created. Unless this new public conscience can be created, tremendous harm will be done to our citizenship by trying to enforce Prohibition no matter how beneficial some of its results may be, and in the long run it will have to be abandoned."

It is not intended to apply these statements and arguments to Ontario or to insist upon the advantages of government control over absolute Prohibition. No one can doubt that without the support of an active and energetic public opinion prohibitory legislation cannot be made effective. That has been demonstrated over and over again in human history and apparently we begin to have a new demonstration of the old truth in the Prairie Provinces. In Ontario, too, violation of the law is far more general and far more flagrant than anyone seems willing to admit. Sir William Hearst never intended to establish bone-dry Prohibition although he has been held responsible by its opponents for all that was done by the Dominion Government and by the people themselves. One does not know what his attitude was towards such a system as has been established in Quebec and British Columbia. It is worth recalling that Saskatchewan once had the dispensary system and that in the judgment of Prohibitionists its results were thoroughly unsatisfactory. Must we set down the liquor question and the Irish question as the insoluble problems of the ages?



THE STORY BOOK

From the Painting by  
J. J. Shannon  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# SALVATION

BY ANNA WALCOTT D'AETH

**I**T was night, and within an hour a new year would be born. The earth lay waiting in hushed expectancy, drenched in a chill flood of icy moonlight. Between banks of dark timber the frozen river curved away into an eternity of dreamless silence, like an endless white road leading to everlasting sleep.

Against its pale background two dark figures moved rapidly, restless atoms of humanity fretting through a universe of boundless space. They were the only living things in that still world; the only breath of sound was the whisper of their snow-shoes. They were traveling light, and they swung from side to side with a wide, free movement that carried them over the ground in great strides. They were sweating in spite of the cold, and their breath rose steam-like in an atmosphere of forty below.

Suddenly, the younger one stopped with a jerk, and threw his head back like an animal who has caught some scent.

"*Arretez!*" he cried sharply. "Heavens! What was that?"

His companion stopped also, and together they listened like hunted wolves. Silence answered them, deep and impenetrable, the terrifying silence of death. The Sphinx-like mystery of the Arctic hung brooding over that great Northland.

"*Ce n'est rien,*" said the elder, with a shrug. "You hear always something, Jacques! What can harm us now that we have put miles between us and the camp? Another forty, and

we reach the railway. They may not discover him for hours, and by then we will be safe."

"I am afraid," faltered Jacques. He was only a boy, and he was terrified at the thing he had done.

It was the fault of the whiskey that Pierre himself had bribed an Indian to get for their Christmas celebration. All three had been drunk for days, soddenly, brutally drunk. They had made the holy Christmas a day of shame, these lonely French Canadian timber-cruisers who belonged to that strange inarticulate army that carries on life's work in the silent places of the earth.

That evening, they had been playing cards. There were words, blows; Jacques's dazed mind remembered only that, in a drunken frenzy, he and Francois were hacking and slashing at something. When at last they stopped, the horror of the deed froze their blood and sobered them completely. They left the cabin just as it was, in shameless, drunken disorder, with Pierre's crumbled body on the floor, and hastened through the sleeping Indian village and down the river toward the railway. They had not slackened pace since, and the boy was faint with weariness.

"*J'ai peur, moi,*" he whispered to the unfriendly landscape, and they tramped doggedly on again.

A strange moaning sound seemed to rise from the earth, growing louder as it spread on the frosty air, like the tortured wailing of a lost soul. Both men stopped as though turned to stone. Jacques crossed himself, and his stiff lips moved in a prayer.

"Mother of God!" he said. "Let us take to the woods, Francois. I warned you to keep off this cursed river."

"Look!" breathed Francois, clutching his arm. "There—before us!"

Something black lay on the snow. It rose into a sitting posture, and throwing back its head made the still night hideous with its outcry.

"A dog!" cried Jacques. "Two, three of them! And a sleigh! We need not make the rest of the journey on foot. Hasten, Francois!"

"*Prenez garde!*" cautioned Francois. "There may be a man also, perhaps!"

There was indeed a man, but he lay unconscious by his team. The empty sleigh was stiff with ice, showing that it had broken through, and the rear dog's paw was cruelly frozen. It was the leader that had been howling. The poor brute had partly chewed through the traces in a frantic effort to free himself and bring help. He leaped toward his rescuers, barking a welcome, but they stood irresolute and afraid.

Jacques spoke first. "The man may be dead," he whispered. "We can cut the useless dog free and take the others. Hasten, Francois!"

Francois looked long at the inert figure on the snow, then he stooped and tore open the heavy fur coat. The man wore a priest's dress, and the moonlight flashed on the silver cross at his breast. Jacques crossed himself again.

"*C'est Père Brière,*" he said. "He was going to mass at the Indian village. They were expecting him. He is very late. Hasten, Francois!"

But Francois was dumb. The waters of temptation were surging over his soul. Long ago this man had been his friend, and they had quarrelled — about a woman, of course. Francois had married her, and Emile Brière had entered the priesthood. What a tower of strength he had been to them in the sad years that followed! When Francois's wildness almost broke his young wife's heart,

Père Brière had stood loyally by his friend, making light to her of his wickedness, soothing her grief on the one hand while he gave Francois financial aid on the other, lifting him and saving him for her dear sake. He had kept him from prison many times; he had hushed scandals, and warded off disaster; and when she died, he gave her the last sacrament, and buried her and his heart in the same grave. Francois had not seen him since.

He lived through the past in a swift moment of suffering. Liberty, safe and sweet, lay in his hand, but he that gaineth his life must surely lose it.

"Hasten, Francois!" crier Jacques, shivering.

Francois looked dully at him. "You are young, boy," he said. "Save yourself while you can, but you must go on foot. I will take this man back to the village. He is not dead. His feet are frozen, but if I hurry we can save him."

Jacques stared, then broke into a volley of French oaths.

"*Tenez!*" cried Francois sharply. "My mind is made up. You are safe if you go quickly. I did it alone, remember. No one knew you were with us. Now hurry."

The one great love of Jacques's short and sinful life flooded his soul with a white light.

"*Mon ami et mon frère,*" he answered brokenly, "you cannot leave this wounded man; do you think, then, that I could leave you? Christ forgive me if I was tempted for the moment! We will take him back together!"

The new year came creeping softly across the frozen world. As they lifted Father Brière gently to the sleigh, Francois, shaken by the swift emotion characteristic of his people, bent with bared head and kissed the little silver cross.

"*Mon Sauveur!*" he murmured. "You have saved me often in life; now you come back from the valley of death to save me once again from myself!"



## GRIEF

By L. M. MONTGOMERY.

TO my door came grief one day  
In the dawnlight ashen gray,  
All unwelcomed entered in,  
Took the seat where Joy had been  
At my hearthstone when the glow  
Of my fire had faded low—  
In Love's own accustomed place  
Grief sat with me face to face.

In the noonday's ministry  
Grief was ever near to me;  
In the mournful eventide  
Grief was closely at my side;  
In the darkness when I slept  
Grief her waking vigil kept.  
Shrinking from her sullen woe,  
Much I longed to see her go.

Music lost its tender grace  
When I looked on her grim face;  
Flowers no more were sweet to me,  
Sunshine lost its witchery;  
Laughter hid itself in fear  
Of that Presence dour and drear;  
Little dreams in pale dismay  
Made all haste to steal away.

Reft of what has made me glad,  
Grief alone was all I had.  
Then I took her to my breast,  
Cherished her as welcome guest.  
Fairer every day she grew,  
More beloved, kind and true.  
Thus it was that grief to me  
Friend and comrade came to be.

Broke at last a bitter day  
When my dear Grief went away;  
On a silver-dappled dawn  
I awoke and found her gone;  
Oh, the emptiness and smart  
That she left within my heart!  
Vain my lonely ceaseless plea,  
"Faithless Grief, come back to me".

# THE ENGLISH-SCOTTISH UNION

BY FLORENCE WITHROW



ENGLAND and Scotland have lived in peaceful union for two hundred years. How did this union come about?

Edward I sought to cement the two crowns by marrying his son to the Scottish heiress, the Maid of Norway, but this child princess died crossing the North Sea. Edward then summoned Scotsmen to England's Parliament and forced them to swear fealty, but this allegiance did not last long and in Edward II's reign the spirit of Scotland arose under Robert Bruce and Bannockburn (1314) won Scottish freedom.

Nevertheless bloody feuds continued across the border which the marriage of Margaret (Henry VII's daughter) to James IV could not stay and Flodden was a decisive victory for the English (1513).

Next, Henry VIII tried to marry sickly young Edward VI to pretty Mary Stuart, but at the age of six, she was sent to France and betrothed to the Dauphin. Henry wreaked his vengeance for this on Roslyn and Craigmillar Castles and left fair Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys in ruins.

Mutual hatred persisted and claymore and swords crossed again in the Battle of Pinkie, the last great conflict until Jacobite days.

Various treaties over boundaries followed and the Bloody Borders were carefully marked with stones and ditches and even suggestion was made

to rebuild Hadrian's wall. The English had to give up the lands they seized, remove their garrisons and cease fishing in the Tweed.

New troubles arose during the Regency of Mary of Guise, mother of Mary Stuart. For Mary and the Dauphin proclaimed themselves King and Queen of England, declaring thereby the illegitimacy of Elizabeth, and commanded all their subjects to conform to the Roman Catholic faith. This roused protest from the Lords of the Congregation (Reformers,) therefore Knox hurriedly returned from Geneva and soon there was open strife and the Black and Gray Friars Monastery was laid in ruins. Mary of Guise with her French soldiers, was suspended from the Regency and the Lords of the Congregation proposed a united Britain under Elizabeth. Seeing French Catholic influence dominant, they established the Scottish Reformation and endeavored to marry Elizabeth to the Duke of Arran, Protestant heir to Scotland's throne, but the haughty Queen declined and at this juncture the Dauphin dying, Mary returned to her native land. What momentous change was wrought that raw, rainy day when the fair but false young Queen landed at dreary Leith!

The Reformers, determined that French Catholic influence should never again control Scotland, sought England's help and after the reckless Queen of Scots was deposed by her own people, Elizabeth and James VI

(Mary's son) formed a Protestant alliance. This caused strained relations between the two kingdoms, which were augmented by Elizabeth's treatment of Mary. James wished to avenge his mother's captivity and beheading but to gain the English crown courted Elizabeth's favor.

His farewell in St. Giles Cathedral was attended with "tearful mourning and sair lamentation". Cannon boomed and rain fell. The old Castle and Holyrood were divested of much ancient furniture but luckily the beautiful old tapestries were left. The Scottish Parliament (Estates) continued but with a royal commissioner to represent King James now styled the First.

Although the crowns were united and thousands of Scotchmen journeyed to London, whereas in Elizabeth's reign seldom more than one hundred went, still the two countries cordially disliked each other. The English ridiculed their neighbors, saying, "Their country might be sweet but for the sour inhabitants." "Their beasts are small except the women", "For fear of grandame Eve they have no apples."

James tried to foster a better spirit and in his Act of Union commanded his subjects "to esteeme each other as brethren and members of one bodye". "I am no polygamist," he said, "this whole Isle is my one spouse". The quaint language of the Act, which smacked of James's own pen, read, "That the present may be ravished in admiration, and posterity rejoice in this union of two ancient Kingdoms, miraculously accomplished in the person of so rare a monarch."

He was proclaimed King of Great Britain, France and Ireland. St. Andrew's cross was added to St. George's and a new coinage was struck bearing the words, "What God has joined let no man sunder." Some Scotch seamen, wrathful at their cross being placed under the English, imposed it above, thus causing lively brawls. To this day remnants of these brave old banners are preserved in their tattered defiance. As late as 1853 an

acrimonious Caledonian in the House of Commons, revived the threadbare dispute of the crosses.

Scottish commissioners, sent to help frame the Articles of Union being tenacious that their ancient rights be preserved, sat seven long weeks at Westminster. They secured a separate parliament, peerage and law courts, also free trade with England but were restricted in foreign trade. Sir Thomas Hamilton ("auld Tam o' the Cowgate," as James dubbed him) and Sir Francis Bacon wrote out the draft after heated altercations, Tam being jealous of the "substance" and Bacon of the "elegance" of the language.

A year passed before the Union Treaty was discussed in the English Parliament. All classes were ill satisfied. Scotch merchants were poor and English merchants hampered them. On the other hand, Celtic scholarship was filling English Universities, "teaching Latin with a Gaelic burr". A spiteful English commoner taunted Scotch members, saying they were thieves, rogues and murderers and that only two of their kings died in bed in two hundred years. True it was, most of the Stuarts died young and of violent death, and several came to the throne in childhood." Woe to a land when its king is a child!"

The Estates were proud their king ruled in England but were jealous of the Commons and to conciliate both, James offered to live a year in each country. But the real trouble was the trade disabilities of the Scotch and the selfishness of English colonial monopoly.

Furthermore, the Reformed Church denied royal supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs and claimed spiritual independence, not only as an article of faith but as a statute law. James hated this and for twenty years fought Presbyterianism until Episcopacy was established. Prelacy, however under Charles I and Archbishop Laud, met the stool of Jenny Geddes who declared, "I wull 'na hae a mass saed in ma lug." Many of her

ilk refused the elaborate Episcopal ritual and thousands of Covenanters paid for their disobedience in fines, prison or death.

Even Cromwell's Puritan soldiers derided Presbyterian austerity, and the penitent bench, and sat on it to show contempt for a discipline akin as they thought to Roman Catholic penance.

The Protector in his Union was more successful than James and Charles, and his ordinance was proclaimed before the Lord Provost of Edinboro who entertained General Monk in the Parliament House. Scotland prospered under the Commonwealth and Glasgow, a mean city with the Clyde so shallow everything had to be rafted fourteen miles to town, began to build large quays. Dundee and Aberdeen also flourished. Albeit, there was a deficit in the Scotch revenue which the English treasury paid for ten years.

Unfortunately Cromwell's commercial policy was reversed at the Restoration, so the promised opulence was deferred a half century. Carlyle says of this period, "Scotland prospered though sulky. Better had both countries forgotten their spite and worked for common weal."

Instead, under Charles II the desperate religious conflict continued, although the perfidious Charles signed covenants to maintain the Church of Scotland. Three hundred devout ministers gave up their livings and comfortable manses and when forced to preach in the fields were punished for sedition. An impious Act, similar to the Five Mile Act of England, forbade them to live within twenty miles of their former parish. Nonconformity was declared a crime and a landowner who failed to attend the Episcopal church was fined one quarter his rents.

In secular affairs Scotland's trade languished by unjust navigation laws which denied her intercourse with the colonies. English merchants said the colonies were founded by England, hence the Scotch had no right to bene-

fit. The English called Edinboro folk "high and dirty". The Scot retorted that Londoners were "low and grubby". Thus rancorous spleen prevented best development in both lands.

Finally the Estates decided to overthrow their own Stuart king and offered the crown to William and Mary, asking for immediate Union. Prelacy in Scotland was then abolished (1690) but in forcing out the "precarious priesthood protected by law but opposed by the people" since 1661, again was there bitter contention.

The Re-establishment reunited many pastors and flocks. One old meenister joyously exclaimed, "I am ance mair yer shepherd. Ye are ma sheep. Andrew, ye are ma watchdog." "Na dog be I," objected Andrew. "Auch! I speak mystically," apologized the parson. "Ye speak mischievously," retorted Andrew, whom Prelacy had estranged from any authority.

William III urged Union and the Scotch were not apathetic, for crop failures left many in dire straits and rendered the Bank of Scotland so poor it could not keep open its branches in Dundee and Aberdeen.

One blot dishonors this reign, the frightful massacre of Glencoe. Graham of Claverhouse, a friend of deposed James II and a persecutor of the Covenanters, raised a Highland army to withstand King William. Claverhouse was killed and the Highland clans were subdued, except the Macdonalds. To show revenge Lord Stair, William's representative, planned the hideous betrayal of this proud clan, who, during their hospitality to William's troops were foully murdered.

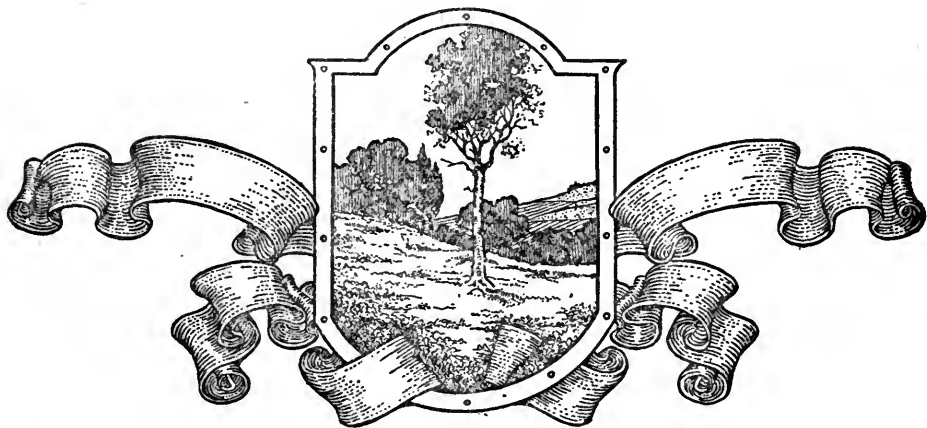
The actual consummation of Union was left to Queen Anne's reign, when the Scottish Parliament became merged in the English (1707). Then the dour and canny Scot carried his parleying propensities to Westminster.

Scotland was granted equal rights with England in foreign trade, but had to assume a minor portion of the combined national debt. Forty-five representatives were to sit in the Commons and sixteen in the Lords. Edinburgh was desolate at losing her august Estates, likewise her status as Capital and her last parliament was a stormy one with the vote for Union 110, against 69 opposed.

Although old Scotia lost her legislative independence she retained her historic and heroic Church and her Law Courts. Education vastly improved and her commerce forged ahead. The indomitable Celt out-

stripped the Saxon in finance and to this day he holds the palm, as the modern Bank is largely of Scottish origin.

Naturally some romantic Scots made vain attempts to restore the Stuarts in Bonny Prince Charlie, and Jacobite risings made Holyrood a gay court for a brief span, but also drenched highland heather a crimson hue. But the glory of the House of Stuart had departed. A new dynasty and a new constitution had come. Two ancient and honorable Kingdoms were united for lasting weal. The rose and the thistle were entwined.



# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## LATER POEMS

By BLISS CARMAN. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.



BLISS CARMAN, who at Montreal last autumn, was proclaimed with a crown of laurel Canada's greatest poet, has to his high credit a list of almost two score and ten books, and of that number no other single volume than "Later Poems" contains a better representation of the rare and distinctive beauty of his lyric genius. And he is above all his other attributes a singer—a lyrist—and it is to lyric poetry that he returns in his later years as to a first love. To make up this volume, poems have been taken from his three latest books, "The Rough Rider", "Echoes from Vagabondia", and "April Airs". These selections, together with a number of more recent poems, compose the present volume. Mr. R. H. Hathaway, who contributes an introduction, places Carman "among those men whose poetry is the shining glory of that great English literature which is our common heritage"; and while he admits that there has been in the poet's home land—Canada—no general recognition of this fact, he submits various and plausible reasons, as follows:

"First of all, the poet, as thousands more of our young men of ambition and confidence have done, went early to the United States, and until recently, except for rare and brief visits to his old home down by the sea, has never returned to Canada—though for all that, I am able to state, on his own authority, he is still a Canadian citizen. Then all his books

have had their original publication in the United States, and while a few of them have subsequently carried the imprints of Canadian publishers, none of them can be said even to have made any special effort to push their sale. Another reason for the fact above mentioned is that Mr. Carman has ever scorned to advertise himself, while his work has never been the subject of the log-rolling and booming which the work of many another poet has had—to his ultimate loss. A further reason is that he follows a rule of his own in preparing his books for publication. Most poets publish a volume of their work as soon as, through their industry and perseverance, they have material enough on hand to make publication desirable in their eyes. Not so with Mr. Carman, however, his rule being not to publish until he has done sufficient work of a certain general character or key to make a volume. As a result, you cannot fully know or estimate his work by one book, or two books, or even half a dozen, you must possess or be familiar with every one of the score and more volumes which contain his output of poetry before you can realize how great and how many-sided is his genius."

Then Mr. Hathaway, observing that Carman leaves the immediate problems of the day to those who choose, or are led, to occupy themselves therewith, and turns resolutely away to dwell upon those things which for him possess infinitely greater importance.

"'What are they?' one who knows Mr. Carman only as, say, a lyrist of spring or as a singer of the delights of vagabondia probably will ask in some wonder. Well, the things which concern him above all, I would answer, are first, and naturally, the beauty and wonder of this world of ours, and next the mystery of the earthly pilgrimage of the human soul out of eternity and back into it again.

"The poems in the present volume—which, by the way, can boast the high honor of being the very first regular Canadian edition of his work—will be evidence ample and conclusive to every reader, I am sure, of the place which

The perennial enchanted  
Lovely world and all its lore

occupy in the heart and soul of Bliss Carman, as well as of the magical power with which he is able to convey the deep and unfailing satisfaction and delight which they possess for him."

Now, having transposed this fragment from Mr. Hathaway's appreciation, it is fitting to quote, first, an example of the poet's work as a lyrist of spring, and then an example of his work as one who wonders at the mystery of the earthly pilgrimage.

#### SPRING'S SARABAND

Over the hills of April

With soft winds hand in hand,  
Impassionate and dreamy-eyed,  
Spring leads her saraband;  
Her garments float and gather  
And swirl along the plain,  
Her headgear is the golden sun,  
Her cloak the silver rain.

With color and with music,  
With perfumes and with pomp;  
By meadowland and upland,  
Through pasture, wood, and swamp.  
With promise and enchantment  
Leading her mystic mime,  
She comes to lure the world anew  
With joy as old as time.

Quick lifts the marshy chorus  
To transport, trill on trill;  
There's not a rod of stony ground  
Unanswering on the hill.  
The brooks and little rivers  
Dance down their wild ravines,  
And children in the city squares  
Keep time, to tambourines.

The bluebird in the orchard  
Is lyrical for her,  
The starling with meadow pipe  
Sets all the wood astir,  
The hooded white spring-beauties  
Are curtsying in the breeze,  
The blue hepaticas are out  
Under the chestnut trees.

The maple buds make glamor,  
Viburnum waves its bloom,  
The daffodils and tulips  
Are risen from the tomb.

The lances of Narcissus  
Have pierced the wintery mold,  
The commonplace seems paradise  
Through veils of greening gold.

O heart, hear thou the summons,  
Put every grief away,  
When all the motley masques of earth  
Are glad upon a day.  
Alack, that any mortal  
Should less than gladness bring  
Into the choral joy that sounds  
The saraband of spring

#### THE TENT OF NOON

Behold, now, where the pageant of high  
June  
Halts in the glowing noon!  
The trailing shadows rest on plain and  
hill,  
The bannered hosts are still,  
While over forest crown and mountain  
head  
The azure tent is spread.

The song is hushed in every woodland  
throat;  
Moveless the lilies float;  
Even the ancient ever-murmuring sea  
Sighs only pitfully;  
The cattle drowse in the field-corner's  
shade;  
Peace on the world is laid.

It is the hour when Nature's caravan,  
That bears the pilgrim Man  
Across the desert of uncharted time  
To his far hope suolime,  
Rests in the green oasis of the year,  
As if the end drew near.

Ah, traveller, has thou naught of thanks  
or praise  
For these fleet halcyon days?—  
No courage to uplift thee from despair  
Born with the breath of prayer?  
Then turn thee to the lilled field once  
more!  
God stands in his tent-door.

\*

#### BEAUTY AND LIFE

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

OF all Canadian poets, especially of the front rank, Duncan Campbell Scott is the least prolific. Perhaps it would be fairer to remark that whether or not he produces much, only a very slight measure is offered to the public. And although he published "The Magic House" in 1893,

which was the year in which Bliss Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré" first appeared, he has in the twenty-nine years that have passed since then, according to his publisher's list, given out only five other books:—"In the Village of Viger" (1896), "Ravours and Angel" (1891), "New World Lyrics and Ballads" (1905), "Lundy's Lane" (1916), and "Beauty and Life" (1921). The last of these six is the first book of his to appear since the University of Toronto, some months ago, conferred on him the honorary degree of doctor of letters. His small output is due to constant distraction from literary effort and also to what must be the artist's sense shivering at the very possibility of submitting anything unworthy. But perhaps we owe this book to his "Ode for the Keats Centenary", February 23, 1921, for it would have been a pity if this lofty, and at moments even sublime, poem were not available to the public. Its lament on the departure of Beauty is so exquisite as to urge its quotation.

For Beauty has taken refuge from our life

That grew too long and wounding;  
Beauty withdraws beyond the bitter strife,

Beauty is gone, (Oh, where?)

To dwell within a precinct of pure air  
Where moments turn to months of solitude;

To live on roots of fern and tips of fern,  
On tender berries flushed with the earth's blood.

Beauty shall stain her feet with moss  
And dye her cheek with deep nut-juices,  
Laving her hands in the pure sluices,  
Where rainbows are dissolved.

Beauty shall view herself in pools of  
amber sheen

Dappled with peacock-tints from the  
green screen

That mingles, liquid light with liquid  
shadow.

Beauty shall breathe the fairy hush  
With the chill orchids in their cells of  
shade,

And hear the invocation of the thrush  
That calls the stars into their heaven,  
And after even

Beauty shall take the night into her soul.  
When the thrill voice goes crying through  
the wood,

(Oh, Beauty, Beauty!)

Troubling the solitude with echoes from  
the lovely world,  
Beauty will tremble like a cloistered  
thing

That hears temptation in the outlands  
singing,

Will steel her dedicated heart and breathe  
Into her inner ear to firm her vow:

'Let me restore the soul that ye have  
marred,

O mortals, cry no more on Beauty,  
Leave me alone, lone mortals,  
Until my shaken soul comes to its own,  
Lone mortals, leave me alone!

(Oh, Beauty, Beauty, Beauty!)

All the dim wood is silent as a dream  
That dreams of silence.

One scarcely could say too much of this poet's superb fancy wrought for our dull understanding by sheer craftsmanship under infinite pain. It is the work of a poet who sees beauty in nature, but not apart from our life, who understands life, who understands the great place that beauty has in life and what the void would be were beauty to depart and not return. And what could one say of others of the poems, of "Senza Fine", for instance? Better to quote it, and let the reader think it out for himself:

That is the rain  
Sobbing, sobbing  
Against the window pane.  
And the wind comes robbing  
The rain of its voice  
And leaves me no choice,  
In the dead room,  
But to hear the noise  
Of my heart throbbing, throbbing.

But before the storm  
The evening was warm  
I remember, and calm,  
And by the mill dam  
The martins were flashing,  
If she had not said—!  
But then say it she did—  
I should be rid

Of the throbbing, throbbing,  
At the heart of the shadow  
That stands by the window  
Sobbing, sobbing,  
And breathes the dark  
And sucks at the noise  
Like a vampire—hark!  
Robbing, robbing  
The storm of its voice.

The miller's children at play,  
I remember, called to each other,  
And I tried to smother



The sound of her words,  
But then—what she showed me!  
'Tis between her vest,  
The one I gave on her birthday  
Crimson, with silver pomegranates,  
And her breast:

They will find it there,  
But what can they say?  
They cannot find  
What it did to my mind,  
Or what she said  
When she threw back her head  
And smiled,  
And smiled,  
So maddening, so wild.

To the left of the trail  
Through the beaver meadow,  
An arm of the swale  
Is bordered with iris,  
And the ferns grow rank,  
But nothing is dank,  
Crisp, pungent, dry:  
The wind lingers by  
And stops.  
There may have been a few drops.

Throbbing, throbbing,  
And there is the rain  
Robbing, robbing,  
The wind of its voice,  
And it beat again  
On the window pane,  
Sobbing, sobbing.

(Senza fine)

\*

## WHITE LILAC

By BEATRICE REDPATH. London: John  
Lane. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

MR. REDPATH'S exquisite  
fancy is so well known to read-  
ers of *The Canadian Magazine* that  
one scarcely need say more than that

this most artistic little volume con-  
tains some of her very best work. The  
poem that gives title to the book treats  
of three moments in the life of  
Phyrne, a Greek courtesan. The first  
is a market-place, where Phyrne is  
being denounced for having defiled  
the mysteries. Her lover, seeing her  
shame and danger, rents asunder her  
garment so that the people might be-  
hold her loveliness. But before doing  
so he addresses them thus:

How many words bring you the joy of  
vision?

Yet I would have you share with me  
A sudden ecstasy of soul I knew to-day  
Upon the awakening hills.

White lilac laid against a silver sky  
gives curious wings to thought;  
It seemed as though I saw salvation in a  
lilac bough!

Have you never felt  
As though white wings had brushed  
across your soul,  
Seeing the stars drift into the blue of  
early evening?

An orange moon spilling pale gold across  
a field of grain.

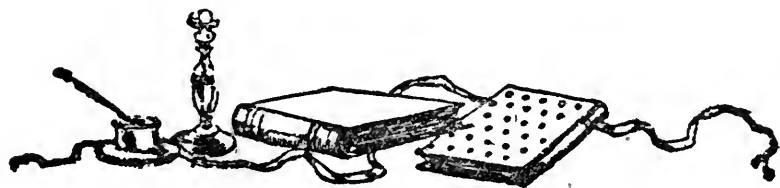
White moths in gardens:  
Pools that cherish deep their quiet re-  
flections:

Hills that blur to sky,  
Or running rivers leap to rainbow mist?  
Have you not seen, and felt  
As though you had been cleansed,  
shrived, sanctified?

So beauty deals with souls that are not  
dust.

Then let it have its way with you again  
Since you are not dead souls but stirring  
men.

Look!



# THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

## THE ALMANAC

*Next to the  
Bible*

THE almanac always hung from a nail driven into the outer end of the cupboard, so that it would be handy in case of sickness or for prognostication of the weather. In importance and popular esteem it came next to the Bible, which, quite properly, reposed in serene dignity upon the parlor table beside "The Pilgrim's Progress", Fox's "Book of Martyrs" and the two albums—photograph and autograph. As an entertainment for visitors it could not compete with the stereoscopic views, but for ready reference as to commonplace things that affected all households it was in constant use. For it contained an abundance of information concerning both man and beast, as well as anecdotes and comical tales that relieved and enlivened the long winter nights. Its arrival, in late autumn, always caused every member of the family to gather round the kitchen stove, where someone, reading aloud, would make bedtime come all too soon. Then, as if to add to the attraction, it was replete with illustrations of a miscellaneous character—likenesses of persons who had been cured of divers diseases, signs of the zodiac and drawings of celebrated stock animals.

Animals, perhaps naturally enough, came into our lives then more closely than they come now. For the arrival of a new calf, the swarming of bees and the killing of pigs were events of capital importance. Everybody knew that the man blundered who killed for meat when the moon was on the wane, and yet how could any man forecast the waning or the waxing without consulting the almanac? Then, too, it gave us a feeling of satisfaction, even of security, to be advised that the new year would begin with cold weather, heavy snowstorms and high winds. These conditions almost invariably would be followed by a January thaw and consequent exposure of the fall wheat to ruinous frost.

*Fall Wheat  
was a factor*

Fall wheat, one must recall, was a factor of grave concern throughout the whole year. The precise time for seeding

never was a certainty, but its calculation was assisted greatly by reference to the almanac. Then there was the constant probability of grain being nipped by frost before being covered by the mothering coating of snow. And, having been amply covered early in December, it always was reassuring to read in the almanac that there would be a steady winter, hard and unrelenting, with plenty of snow until well into the month of March.

March, of course, ever has been a very uncertain month. But we believed, and we had witnesses to strengthen our belief, that if it should come in like a lamb it would go out like a lion. Coming in like a lamb was pleasant enough for the time being, because we relished the first breath of spring, but the change to the lion caused forebodings and many prophecies of damage to tender growths. Still, we had the almanac as a guide; and, even if the worst came to the worst, it was with no slight sensation of relief that we knew just what was going to happen. Here and there, as is always the case, could be found doubting Thomases, but most of us believed the almanac and could produce proof that, year in and year out, it generally, as the blacksmith said, hit the nail on the head. Of course, as to the sun, the moon, the stars, the tides and all such revolutions of nature, we knew that the almanac was, mathematically, correct. And we had the gratification of knowing something of the Roman indiction, the Dominical letter, the solar cycle, the epact, and the Julian period. We could tell also to the very hour when the sun would enter Aries, when he would enter Cancer, when he would enter Libra, and when he would enter Capricornus. And, as matter perhaps of more importance to us, we could refer to the almanac as final arbiter whenever any argument arose as to the date of Ash Wednesday, Easter Sunday, All Saints' Day or the feast of Corpus Christi.

Argument was one of our chief forms of entertainment. We would argue as to the qualities and peculiarities of anything and everything. It might be the weather, the crops, the strength of Jack Lamb against the strength of Joe Ham, the chances for an early election, the qualities of "John A." over the qualities of Blake. And if we couldn't arrive at a settlement by reference to the almanac we would adjourn sine die. For we had the inherent pertinacity of the Scot who confessed that he might be convinced if he could find the man who could convince him. It was like another Scot, an old man who lay on his deathbed, with friends and relatives gathered round for the dissolution.

*Reference to  
the Almanac*

*The Power of  
Argument*

*Not partial  
to Prayer*

"Would you like us to pray for you, Sandy?" asked the minister.

"Naw."

"Would you like us to sing one of the Psalms?"

"Naw."

"Is there anything at all, at all that we could do for you?"

"Naw."

Then for a minute or two there was deep silence.

"Weel," said Sandy, breaking the tension, "if ye're in the mood for it, ye might jist argie a bit."

Still, the almanac was useful in other ways. For it told how to beautify the complexion by mixing one's own magnolia balm and how to restore and retain hair by using a home-made tonic. It gave valuable hints for the guidance of girls just entering womanhood and advice for those who had reached the period of middle life. To the old it offered solace and inspiration, and to all, old and young, it recommended certain remedies that could be obtained almost anywhere. If your blood was thin it told how to enrich it. If your back ached or you saw specks floating before the eyes, you could obtain relief if you would not be discouraged after taking five or six bottles, if you would only persist in using the remedy. If you had rickets, or palsy, or falling sickness, or palpitation of the heart, or rheumatism, or St. Vitus's dance, you could be cured, even after all doctors had failed. And to prove it, there were likenesses of men and women and children who had been restored to health, as well as their testimonials, which were set down so that even those who ran might read.

Reading was believing in those days. Joe Ham, after quietly trying the hair tonic on his bald pate, read himself into buying a bottle of the other remedy in hopes of curing his backache. The result was miraculous. One bottle so completely cured him that he got drunk and sent a tintype of himself to the proprietors of the remedy, telling them at the same time of what had been done for him and acknowledging regret that he hadn't some other ailment so that he could make a further test of their wonderful medicine.

The news of Joe's cure inspired Henry Perkins to try the remedy on his dyspepsia. He had tried everything he had ever heard of from starvation to condition powder, with only indifferent success. But this new remedy, right from the start, and, notwithstanding the fact that Henry's complaint was chronic, seemed to put new life into him. Mrs. Perkins said that she was ashamed, especially when company came, to see

*Put New Life  
Into Henry*

him eat. Still, it took six bottles to make him feel satisfied that he was completely cured. After that, on his own avowal, he could eat raw onions, fried ham, and mince pie without turning a hair. He could drink tea, coffee, milk, or even communion wine, and never feel it. Gas no longer troubled him. And it was a relief to everybody to see him sit in church without belching. He became so fat he had to buy a new suit of clothes, and the celluloid collar he had worn every Sunday for years had to be put carefully away against the terrible possibility of his turning thin again. That contingency, however, never happened. But something perhaps worse æsthetically did happen. For as Henry waxed his wife waned. And argue as much as he dared and refer to the almanac as much as he could, Henry found it impossible to induce his wife to try the remedy. For Mrs. Perkins contended that there comes a change in every person's life, that to interfere with the processes of nature is to go against nature. Nevertheless she remained wonderfully cheerful and sang in the choir until within two Sundays of the end. She died, poor thing, a mere fraction of her former rotundity, because, as we all knew, she would not act in accordance with the instructions given in the almanac.

*He could eat  
Raw Onions*

These instructions, everybody remarked, seemed to have been put there especially for Mrs. Perkins's benefit. And if she did not profit by them her action was a timely warning for the whole community and an absolute proof of the restorative qualities of the remedy. From that time on everybody had faith, and it really seemed as if there would be in our village no demand for the doctor. Of course, the almanac did not claim that the remedy would reset a broken bone or extract a tooth, and for that reason, one must suppose, the doctor stuck to it, until new ailments appeared, such as pleurisy, pneumonia, cerebral meningitis and appendicitis, ailments that seemed to require something more drastic than merely a few drops of liquid taken internally.

Liquid was the form in which, as was natural, so it seems, we liked to receive our remedies, for we had no faith in external application or the laying on of hands. We believed that there was in existence somewhere, even if the almanac had not discovered it, a real panacea, a panacea that could be bottled up and sent to the four corners of the earth.

One of these corners, I might claim with appropriate modesty, was our village. For it seemed to be on the outer edge of everything, and could get into touch with the rest of the world only by means of great agencies, of which, it is well

*Outer edge of  
Everything*

*Almanac  
gave many  
hints*

to acknowledge, the almanac was not the least. And the almanac, quite apart from its original purpose, gave many hints of great value in everybody's daily routine. Who, for instance, if he did not read it in the almanac, could know that in sewing it rests one to change one's position frequently? Or who could imagine that a bag of hot sand will relieve neuralgia? Then, again, how delicious are young green onions eaten with bread and butter at breakfast! But, oh, the consequences! Nevertheless we ate freely of them, for the almanac informed us that a cupful of strong coffee would remove the odor. The almanac told us also that oatmeal thickens water and lightning sours cream. It told us that castor oil might be taken internally or used for greasing the buggy. It told us that mud relieves a bee sting and that cobweb will arrest bleeding. It gave good advice, such as to go to bed when sleepy, to eat when hungry, to use warm borax for removing dandruff and not to act spitefully towards one's neighbors.

Neighbors used sometimes to arouse spite by borrowing the almanac and neglecting to return it. Conduct such as that was unpardonable. For without the almanac how was one to know the significance of Gemini, Leo, Sagittarius, Aquarius, Taurus, Virgo, and Scpio? How was one to know the dates of the festivals and anniversaries? Could one guess as to the probable appearance of the morning and the evening stars, the recurrences of the tides and the several changes of the moon? No. For these things were determined for us, set down in proper order, in the yellow-covered booklet that hung from the nail driven into the outer end of the cupboard.



*Signs of the  
Zodiac*

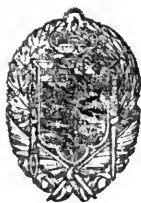




THE GYPSY CAMP

From the Water-Color by  
André Lapine





JAC

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## THE REVENGE OF THE PURPLETOPS\*

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE first thistles laughed to themselves when they thought of how well they could befool the great tree and make it moan and groan with every breeze that came cool across green fields and soft over winding lea. To laugh was for them a new adventure, a wonderful excitement, for they had known no joy in the constant struggle for place. And now, as they felt throughout their slender lengths this strange sensation of mirth, they raised aloft their purple plumes and almost cried defiance at the giant tree towering above them against the sky. But sunless days and moonless nights had taught them fear, so that instead of defying they shrank back into their puny selves, trembling lest the tree had heard, lest it might suffer its cracked limb to fall and crush them. For the great tree was the greatest in all the great forest. It stood apart at the entrance, with wide outstretched limbs, like a protector, like a guardian, like a god. And every day, and many times every day, it boasted to the whole world in full sonorous tones: "I am the King of the forest. I am the great and mighty

*The first  
Thistles*

*King of the  
Forest*

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\*The first of a series of little stories that treat imaginatively of the evolution of plant life.

*Could hear  
the Boast*

one, the magnificent overlord. Nothing can live against my will."

The thistles could hear the boast, but they did not know that the great tree raised its proud head so high into the heavens that it slighted with disdain the very thought of growths grovelling at its base. Just as if indeed they did grovel. For to a great tree whose leaves sang in the sunlight, whose roots drank deep from rivers of the underworld, the mere presence of two slender herbs in the hollow beneath did not presage a limitation of sovereignty or a quickening of democracy.

Democracy had a dark cradle down there in the hollow. Because the hollow was kept dark during day as well as during night by the outspreading branches of the tree holding back the light of the sun and the light of the moon. Dark as it was by day, it was darker still by night. For then everything was jet black, everything except the shiny eyes of wild things that came out of the forest, snapping their teeth and sniffing for tender herbs.

It would have seemed not so dark and not so dreary had the thistles been blessed with little ones of their own to keep them company and make them glad. But they had no little ones, because in spring the seeds which they let fall to the ground in autumn and which should have grown lustily into big thistles—the seeds merely sprouted, then withered, then died. For no sunlight could get down through the branches into the hollow, and everyone knows that without sunlight little thistles cannot live.

Even for the old thistles it was a constant struggle for a place in the sun; and indeed they did not have a place, for they could scarcely get a glimpse of the sky. But they could see under the limbs, out across the green fields, out over winding lea; and they longed for a place out there, out in the open, out where the sun was warm, where birds sang, where the breezes played, where joy of living was a good thing to know.

Joy of living, however, was not their portion. Like many of us, they could see but not partake. But they could think about little ones, and wish that theirs could have a chance. What noble thought! The impulse that has caused the evolution of all life. And for their little ones to enjoy life out in the fields, someone must carry them there. Who would? As well expect the wild beasts of the forest to dull their teeth. As well expect the great tree to renew its withered branch, which still hung above them like a threat, like a menace, like

*Evolution of  
all Life*

a doom. As well expect the thunder or the lightning, the rain or the snow, the sleet or the hail, the gentle breeze or the great wind——.

The wind!

Is it not remarkable that they had never thought of the wind? For the wind is a great befriending element. And if it has befriended man from the beginning, filling his sails and drying his grain, would it not also help the obscure thistles down there in the dark hollow? But the thistles would have first to help themselves. They thought of that too, one night, as they stood there awake, seeing the wild beasts' shining eyes, listening to their snapping teeth, and fearing that the withered limb might fall. And it was after they had pondered over it a long time that they first began to laugh. The laugh meant that they had thought of a way to use the wind and thereby befool the great tree.

They set to work, and all summer long they worked, silently and secretly, making soft down to stick to their seeds, so that the wind could carry them out from the hollow into the sunlit fields. Then they laughed no more to themselves, but waited patiently for the coming of autumn. And when at length autumn did come and their seeds were ripe, they held them up to the wind and saw them carried out across the fields, out over the shining lea. And with the wind blowing strong enough to carry the seeds the great tree moaned and groaned, and the cracked limb creaked, and all the trees in the forest moaned, for they did not like to see the seeds floating out into the fields, where perchance they might grow up and dispute the sovereign power. But the thistles just stood there quite still, with almost human happiness in the thought that soon they would see their little ones growing triumphantly in the sun.

And soon they did see them, for the winter's sleep passed as a dream, and when they rose above the ground again in the spring, rose in the hollow under the great tree, they looked out beneath the branches and saw, fresh and green against the steaming mold, young thistles that they knew to be their own. That knowledge sent a thrill throughout their fragile stems, and they felt that no matter how soon the cracked limb should fall and crush them, their kind would be perpetuated.

But just then the great beasts came prowling out from the forest hungry and gaunt and wild after the long winter's fast; and when they saw the tender shoots of the young thistles growing in the fields, they rushed out upon them and destroyed them with their teeth. Then a great gloom crept into the

*A great  
Befriending  
Element*

*What Hope  
had they?*

*Did not laugh  
this time*

hollow, and the old thistles languished almost to despair. What hope had they against so many enemies? They had overcome the great tree; now they must overcome the great beasts.

But they did not laugh this time. For to overcome the great beasts was no laughing matter. Instead they wondered and pondered, and at length they thought of another new kind of seed. And they marvelled that they had not thought of it long ago. It was well worthy of laughter but the thistles were older and graver now, too old and too grave to laugh. Still, they made the new kind of seed, and in their hearts when they went to sleep in the autumn there reposed renewed hope.

Hope renewed greeted them when they awoke in the spring, when they awoke to see their little ones waving in the breeze and smiling in the sun. They forgot all about the withered branch above, so happy were they in the thought that when in the end they should pass from the scene they would leave behind a perpetuation of their kind. But just then the roar of wild beasts came to them from the depths of the forest, and soon they heard the tramp of the oncoming horde. They stood taut and rigid, awaiting the onslaught. For when the wild beasts, hungrier and gaunter and wilder than ever before, saw the new thistles growing in the sun, they rushed forward and opened their mouths wide to devour them. But when they closed their mouths, they felt something prick and sting and scratch. Then they growled and raged with pain, for the new thistles were real thistles, as we know them, with sharp spears on their leaves. And when the wild beasts saw what had happened they ran back into the forest, snapping their teeth and growling out their anger. The great tree moaned and groaned, and all the trees in all the forest moaned, for the wind had risen, blowing strong across green field and stronger still over winding lea. And when it blew its strongest the withered limb of the great tree fell, crushing beneath it forever the slender stems of the parent thistles.


*Perpetuators  
of their kind*

But out in the fields, out in the sunlight, the new thistles, conquerors of the great tree and of the wild beasts, waved and waved in the wind—perpetuators of their kind.



# THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM CONGREVE

BY CHARLES MORSE



IN January last the tercentenary of the birth of Jean Baptiste Poquelin (better known by his stage-name of Molière) occurred, and the celebration of the event in some parts of the world is not yet over. The time, therefore, seems appropriate to recall the plays of an almost forgotten comic dramatist, William Congreve, of whom Swinburne said: "No English writer, on the whole, has so nearly touched the skirts of Molière".

When the atmosphere of the English theatre became purified of what was known as "the Restoration taint", Congreve's plays fell into disrepute along with those of others of his school. And yet while Congreve's comedies are indelicate in places, they are never deliberately and of set purpose impure. They were written by a man of decent instincts who described life as he saw it in a period when England was drinking the lees in the profligate cup of the Restoration. *Mrs. Grundy*, our revered but unofficial censor, did not arrive from Philistia until a hundred years after Congreve had ceased to write; and such a character as Dickens's *Podsnap*—whose cherished function in life was to taboo "everything that would bring a blush into the cheek of the young person"—would have appeared so meaningless to the social leaders of Congreve's time as to leave them cold.

In entering upon a consideration of the plays, it is well to fix in our minds that Congreve is an outstanding figure in literature if only because he was the first to perfect our comedy of manners. In this way his work has a constructive value not far below that of the Elizabethan dramatists. In his faithful portraiture of contemporary life and conduct, he laid the foundations of realism in English letters. If his people seem artificial to us it is because their living models were artificial. It was an age when hysteria born of Puritan restraint and repression, had temporarily unbalanced the mind of the nation and made its conduct abnormal. Congreve, as a matter of fact, infused the drama with the spirit of actuality and contemporaneousness, recreated it as of the "very age and body of the time", and so brought it into touch with the forces of modernism that were then at work recasting the whole body of our national literature. Renaissance literature in England found its last exponent in Milton; and, although "Paradise Lost" was not completed until after the Restoration, it was essentially the product of an age whose influence had faded.

There is a very sharp cleavage between the romantic and poetic comedy of the Elizabethans and the comedy of those dramatists who form the true Restoration school, namely, Etherege, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar. The dif-

ferences are not only in form—the old blank-verse giving place to prose—but in method. Sir George Etherege was the pioneer of the change, but neither he nor Wycherley were quite successful in transmuting the Jonsonian comedy of humors into the true comedy of manners. It would be incorrect to say that Ben Jonson had not a true understanding of the comedy of manners. His prologue to “Every Man Out of His Humor” shows very clearly that he had. But he worked out his conception of it in a wrong way. Instead of formulating a new dramatic method and disengaging it wholly from that prevailing before his time, he kept to the old way and superadded his own plan of determining character from the manifestation of eccentric traits, or “humors” as he called them. Nor were his “humors” studied from contemporary life. Their originals may be found in the museum of the Roman comedians and satirists.

Instead of Jonson’s stage, with its *dramatis personae* wandering around psychologically untagged until the particular humor of each is fitted to it, in Congreve’s theatre we have a stage peopled by characters full-fashioned and complete from the time of their entrance—true to life although limited in range to one stratum of society. It is a contrast between a drama of caricature and a drama of reality. But the genius of the new drama is not native to England. It is a scion from the French comedy whose founder was Molière. Having in mind the general trend of English literature at the time away from romance and abstractions and towards realism and exactness, one is naturally surprised to find any critic disposed to dissent from a view so well fortified in fact and so generally accepted. But W. E. Henley was intrepid enough to so dissent. Indeed he did not hesitate to say, with a flourish of the Orbilian rod that would have done credit to Macaulay himself, that Congreve belonged to “the tribe of Ben” and no

other. These are Henley’s words: “His style is that of a pupil not of Molière but of the full, the rich, the excessive, the pedantic Jonson; his Legends, his Wishforts, his Foresights the the lawful heirs—refined and sublimated but still of direct descent—of the Tuccas and the Bobadils and the Epicure Mammons of the great Elizabethan”. In this deliverance Mr. Henley finds the majority of the court of criticism against him. To say that Congreve’s style is an imitation of Jonson’s is an absurdity—nothing else. The two are as far as the poles asunder. One might say with equal correctness that G. B. Shaw owes his nimble style to “the pedantic Jonson”.

Congreve’s first play, “The Old Bachelor”, was written in his salad days, and, if we are to believe him, *pour passer le temps* while convalescing from a fit of sickness. We have an interesting explanation by the poet himself as to how the play came to be written in his reply to Rev. Jeremy Collier’s attack upon him and his brother playwrights in 1698. Collier had scored the tone of “The Old Bachelor” as low and degrading. Congreve replies: “I cannot hold laughing when I compare his dreadful comment with such poor silly words as are in the text, especially when I reflect how young a beginner and how very much a boy I was when that comedy was written, which several know was several years before it was acted. When I wrote it I had little thoughts of the stage, but did it to amuse myself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness. Afterwards, through my indiscretion it was seen, and in some little time more, it was acted.” This apology struck Dr. Johnson as a piece of mock modesty, and he was moved to observe: “There seems to be a strange affectation in authors of appearing to have done everything by chance.” In a mere boy, temperamentally inclined to follow the line of least resistance in life and brought up in an age when, to use Macaulay’s scornful characterization of it, “pro-

fligacy was, like the oak-leaf of the 29th of May, the badge of a cavalier and a high churchman", ought we to be surprised at a sort of fatalistic acceptance by him of the sorry scheme of things that stood for his environment, or should we expect from him a valiant attempt at shattering it? Congreve had no vocation as a reformer. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" One cannot defend the dialogue of the play against the charge of immodesty. It is no answer to say with one critic that it is "resplendent with wit and eloquence", or with another that "from all its facets the sharply-cut dialogue flashes the pure light of the diamond". But this much can be said, the tone of the play shows some advance over the indecencies of Shadwell, who had just recently died, and of Etheredge, who had produced nothing for twenty years, and of Wycherley, who had been silent for fifteen years before "The Old Bachelor" appeared.

There is no doubt that Congreve used Wycherley's characters as paradigms in his first play. Both writers looked out upon life from the same angle; and if they did not see life whole at least what they did see of it they saw steadily. What they saw was not "refined gold" and they made no attempt to gild it. One of the justest criticisms Taine ever made is contained in the following observation on Wycherley, and it is equally applicable to Congreve: "He is a realist, not of set purpose as the realists of our day, but naturally". Hartwell, the central figure of "The Old Bachelor", is largely Manly of "The Plain Dealer" with a cleaner and wittier tongue; while *Fondlewife* is cousin-german both to *Gripe* in "Love in a Wood" and to *Pinchwife* in "The Country Wife". But Wycherley in his turn had framed *Manly* upon the character of *Acleste* in Molière's "Misanthrope", so that Congreve even in his first play levies tribute from Molière, although at second hand. And yet the wholly delectable character of

*Araminta* in "The Old Bachelor" finds no prototype in Wycherley's gallery of women. Wycherley would have been frankly bored by the contemplation of entrenched virtue as embodied in *Araminta*. He had not persuaded himself that woman's delicacy to the small extent that it finds expression in Molière's *Célimène* was a desirable thing to import into England. And so in Congreve's first play we have two features of his dramatic method set and fixed, namely, to take the French comedy of manners as a model, and to give England a more refined if not a reformed theatre.

The fable of "The Old Bachelor" is not a pleasant one, disclosing as it does the adventures—or, rather, the misadventures—of a shameless old rake, who, having long struggled to escape the yoke of matrimony, falls at last in love with a pretty baggage, only to be tricked into a mock-marriage, and made a laughing-stock for his friends. But we can find no sympathy for him. He is a bad egg from first to last. He was never *des ses jeunes erreurs désormais revenu*. The first act ought to have the approval of admirers of the Shavian drama because it is devoid of movement and simply represents the meeting of four men in a London street who whet their wits at each others' expense, and do it all very brilliantly. But unlike Shaw, Congreve never elbows his people off the stage and turns it into a lecture platform for himself. Congreve's is, therefore, the better art.

As immature as Congreve was when "The Old Bachelor" was written there are passages in the play so perfect in form that they surpass in this respect Molière's ripest achievement. For instance, "*L'Ecole des Femmes*" was written when its author was forty years of age, and yet there is not to be found in it anything to match in sheer literary quality the dialogue between *Silvia* and *Hartwell* in the third act of "The Old Bachelor". Let me quote from it ever so briefly:

SILVIA: Indeed if I were well assured you loved; but how can I be well assured?

HARTWELL: Take the symptoms, and ask all the tyrants of thy sex, if their fools are not known by this party-colored livery. I am melancholic when thou art absent, look like an ass when thou art present, wake for thee when I should sleep; and even dream of thee when I am awake; sigh much, drink little, eat less, court solitude, am grown very entertaining to myself, and (as I am informed) very troublesome to everybody else. If this be not love, it is madness, and then it is pardonable. Nay, yet a more certain sign than all this, I give thee my money.

Congreve shows his lyrical quality in the song, "Thus to a Ripe Consenting Maid", which is introduced "to divert the discourse in the second act". Would that our present-day playwrights had the discernment and the gift to do the same by their audiences! In the fourth act the railery between *Araminta* and *Vainlove*, her unowrthy but successful lover, is unmarred by any coarseness, and glows with wit like heated metal.

"The Old Bachelor" lacked many playing qualities, it is true, even for its own day, but the author showed much technical skill in delaying the appearance of the women in the piece until the second act, and so keeping his audience on the tip-toe of expectancy. When the charming Anne Bracegirdle, playing the part of *Araminta*, was discovered along with Mrs. Mountfort, as *Belinda*, the hit was immense. Congreve was exceptionally lucky in the whole cast of his first play. Doggett, the Irish comedian, in the part of the uxorious old Puritan banker *Fondlewife*, played well up to the excellence of the famous Betterton who made *Hartwell*, walk the boards alive. It is said by Davies in his "Dramatic Miscellanies" that when the quartette of remarkably beautiful women in this cast, namely, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Mountfort and Mrs. Bowman, appeared together on the stage at the fall of the curtain, Drury Lane rocked with the plaudits of the audience. All said and done, however, in his

"Old Bachelor", Congreve did not measurably lift the English theatre above the low moral plane where it was left by Wycherley. Conceding, as we must, that the character of *Araminta* restores somewhat of the sweetness and purity of the Elizabethan stage women ("Thou canst not lay a blemish on my fame", is her proud boast), there is still much of the reek of *la bête humaine* about the men of the play. Its advance upon earlier examples of our Restoration drama lies in its literary rather than in its ethical qualities.

"The Double Dealer" in its craftsmanship shows to much better advantage than "The Old Bachelor". Indeed, it enjoys the reputation among critics of being the only good English comedy with a single plot. But in this fact we have further evidence of Congreve's obligations to Molière—although in his dedication of the play to Montague the author says:

"I designed the moral, and to that moral I invented the fable, and do not know that I have borrowed one hint of it anywhere. I made the plot as strong as I could, because it was single; and I made it single, because I would avoid confusion, and was resolved to preserve the three unities of the drama." However, it is evident that Congreve did not regard the device of the single plot as indispensable because he did not use it in his two later comedies. It must be mentioned, before dismissing the purely technical qualities of "The Double Dealer", that it is the first of English comedies in which the artifice of the "soliloquy" is used. Its novelty excited the critics of the day, and some of them were stupid enough to condemn it. Congreve replied to them with a brief but telling vindication of its utility in keeping the audience in touch with the plot without breaking the continuity of the action. He might have strengthened his argument for the "soliloquy" if he had cited the generous use of it by Molière in



several of his dramas (e.g. "*Le Dépit Amoureux*"), but he forbore doing this for reasons best known to himself.

Ethical purpose is manifest in this play. It holds up as a contemptible thing the attempt to use friendship as a cloak to further dishonorable love. But *Maskwell*, around whose dissimulation the fable revolves, is so repulsive a character that at times he puts the whole comedy out of key. We are all moved to echo *Mellefont's* outraged cry—"Take him hence, for he's a disease to my sight!" It is the overdoing of *Maskwell's* villainy that is the chief defect of the play.

There is much of the spirit of "*Le Misanthrope*" in the second act of "*The Double Dealer*": both dramatists hold up the affectations of the amateur poet to ridicule. And yet, while Congreve undoubtedly seems to have taken his cue from the first act of "*Le Misanthrope*"—where *Oronte* reads his banal poem "*L'Espoir*" to *Philinte* and *Alceste*—for the ridiculous passages in "*The Double Dealer*" between *Lady Froth* and *Brisk* concerning the metrical effusions of the former, yet there is here no servile imitation. *Lady Froth* is a ninny affecting the preoccupations of a blue-stocking in the English way, and her verses on the "Coachman" are as racy of her type as those of *Oronte* are distinctive of the quality of the French poetaster of the time, who would have us believe that his work was by choice not

*des grands vers pompeux,  
Mais de petits vers doux, tendres et  
langoureux.*

So if it be true that the light in Congreve's drama is a transmitted one, it is equally true that, by a sort of dichroism, the foreign color disclosing itself here and there is less intense than the local color suffusing it throughout.

It is also fairly obvious that "*Les Femmes Savantes*" is laid under contribution in the repellent scene be-

tween *Lady Plyant* and *Mellefont* in the second act. But if we compare the dialogue between *Bélise* and *Chitandre* in the fourth scene of the first act of Molière's play with that of Congreve's people just referred to, we cannot but yield the palm of refinement to the French dramatist.

If the license that outrages us in "*The Old Bachelor*" is to some extent atoned for by the pleasing character of *Araminta*, then the strain of modesty in "*The Double Dealer*" is well counterbalanced by the fine qualities of *Cynthia*. She consents "to like a man without the vile consideration of money", and gives her promise to *Mellefont* in "spite of duty, any temptations of wealth, your inconsistency, or my own inclination to change, never to marry anybody else", and loyally stands to it. She is as witty as she is chaste and faithful—an altogether delightful creation.

In his third comedy "*Love for Love*", Congreve not only gives us his best acting play but the one which is transcendent in human interest. Every character is alive. Here he reaches the summit of his art as an interpreter of the spirit of his age, and when I say that you will understand that the play cannot be wholly void of offence to people of a cleaner day. That it was intended as a satire upon the vices and follies of the time is manifest by the prologue:

Since the Plain Dealer's scenes of manly  
rage,  
No one has dared to lash this crying age.  
This time the poet owns the bold essay  
Yet hopes there's no ill-manners in his  
play.

The poet's hope was not wholly justified, for the play is ill-mannered in spots, but it is an all-round improvement on "*The Double Dealer*" in its playable qualities. Indeed it is the one play of the Congrevian theatre that might—with some judicious censoring—be reproduced in our day with acceptance. It survived on the stage for more than a century, and saw its contemporaries pass into oblivion

while it was still going strong. In pure and unalloyed wit it is doubtful if it has any equal in English drama. If Aeschylus frightened the Athenians into fits by his Furies, so eighteenth century Englishmen might have laughed themselves into hysterics over the sallies of Congreve's *hommes d'esprit* foregathered in "Love for Love". Alas, that its many indecencies of phrase should mar our appreciation of its sterling dramatic values.

The fable of "Love for Love" involves the exploitation of a delightful love story in which *Valentine* and *Angelica* thread a troublous but not tragic path to ultimate wedded bliss. *Valentine* is the son of *Sir Sampson Legend*, who is so annoyed at his son's extravagance that he seeks to disinherit him. *Valentine*, an odd mixture of scholar, sentimentalist and man-about-town, is impelled by the first refusal of his hand by *Angelica* to squander his fortune, and in this way he incurs *Sir Sampson's* wrath. In the opening scene the dialogue between *Valentine* and his servant *Jeremy*, concerning the former's financial prospects from the writing of books, is of the very essence of wit. *Jeremy* has been praised by a recent critic as the finest type of servant in the whole range of comedy. Buffeted by fortune *Valentine* resolves to bring *Angelica* to book by simulating madness; and the fourth act is interspersed with speeches by him which are truly Hamletesque in quality. It is not too much to say that there is hardly anything in Molière to surpass Congreve's grasp of the true spirit of comedy as demonstrated in the third scene of this act. Nor must we leave our consideration of "Love for Love" without paying tribute to the author's creation of *Miss Prue*. She marks, I think, the coming into the English theatre of *la jeune fille ingénue*. This "silly, awkward country girl", as she is called by the dramatist himself, is a true daughter of the muse of comedy; and her progress from bucolic artlessness to the

sophistications of smart society as the Restoration knew it is a most engaging character study.

Congreve's next play was the "Mourning Bride", a tragedy. I shall not dwell on it longer than to say that, when considered either from the viewpoint of the stage or that of the closet, it made a poor requital in the way of reputation to the author for the three years he was chiefly occupied in its composition. True, on account of the extraordinary and unaccountable success it had in the theatre, it was financially helpful to him; but it is mainly useful now as a proof of Dr. Johnson's fallibility as a literary critic.

It will be remembered that the misguided man praised Congreve's description of a cathedral surrounded by its tombs in the second act as "the most poetical paragraph in the whole mass of English poetry". Had Dr. Johnson confined himself to the view expressed in his rider to this judgment, namely, that "he recollected none in Shakespeare equal to it", his reputation as a critic would not have suffered while his quality as a humorist would have been enhanced. Possibly this tragedy is not as bad as some present-day critics hold; but Hazlitt, writing a century ago, saw it in its proper light, and he condemned it as "frigid and jejune to a remarkable degree".

I have now reached the comedy with which Congreve made an end of his contributions to dramatic literature—"The Way of the World". This play has been the subject of extravagant praise from the time of Steele down to our own time. Swinburne could see in it "the unequalled and unapproached masterpiece of English comedy"; while George Meredith hailed it as rendering Congreve "worthy of treading a measure with Molière". But this exceedingly great measure of praise finds its justification in the literary, rather than in the acting, qualities of the play. It is quite plain from Swift's commendat-

ory verses (usually printed with the play) that "The Way of the World" "pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general". Indeed that the author himself deliberately sought perfection of dialogue at the expense of plot and action is clear enough from his dedication of the comedy to Lord Montague. He frankly says: "Little of it was prepared for that general taste which seems now to be predominant in the palates of our audience." He hoped that he had "gained a turn or style more correct, or, at least, more corrigible, than in those [plays] which I have formerly written".

Beyond peradventure he succeeded in making it the most perfect in diction of all his comedies, and to say that is to concede it a very exalted place indeed in English literature. But on the other hand it falls below them all in the prime requisite of action. Throughout the five acts the people of the drama move on and off the stage for the sole purpose of adding fuel to the flame of witty dialogue that illumines the whole play. We are forced to discover the character of *Mrs. Millamant*, the central figure, not from what she does but from what she says. A side-light that gives us some assistance is *Witwoud's* opinion of her: "She's a woman, and a kind of humorist". (Act. 1, scene II.). That *Witwoud's* estimate of her was a just one is disclosed in one of *Mrs. Millamant's* speeches in the fourth act where she imposes conditions upon her acceptance of the hand of *Mirabell*. She must have,

Liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please; dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humor, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never pre-

sume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

There is almost nothing of what Ruskin would call the "fimetic taint" throughout the whole dialogue between the lovers in that act.

The fable of "The Way of the World" inheres in the effort of *Lady Wishfort*—of age and tongue most untender—to prevent *Mirabell*, with whom she is in love, from marrying her niece, *Mrs. Millamant*. Half of the latter's fortune depends upon her marrying with the approval of her aunt, and *Lady Wishfort* decided that she shall marry her cousin, *Sir Willful Witwoud*. *Mirabell* first punishes *Lady Wishfort* by making her the victim of a practical joke, and then places her under an obligation to him by circumventing a threatened wrong to her daughter at the hands of a faithless husband. And so the play has a pleasant ending:

LADY WISHFORT: Well, sir, take her, and with her all the joy I can give you.

MRS. MILLAMANT: Why does not the man take me? Would you have me give myself over to you again?

MIRABELL: Ay, over and over again (*kisses her hand*). I would have you as often as I possibly can. Well, Heaven grant I love you not too well, that's all my fear."

One has only to read these plays to see that Congreve is at the head of a royal house in our dramatic literature. There is, moreover, a very decided Irish flavor about this dynasty. We know that Congreve spent his youth in Ireland, and that both his lineal successors of the eighteenth century—Goldsmith and Sheridan—were born there. As to the scions of his house in our own day, there is no doubt about the claim of Oscar Wilde, another Irishman. If you carefully study "Lady Windermere's Fan" you will not only discern the Congrevian quality there, but there to such a degree that Congreve himself might

have written it had he revisited "the glimpses of the moon" in the late nineteenth century. Let me take a short passage from "Lady Windermere's Fan" and compare it with one from "Love for Love", to illustrate my point. In Act III of the former play *Cecil Graham* says: "Well, there's nothing in the world like the devotion of a married woman. It's a thing no married man knows anything about." In Act I, scene 2, of "Love for Love", *Mrs. Frail* pays the following compliment to the married man: "There is no creature perfectly civil but a husband. For in a little time he grows only rude to his wife, and that is the highest good breeding, for it begets his civility to other people." The spirit of these two passages is identical. To appreciate in an off-hand way the real parallel between the two writers we have only to turn to Cassell's "Book of Quotations", which, oddly enough, selects for our edification exactly the same number of "epee pteronta" from each; by placing these in juxtaposition it will be found that the same mentality infuses them all, although it speaks with the voices of two distinct epochs. There is no other difference.

As to that distinguished Irish playwright, George Bernard Shaw, who still lives and writes for our mortification, it cannot be said that he is of the dynasty of Congreve. No one would deny any such putative lineage more hotly than Shaw himself. Congreve's theatre discloses society as a real, living thing through the medium of conversation; Shaw's drama unfolds social theories by means of discussion—plenty of it. In the result we have the comedy of manners as distinguished from the comedy of ideas.

Let us not leave our all too inadequate survey of Congreve's works without the conviction that while great is the offence against decorum of their unexpurgated muse, they are

Still loftier than the world suspects

by reason of a literary quality delectable beyond measure to those who cherish the purity of the English tongue. Congreve was a lover of

Thy comely phrase, the well-known word;

and in none of his prose or poetry do we find

The loose-lipp'd lingo of the street.

His work was done before Defoe, Addison, Steele and Swift—the four great writers of his age best known to us—had finally moulded modern English prose; but his influence upon them must have been a compelling one. To Addison he was the "harmonious Congreve"; for Swift he had "ennobled Comedy". Hazlitt did not praise him most for his wit, which is incomparable, but for his style. "His works," says Hazlitt, "are a singular treat to those who have cultivated a taste for the niceties of English style; there is a peculiar flavor in the very words, which is to be found in hardly any other writer." He is dear to the heart of the sheer artistry of letters—the one who is quick to discern and be thrilled by the beauty of literary expression as disengaged from the thought it reveals. If this is a trivial pleasure ask the shade of Flaubert! Congreve found in the English speech a musical instrument upon which he played with delight. From time to time since his age we have been privileged to listen to such music, but it is strangely silent now. Whether we shall ever again have so great a writer of comedy is one of the things that lie on the knees of the gods. Possibly we cannot even hope for this boon until the tyranny of the "movies" is overpast, and taste and refinement reassert their empery over the patrons of the theatre.



# THE MOURNER

BY A. W. LIGHTBOURN



REACHING the end of the furrow, the horses veered round to the left, in haste to get away from the cliff's edge. Then they began to eat ravenously, stretching their necks in their heavy collars and seizing great mouthfuls of cool green stuff. Poor unreasoning beasts. I believe they were glad of the grass and dandelions, though they made their work inestimably harder with their long, tough roots.

I twisted the reins around the plough handle. As long as they did not drag the plough beyond the beginning of the next furrow they could do no harm. I stood there, hands on hips, at the edge of the bluff, carelessly debating in my mind whether I should clamber all the way down the bank and take a long, cool draught of the clear water lapping on the shingle below, or rest a moment while the horses recovered their breath. Unquestionably had my activities ended with the drink, I should have been sprawling down the sandy bank without a moment's deliberation; but the thought of a scramble up the perilously insecure surface of the bluff, topped as it was by its rampart of projecting sod, made me hesitate, and finally turn aside, resigning myself to a dry tongue. I turned, feeling regretful—almost sad, as we sometimes do over quite unimportant matters which effect our personal comfort.

My eyes, keeping the same direction in relation to the rest of my body

as they held when I was looking at the lake below, swept slowly around in a semi-circle, and were arrested by a rather large and dusty pair of shoes. The shoes seemed so in harmony with the trampled turf on which they stood, that my gaze lingered on them for a moment, then slowly lifted, encountering a pair of brown trousers, somewhat baggy at the knees, then cotton shirt with many colored silk stripes, and a pair of white sinewy arms, and finally a sallow face, in which gleamed a pair of deep brown eyes. Having once found those eyes, my gaze stayed there fascinated. They were strange eyes, with an infinite depths of sadness—and they were never still.

"Hullo there," said I, surprised that I was no longer alone.

"Hello, stranger. Do you know where Fish Head Rock is?" came back in a deep, soft voice.

"Fish Head, I think, is about two miles along the shore. Just a mile or so beyond that point, which sticks out into the lake yonder," I replied, indicating the direction with my hand. "But what are you going there for? It's half a mile from the nearest house, and that is only an old ruin which has not been lived in for years." The question rose from natural surprise. Who ever heard of anyone looking for Fish Head? But before I had finished I realized that it was rather inquisitive. "Sorry if I seem interfering," I hastened to say. "You see, it just slipped out because the farm along that part of the lake front is not worked, and nobody ever goes there."

"Oh, that's all right," he said with an easy laugh. "You see, I heard of it, and—I had never seen it."

"Quite a remarkable likeness to a fish, I am told," I muttered, realizing that I had never seen it, and probably never would.

"Yes," he said, gazing at the boat in the distance. "Yes, yes, that's what I was told, and of course there is a story about it; there's a story about everything you see."

"I didn't know there was a story about Fish Head," I remarked.

"No, I shouldn't think you would," he went on. "Farmers these days don't think about anything but crops. I can see that you are not exactly one of them." He glanced at the field I was ploughing with its quantities of weeds and its seven rather irregular furrows. He smiled pleasantly.

"No, I'm quite a stranger here," I said. "Just got back, and took up farming."

"You were over there, too." He looked at me keenly. "I knew you had been from your appearance—no, not war worn, but—just—I can always tell—it changes a man somehow."

"Been back long?" I asked.

"A year or so." He extended a twisted wrist, with a deformed, useless hand. "I've been working in an office all that time. Shut in like a caged rabbit. Lord! I have longed for the open air!" He was silent for a time, kicking little stones over the cliff with his big, dusty shoes.

I sat down, with my feet dangling over the edge. He sat down beside me.

"I hope this turf doesn't give way," he observed cheerfully.

"So do I, most sincerely," said I, thinking how extremely undesirable it would be to form part of an avalanche tumbling down the bluff into the lake.

"Some parts of the bluff are quite sheer," he said.

"Yes, it gets rocky a little farther along, and here and there there is a vertical drop of about a hundred feet."

"Yes, yes, of course. Much more steep than this." He took a stone and threw it as far as he could, but it scarcely reached the water. I tried, and my stone did not go as far.

"It's a long way down there." He sighed, and looked dreamily at his dusty fingers.

"You can throw farther with your left hand than I can with my right," I remarked.

"I have to use it twice as much," he said laconically. Then, as if thinking aloud, he went on. "Just pushing a pen in a dingy office all day, every day. Yes, of course. Then White told me about Fish Head, and so, you see, I came out to see it. In Japan or India, or even South Africa, one would scarcely walk a block to see the Fish Head, but here—here! Where people dream nothing but money and read only the writing on dollar bills—I had to come."

I was mystified. My visitor had not the appearance of a lunatic. What was this he was talking about? My curiosity was aroused. I glanced at my horses guiltily. One of them was resting contentedly on three legs, and the other was still reaching for more grass.

Somewhere — perhaps five miles from shore — a great freighter plodded across the flashing blue sweep of lake. Occasionally a gull appeared for an instant above the edge of the great bluff, only to vanish again to sweep down on some morsel of food, or to light upon the water and float like a pretty painted wooden thing for a minute or so. Behind me seven furrows made a narrow pathway of fresh, brown earth across the field—yellow and green with dandelions and soft young grass. To a naturalist the scene presented claims without number. To the agriculturist whose mundane eye sees no beauty in freshness of the grass or the simple magnificence of the dandelion, the scene presented only difficulties and disorder. I was perforce regarding it from the standpoint of a farmer. My

horses were hot and panting; wherever the straps of the harness rubbed them there were daubs of white foam.

"What is the story of Fish Head?" I asked. Then added, "So long as it isn't personal, you know."

"No, it isn't personal, or at least I never met the people it is about; and I only heard of them yesterday. It was a good many years ago, when the farms around here were very large, and a great part of the land had not been cleared. Most of the farm houses had bells on the roof of the summer kitchen, which was really just a shed, in which they cooked in the summer, because they used wood altogether for fuel, and the kitchen would be unbearably hot. The women would ring the bells when it was time for the men to come to meals, so there would be no time lost."

"A man named Crow had one of the largest and most prosperous farms in this district. There was a rambling old farm house with wild grapes climbing over it, and lilac bushes all around. It was near the lake, and not far from the Fish Head."

"Crow had a daughter, who used to ring the bell at twelve, and again at six, to call him in to the best meals in the country side. She was a lovely girl, and of course all the swains in the district wanted to marry her. Crow wanted her to marry a neighbor's son, so that when either of the fathers died they could work the two farms as one—as if the farms were not too big already. But the girl would not hear of it. 'I want to look after you for ever, and never get married,' she told him. Probably she had learned enough from her mother's life not to want to be a farmer's wife, and I guess she was right."

"One summer a young student worked for Crow during his holidays. He was a dreamy, refined youth, and possibly not any too fond of physical labor, but he did his best and stuck to it. Before long the ringing of the old bell began to have a new meaning for Crow's daughter, and for the

young student it began to mean more than just the good food and rest. It began to spell M-a-r-y, M-a-r-y all the time as it rang. Mary also took to bringing water to the men in the fields, as she used to before her mother died.

"Crow always used to take a walk over the farm after supper, in the twilight, and then Mary and the young chap would wash the dishes as quickly as ever they could and get out into the garden. One day Crow forgot his matches, and when he got back to the kitchen everything was tidy and no one would have guessed that they had just finished supper ten minutes before.

"Mary and her lover were sitting with their faces close together, staring into the hazel thicket, because they thought they could see fairies there just as the sun went down. They were on the old beech log under the apple tree by the kitchen. Mary had keen ears though, even when they were looking for fairies, and by the time Crow found her the young fellow was well up in the apple tree.

"'You did the dishes quickly tonight, Mary,' said Crow, approaching her.

"'Yes, I did. I washed and Ted wiped,' she told him.

"'Where's Ted now?' he asked, but didn't give her time to answer. 'If he'd work a little more in the fields instead of doing the women's work, I'd be more pleased.'

"Just then Ted moved a little, and shook down a couple of apples, one of which struck Crow on the head. However, Crow did not look up, but hurried off for his pipe and his stroll.

"It was perhaps a month before Crow came to realize that Ted was making love to his daughter, and when he did he made a terrible fuss. You see, he thought that Ted was no good because he was not very strong as a farm hand. And Crow did not believe in education. So he sent Ted back to the city with his pay, and threatened to turn his daughter out if

she had anything more to do with him.

"Naturally this only made them more determined. If Crow had taken it coolly and not interfered, the thing might have died a natural death, for both of them were young.

"Ted and Mary arranged secret meetings on the rocks down by Fish Head. He would come out on the local train, just as I have done, and walk six miles along the lake front to Fish Head. She would pack dainty lunches, and they would build a fire behind the great gaunt rock. Of course these visits of Ted's were not frequent. Women on the farm did not have much time for picnics, and Ted had to husband his money very carefully to get through his college term.

"One day, late in the fall, he arrived at the top of the bluff before her. Probably he was looking to see if she was below, getting the fire ready. Anyway, he went too near the edge, and a piece of sod gave way, and he fell to the rocks below.

"A few minutes later the girl came tripping down the path with the lunch basket. Probably she was singing—she was usually singing. She had laid out the supper and gathered some drift wood before she discovered the body of her lover—face down, with his head in the place where they had had their last fire.

"She was found there the next day, still holding the poor fellow's head in her lap. The night had been very cold, and she died soon after from exposure, for she only had on a thin gingham dress, with short sleeves, like she used to make for herself.

"Crow went to pieces altogether. He was really a kind-hearted man—but ignorant and hard-headed. Every day except Sunday (he was a good Presbyterian) he would walk down to the bluff above Fish Head, to hear Mary ring a bell at twelve and then again at six. For a long time it was

said that it could be heard ringing any clear day when the men would be likely to be in the fields."

"Strange," I said. "I never heard a word of the story before."

But the stranger was looking at his watch. "Hark!" said he, "it is just six."

We sat quite still. In a moment a clear, resonant note, like the sounding of a bell, was carried on the humid air, eight times, then all was silence once more.

"That is most wonderful," I said, turning and looking at him.

His eyes were misty, and he seemed in a dream.

"I must go and see it before it is dark," he said in a strained voice, still with staring eyes. "If you will come with me I will show more wonderful things than that every step of the way."

"I can't go," I said regretfully. "But when you are returning, come and stay the night with me. You will be more than welcome."

"I am going to mourn." He spoke almost brokenly. "I, too, have loved and lost, and ever since I have wandered from one place to another worshipping at the shrines of other dead loves. I cannot worship at my own."

"You cannot worship at the shrine of your dead love?" I repeated, almost involuntarily.

"No. You see, she is not dead."

He rose quickly, and extended his hand. I took it in both mine.

"You will come," I urged.

"You are very kind, but—no. I am not often taken this way, but when I am it lasts for several days."

He turned, and stumped away like a man in a dream.

I took the reins from the plough handle, then stood watching him as he slowly disappeared into the light, rolling mist which comes inland here in the evenings.







"MORE"

From the Painting by

L. L'Herminette.

Exhibited by the

Canadian National Exhibition



# DONALD GUNN ON THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT

BY ISABEL ELIZABETH HENDERSON

**I**T has been said that the historian is a prophet with his face turned backwards. If we accept this as a definition, Hon.

Donald Gunn was not a historian, for he wrote not of the past but of the present. And that fact is what gives his "History of Manitoba" its value, his present being the period of the Red River Settlement, and his very limitations giving us a truer picture of pioneer days than can be reconstructed after the most careful research. Except to those who have made a study of the history of the Northwest this book is little known. And, indeed, to those whose chief interest is in political history its value is affected unfavorably by its uninviting form and its occasional evidence of prejudice.

There are times when even the casual reader is tempted to compare Mr. Gunn to the Irishman whose motto was to hit a head wherever he saw one. Lord Selkirk and his agents, the Hudson's Bay Company, the Northwest Company, the Canadian Government, the Church of England—each in turn receives a smart rap. But at this date we can easily gauge the justice of such criticism and it is only fair to explain that Mr. Gunn died before his task was finished. Had he lived it is probable that he would have revised the History and left it free of some of the faults that mar it.

Donald Gunn was born in the County of Caithness, Scotland, in the year 1797. At the age of sixteen he enrolled in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and for ten years worked in what was known as the Servern District. In 1819 he married a daughter of the officer in charge of the York District and after the union of the fur companies in 1821 he took advantage of the opportunity to retire and, accompanied by his wife and infant son, he settled in what is now known as the Parish of St. Andrew, a short distance north of the present city of Winnipeg. From that time until his death at the age of eighty-one he was active in all that pertained to the life of the quickly-growing Colony, and one regrets that more of his knowledge of those interesting days was not left in permanent form. He was the first teacher in the little school established and supported by the Church Missionary Society; was librarian of the first public library; was a member of the Provisional Assembly in the strenuous days before "the Transfer", and, after Manitoba had entered Confederation, a member of what was known as the Legislative Council, a sort of Senate or Upper House which was discontinued four years later.

It is a far cry from the Winnipeg of to-day to the opening sentence of the History. "The discovery of the islands in the Gulf of Mexico by Christopher Columbus in 1492," says

Mr. Gunn, "excited the ambition and cupidity of the English and French monarchs." But after this auspicious beginning the modern reader, less leisurely than his forbears, will probably skip the sixty pages that follow and turn to the simpler annals of the people who came to our country not to explore, not to claim vast areas for the half-legendary kings of our school-days, not to make fortunes in the fur trade, but to found homes for themselves and their children and to prepare the way for us who follow them.

Anyone who is at all familiar with the story of the settlement of the Canadian West knows, at least in outline, of the long struggle between the rival fur companies, of Lord Selkirk's obtaining a controlling interest in the stock of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of his purchasing from the Company a tract of land in the Red River Valley on which he planned to establish a colony.

The colonization scheme met with considerable opposition from other shareholders but finally the transfer was made and in the spring of 1811 there sailed from Stornoway, in the Island of Lewis, a little party of men bound for York Factory, some of them to serve at various Company posts and some to proceed to Red River to prepare for the expected arrival of the first party of settlers the following spring. The "Colony men" were under the leadership of Captain, later Governor, Miles MacDonnell, a Canadian of U. E. Loyalist stock. Reaching York Factory too late in the season to proceed on their journey, these men wintered near the Bay and it was not until the following summer, probably July or August, that they reached their destination. Here they set to work to build dwellings and stores at the point chosen as headquarters for the Company, and named Fort Douglas, which was for many years the site of the Governor's residence, the Colony Stores and the Hudson's Bay Fort. The section is still known as Point Douglas.

In the meantime Lord Selkirk had been busily recruiting settlers and in August of 1812 another small party arrived at the Bay, this one comprising several newly-married couples and two or three unmarried women in addition to the single men. That the enterprise of these first women pioneers was appreciated is proved by Mr. Gunn's remark that "the first matrimonial union entered into by persons of pure European blood, in Rupertsland, took place at York Factory. Both parties were Protestants and had arrived with the ship; the marriage ceremony was performed by Father Bourke, who had come over with the Irish members of the expedition, but who returned to Ireland the following season. "This party of colonists stayed for only a short time at the Factory and we read that late in October they "arrived in health and good spirits on the banks of the much talked of and long wished for Red River."

One hopes that the health continued, for with the coming of winter it was seen that sufficient provisions for the little Colony could not be obtained at Fort Douglas. So the settlers proceeded to Pembina, then the headquarters for the buffalo hunt, where they suffered all the rigors of their first winter in a new and severe climate, dependent upon such game as they could procure. It is pleasant to read that during this winter the Northwest Company's servants generously supplied the settlers with the provisions without which they would have perished. "Here I must candidly state," says Mr. Gunn, "that up to this time there had been nothing approaching to animosity existing between the servants of the two companies." With the coming of spring the settlers returned to the Red River, where each colonist had his land assigned to him and where all at once "commenced the arduous and tedious work of subduing the earth" with no better implements than hoes. Whether Lord Selkirk's men had fail-

ed to provide seed we do not know, but Mr. Gunn remarks, "Here again the North West Company's representative in Red River lent a helping hand, by either giving or selling to the Colony Governor some wheat, barley, potatoes, garden seeds, a bull, four cows, some pigs and some fowls, which had been brought from Canada at great expense; and although still disapproving the motives under which the settlement was established they did all in their power to relieve the distress and wants of the colonists". It may be mentioned here that even yet the "old settler" in Winnipeg often means by "Canada" the Eastern Provinces only.

Happily ignorant, no doubt, of the hardships undergone by their fore-runners, still another party of emigrants set sail from Stromness in June of 1813. Like those already described this party consisted of both colonists and "company servants". Among the latter was Mr. Gunn himself, and from now on his record becomes more detailed. Of the colonists the greater number were from Sutherlandshire, crofters and small farmers who had been evicted from their homes to make room for sheep-farms. How many were in this party Mr. Gunn does not say, but that it was considerably larger than those which preceded it is shown by the fact that two vessels were needed to accommodate the emigrants. To these were added a brig bound for the Moravian Mission in Labrador and the *Brazen* a sloop of war, for escort.

It was an eventful voyage. "On the evening of the second day after leaving Stromness," says Mr. Gunn, "we sighted a large American privateer steering across our course and towing a small schooner which she had captured in the North Sea. On seeing our fleet the privateer cast off her prize, spread her canvas, and steered south-west before the wind, which blew freshly at the time." The *Brazen* gave chase, recaptured the

prize and took it back to a British port, and two days later rejoined the little fleet bound for Hudson's Bay.

But the next picture is not so bright. Typhus fever broke out on board the *Prince of Wales*, and many of the passengers died on board the ship and many more at Churchill, where they were landed probably some time in August. The hardships undergone by these unfortunate people were of a nature scarcely to be appreciated by us. It was only a hundred and eight years ago, not far beyond the memory of some still living, that this little group of pioneers, sick, dying and convalescent together, were set ashore in that barren land. There was no shelter for them and little food—of the latter only what was brought on the ship and what could be spared at the Post, nothing suitable for the sick. As the season advanced it became evident that the winter could not be spent in such surroundings, so the party went inland fifteen miles "where the primeval forest stood unbroken in all its solemn and silent grandeur". Here fuel and building materials were easily obtained and soon the men made ready the rough shanties that were to serve as shelter during the long winter when, says Mr. Gunn, "Fahrenheit's thermometer ranged for months from 35 to 50 degrees below zero, and many times fell as low as 55, or even to 60." And all winter the scanty rations had to be dragged on sleds from Churchill, so that each week the men had to make a journey of thirty miles on snowshoes.

About the middle of April the colonists set out again for their Promised Land. The first stage of their journey brought them to York Factory, where they were received very kindly by W. H. Cook, the officer in charge. Of Mr. Cook Mr. Gunn has to say that "for many reasons he wished the Colony success, as he and other fur traders who had families in the country began to look on the new settlement as likely to be-

come, in the course of time, a desirable and convenient place of retirement." This is significant, in view of the opposition of the many traders who feared that the settlement of the country would interfere with their monopoly. Leaving York Factory in June the colonists had still seven hundred miles of dangerous and wearisome lake and river navigation before them. Men unaccustomed to such work rowed, worked at the tow-line and packed boats and freight over the numerous portages, and we may be sure that they hailed with joy the end of their journey.

It was probably about the middle of July that the Settlement was reached, exact dates are scarce. A few days later each head of a family, and also those who represented families that were expected to come to the Colony the next year, was put in possession of "one hundred acres of land and an Indian pony". But no implements were available, nor iron from which plows might have been made.

In June of 1815 another party of emigrants set sail from Stromness. Unlike those of whom we have just read, these people met with no greater hardships than might have been expected. Their voyage was uneventful and there was no outbreak of sickness. On the 18th of August they arrived at the mouth of Hay's River and, says Mr. Gunn, "during their short stay at that place some of the men in the Company's service were captivated by the charms of the fair and lovely maidens just landed." Before the party continued its journey inland three or four couples of these young people "were made happy by being united in the holy bonds of matrimony" by Mr. James Sutherland, who had been licensed by the Established Church of Scotland "to marry, to baptize, to instruct, and to perform the duties of teacher and spiritual guide to his fellow emigrants". One wishes that Mr. Gunn had also left us the names of the couples married. It might be

noted here that the 1815 party was under the command of Governor Robert Semple, who came to take the place of Governor MacDonnell, he having been taken to Montreal under warrants issued at the instance of the Northwest Company to answer charges arising out of his high-handed policy in the Colony. Governor Semple was greatly respected by those under his care, and his death in the battle of Seven Oaks was deeply regretted.

Mr. Gunn now, at considerable length, treats of the trouble between the Fur Companies. It may be necessary to explain that the Northwest Company, the "Canadians", had been in this part of the country before the Hudson's Company had established posts so far south. With headquarters in Montreal, and composed of Canadians of French or Scotch descent, the Northwest Company carried on the trade and the traditions of the old French companies. It was only natural that these men, following in the footsteps of the explorers of the country, and in the case of many of the French "coureurs de bois" having intermarried with the Indians, should look upon the district as their own and ignore the claim of the Hudson's Bay Company under its charter. We have quoted Mr. Gunn as saying that up to the time of the arrival of the colonists there had been no trouble between the servants of the rival companies. But from then until the absorption of the Northwest Company by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821 the story is one of constant strife, which in some cases ended in bloodshed. Miles MacDonnell, the first Governor of Lord Selkirk's Colony, is credited by Mr. Gunn with having initiated the campaign that so antagonized the Canadian Company and those with whom they traded. Acting under instructions from Lord Selkirk he demanded of the Indians that they should no longer take furs to the Northwest posts, and notices were served to the

Northwest officers that they should vacate their posts throughout the district. What follows is not pleasant reading. Parties of the rival companies seized each other's stores and provisions. Brandon House, a Northwest post, was broken into by order of the Governor and "500 bags of pemmican, ninety-eight kegs of grease and about 100 bales of dried meat" taken across the river to the Hudson's Bay stores—it was for this action that Governor MacDonald was taken to Canada to stand trial. Skirmishes at outlying posts added their share to the fast-growing feeling of enmity, and on the 19th of June, 1816, matters reached a crisis in what has since been known as "the battle of Seven Oaks", in which Governor Semple and some twenty of his men were killed, the scene of the fight being now within the limits of the city of Winnipeg. Following this success the Northwest Company took possession of Fort Douglas, where the settlers had congregated for protection. Not more than thirty men were left, says Mr. Gunn, and the stores were almost empty. Resistance was out of the question and the best that could be done was to accept the terms offered by the victors, that the acting Governor and his people should evacuate the Fort and, taking their personal property with them, go to Jack River, now Norway House, boats and provisions for the journey to be supplied by the Northwest Company. Three days later the party was on its way, "The greater portion firmly resolved," says Mr. Gunn, "on returning to their native mountains. They considered their prospect of success in the Red River hopeless." Reaching Jack River the settlers found that it was not possible to obtain passage to Scotland that summer. Again but one course remained open to them and they immediately set to work to build houses for shelter during the approaching cold weather. This done they undertook the no less important task of catching whitefish, but despite

their industry they were unable to store up enough to last them through the season. Fortunately they were able to set their nets under ice during the winter"; and, says Mr. Gunn, "on the whole there was no very great suffering for want of food."

In the meantime Lord Selkirk had been informed of the condition of affairs in the Settlement and in the fall of 1815 he arrived in Montreal, where he at once set about to enlist a military force for the protection of his interests. The close of the War of 1812 had left many discharged soldiers in Canada and from amongst these, largely from the Swiss mercenaries of Colonel De Meuron's regiment, Lord Selkirk recruited a small expeditionary force, comprising some one hundred men and the necessary complement of officers and non-commissioned officers. Leaving Lachine in the early spring of 1816 the party was met at St. Mary's by the news of the battle of Seven Oaks and the dispersion of the Colony. Pushing on to Fort William, then the chief trading-post of the Northwest Company, they seized the Fort and sent back to Montreal as prisoners the gentlemen in charge. Then with Fort William as their base they seized other and smaller posts in the district, the most important of which, Lac la Pluie, was the strategic point for an attack on the Northwest trading-posts on the Red River, the re-taking of Fort Douglas and the re-establishment of the Colony. "In the month of February," says Mr. Gunn, "Captain D'Orsonnens, with his company, set out, travelling by the Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods; thence, conducted by Indian guides, they passed through the forests that intervene between that Lake and the Red River. On reaching Red River they followed its course northwards for a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles, at the end of which they turned to the west and came to the Assiniboine River, somewhere in what is now known as the Parish of St. James. Here they

spent some time in making scaling ladders, and thus provided themselves with the means of getting over the defences that surrounded Fort Douglas. A favorite opportunity soon presented itself in a stormy night when the howling winds drowned every other sound, and when the thickly falling and drifting snow obscured the sight and concealed the enemy's approach, until he had not only planted his ladders on the outside of the stockade, but until he had ascended to their top and was in the act of planting others on the inside, on which these practised and well-trained veterans descended in a moment into the Fort." Those in the Fort made no resistance, we are told, and once more Fort Douglas was the property of its original owners.

After the recapture of Fort Douglas a messenger was despatched to Jack River to invite the settlers to return to their abandoned homes and to assure them of protection in the future. In the month of June all the settlers had come back and at about the same time Lord Selkirk arrived with the remainder of the De Meurons and a large party of voyageurs. But while the presence of his Lordship and the soldiers cheered the almost disheartened colonists their troubles were by no means at an end. Around Fort Douglas had gathered a larger number of people than had ever been provided for and the customary food shortage was felt more keenly than ever before. Fish was scarce at that season, as was the wild fowl. A small amount of game was brought by the friendly Indians but the Métis hunting parties, still under the influence of the Northwest Company, avoided the Colony and, says Mr. Gunn, "when provisions failed nettles and other herbs had for days and sometimes even for weeks to be resorted to in order to appease the cravings of hunger."

During his stay in the Colony Lord Selkirk busied himself with many matters relating to its well-being. To-

gether with two commissioners appointed by the Canadian Government at the instance of the Imperial authorities he saw to the restitution of Northwest property seized by the Hudson's Bay Company, and vice versa. He settled the De Meurons on small lots in Point Douglas and across the river from the Point. To the Scotch settlers he granted their land free of all charges, in recognition of their losses, gave them land for church and school and promised them all the rights and privileges of British subjects, a market in the Colony for their surplus produce, and a minister of their own religion. He also called together the Indian tribes of the district, and with all the picturesque ceremonial necessary to such an occasion made a treaty with them. Mr. Gunn quotes the lengthy document in full—one wonders if the original is still in existence—and we read that the Indians waived all rights in the land held by Lord Selkirk on condition that "the said Earl, his heirs and successors, or their agents, shall annually pay to the Chiefs and Warriors of the Chippeway or Saukteaux nation the present or quit-rent of one hundred pounds weight of good marketable tobacco, to be delivered on or before the tenth day of October at the Forks of the Assiniboine River and to the Chiefs and Warriors of the Kilistino or Cree nation a like present or quit-rent of one hundred pounds of tobacco, to be delivered to them on or before the said tenth day of October, at Portage de la Prairie, on the banks of the Assiniboine River: Provided always that the traders hitherto established upon any part of the above-mentioned tract of land shall not be molested."

Although the settlers had now nothing to fear either from hostile Indians or from the petty warfare of the Fur Companies the four years following Lord Selkirk's visit brought little but hardship. In 1818, 1819, 1820 and 1821 swarms of grasshoppers destroyed the precious grain, and each



autumn all who could leave the Colony did so and went to Pembina, where the very young and very old remained while the strong and vigorous hunted buffalo on the plains beyond. In the summer of 1818 the Colony had been increased by the arrival of "a few French families from Canada under the conduct of two priests" and these shared the migrations of the earlier settlers. One bright spot in a chapter that contains but few is the appearance on the scene in October, 1820, of Rev. John West. Though of the Anglican persuasion and not the Presbyterian minister promised by Lord Selkirk and so earnestly desired by the Scotch settlers, he and his successors, Mr. Jones and Archdeacon Cochrane, were personally much respected and their ministry appreciated. To John West we owe the founding of the first school in the Colony, and he also set on foot missionary work among the Indians.

Lord Selkirk died in 1820 and in February of 1821 the union of the Fur Companies was achieved. This occurrence had its bearing on the life of the Colony, which was now further reinforced by a party of Swiss immigrants who had settled among the De Meurons on the east side of the river. Peace was assured, and many of the men released by the union came to the Colony with their families. Indeed, according to Mr. Gunn, "the influx of families from the fur trade in 1822 and the following summer exceeded in number those who represented the original colonists brought in by His Lordship". The Protestant newcomers, largely Orkneymen who "had married in the country", settled along the River below Fort Douglas, in what are now known as the Parishes of St. Paul and St. Andrew; while what is now St. Boniface received a considerable number of French Canadians. We are glad to read that after 1822 there was no crop failure. Other misfortunes there were, but the rapidly-growing settlement was never again

on the verge of actual starvation, as had so often been the case in the first ten years.

We are now nearing the end of Mr. Gunn's narrative. The final chapters are full of interest, containing as they do many details of the daily life of the Colony. On the whole, the years between 1821 and 1835 were years of prosperity. Floods and frosts were not sufficient to break the spirit of the people who felt that their darkest days had passed, and time has not dulled the keen edge of the righteous scorn with which Mr. Gunn regards those Swiss settlers who, after the great flood in 1826, left for the States, where conditions at that time were more favorable. More serious, in the light of after events, was the dissatisfaction of the "freemen" from the fur trade. Accustomed for many years to the liberty of the forest, the plains and the river, they found it difficult, particularly those of mixed blood, to settle down to the restricted life of the Colony. The Hudson's Bay Company's monopoly in furs was one grievance; the tariff on goods brought by long and perilous journeys from the States was another; greatest of all, perhaps, was the increasing price of land, land to which in many cases the freemen felt that they had a moral claim through their Indian mothers.

But to turn to the brighter side of the story: In 1825, we read, a flour mill was set up in the Colony to take the place of the primitive querns brought out from Scotland. Agricultural methods were still necessarily crude but iron was being imported, almost at the price of gold, and plows made, and the yield from the rich, virgin soil was so great that besides providing for their own use the settlers were able to sell some grain to the Hudson's Bay Company. Cattle, sheep and horses were brought from Great Britain and from the States, and, though prices were high and the loss of stock great through pardonable ignorance, the settlers gradually accumulated a fair supply of "these use-

ful animals", as our author calls them. One enterprise, the story of which reads much like a traveller's tale, was "The Buffalo Wool Company", a joint stock company formed to deal in buffalo hides and wool, the former to be tanned and the latter to be woven into cloth. The project seems to have been mismanaged, some cloth was actually made but the cost of it was prohibitive and the Company died a natural death, as did "The Tallow Company" that followed it. Experimental farms were kept up by Lord Selkirk and his heirs, and while here too Mr. Gunn hints at mismanagement we may safely suppose that they were of some value in showing what might be accomplished.

If agriculture was in a primitive state so was commerce. It was apparently not until the summer of 1823 that there was any money in the Colony, until then all transactions were carried on by credit and barter. And it was not until 1832 or 1833 that the Company imported a sufficient stock of goods to enable them to keep their stores open all the year round. Prior to this time, says Mr. Gunn, "the Company's sale shop would be opened for the public in October, when every man in the Settlement who had a few pounds, or even a few shillings, set out, each anxious to be the first at the shop door. Even if he succeeded his chance of being first to get in was very slender indeed, for in a few moments he would be surrounded by scores of men who, in their eagerness to get to the door, kept crowding on each other, not only to the great annoyance but danger of the weakest. About 8 a.m. the officials entered by some private door; two men were placed at the public entry to keep back the multitude that pressed with its united weight against the front door, which would be by degrees cautiously unbarred, when in spite of the strong and armed men a crowd would burst in with such force that many in the throng were thrown off their balance, came full

length to the ground, and were injured by being tramped upon by their surer-footed or more fortunate friends. The guards at the door relocked and re-barred it with all convenient speed, and as soon as those within assumed something like order the sales began. The customer received such articles as were to be had, being occasionally reminded that the cash to his credit was getting low. Thus business went on until the customer would be paid for his last pennies by a few ounces of thread or tobacco. By degrees all who got in would be served; or, in other words, their cash would be spent, and they would be sent out by a back door, or even at a window. Again the front door would be cautiously opened, when others rushed in to take up the places left vacant by those who had passed out by the back way. And in this way the good people, day after day and week after week, spent their time and money until the goods would be disposed of and all the cash in the Settlement gathered in, which was generally accomplished by the end of November."

The year 1835 saw another great change in the affairs of the Colony, when all the land granted to Lord Selkirk by the Hudson's Bay Company was transferred back to the Company by the young Earl of Selkirk, who received in the neighborhood of eighty-four thousand pounds as compensation. At this time the population of the Colony had risen to the number of five thousand, and it was felt by Governor Simpson and his advisors that the time had come "to put the administration of justice on a more regular footing than heretofore". Earlier than this time all administrative power was vested in the person of the Governor of Rupert's Land (or, in his absence, in that of the Colony Governor) assisted by his councillors, all of whom were appointed by the Company. According to Mr. Gunn a Representative Council to be elected by the people was "loud-

ly demanded by some", but without success. The new Legislative Council, formed in February, 1835, consisted of the members of the old body with several others added; these last, however, were selected and commissioned by the Board of Directors in London, and were, with perhaps one exception, "either sinecurists or salaried servants of the Hudson's Bay Company". Representative Government was still far in the future, but one of the resolutions passed by the new council at its first meeting provided "that in all contested civil cases which may involve claims of more than ten pounds, and in all criminal cases, the verdict of a jury shall determine the fact or facts in dispute". This innovation went far to reconcile the body of the people, the jurymen forming a link between the governing classes and the governed. The Settlement was now divided into four districts, and a Justice of the Peace appointed for each district, with authority to hold quarterly courts for the trial of minor civil cases. More important cases

were to be referred to the Governor and his Council. A Volunteer Corps consisting of sixty officers and men was formed, and the order given that a building to serve the double purpose of court house and gaol be erected at once.

At this point Mr. Gunn's narrative comes to an abrupt close, to be taken up by Mr. Charles R. Tuttle, who carries the history forward to the date of Confederation. Mr. Tuttle informs us in a note that "no changes whatever have been made in Mr. Gunn's manuscript, except to divide it into ten chapters for general convenience". As it stands it is a valuable source of information regarding days that are gone and people whose service to the West is being forgotten in this period of rapid change. Published by Mr. Tuttle as late as 1880, and in a durable form, many copies of the history must still be obtainable, and anyone who is fortunate enough to procure it will be sure to find it well worth a careful and sympathetic reading.

## SPRING FANCY

By MARTHA OSTENSO

THE bold, young green of meadow  
 Slants to the spring-sweet hill,  
 And about my feet is a rumor  
 Of the coming daffodil.

My veins are full of the morning,  
 And my mortal flesh is one  
 With the warm immortality  
 Of the youth-season's sun.

They tell me I am but of clay,  
 Yet nearer earth this violet grows,  
 And the high, proud wind that stirs my hair  
 Her perfume blows.

# RAINY DAYS

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD



HERE are rainy days that are red-letter days, and there are rainy days that suggest to us no other color than gray. Of this latter kind Longfellow wrote, and with it we all are familiar. When

“The vine still clings to the mouldering wall  
And at every gust some dead leaves fall”,

the rain is a signal for us to rally the forces of good cheer, to set the open fire crackling and laughing, and to combat the dreariness that assails us as the cold drops are dashed against the pane. But there are days when some magic quality comes into the air with the down-pour. Our creative powers are unloosed; we see deeper and dream better; some at least of the words we want in which to clothe our thoughts are given to us.

I remember a certain attic study with long closets under its sloping eaves. To sit on its deep window-seat, half-dozing and altogether cosey, and hear the rain beat rhythmically on the closet roofs was sheer joy. The bit of garden you could see from the window might look drenched and forsaken, but the attic study was “a tower beyond the tops of time”, and the music on the roof went on

“Like the rhythm of fairy feet,  
Feet of fairies dancing lightly down enchanted halls”.

Then there were rainy days at camp. There, if they were not too frequent, they seemed to bring out the

hidden brilliancy of the campers. We all gathered in the largest tent; cushions and blankets were arranged to form divans, and each member of the party was expected to contribute his or her share to the general entertainment. It was a little awkward making room for Nestor (our comradely dog), I remember, but he could not be left out in the rain and he refused with pathos to remain in one of the other tents alone. However, once admitted, he behaved with great propriety, did not try to walk over us with muddy feet, and only barked when occasionally sleep overcame him. Most of the time he lay watching us with bright affectionate eyes, and apparently giving gentlemanly attention to story and song.

The entertainment generally began with stories—with a “rigmarole” where one of the party began the narrative and after getting it well started paused abruptly and left its continuation to the next. The result was a very heterogeneous mixture where comedy and tragedy, broad farce and fairy marvel jostled each other. But after the rigmarole was over each camper would draw on his repertoire for a contribution. With most it was a recitation, with some a story, and a very very few ventured on solos. We were not a musically accomplished party, but my father had a beautiful baritone voice and a store of old songs that ran the whole gamut from grave to gay—from “Oh Hush Those Sounding Strings Once More”, to “There Was a Tall Young Oyster Man”. Then gradually we drifted

into choruses—and between the bursts of song how good sounded the rain that beat upon our canvas walls!

Despite all their advantages, rainy days do not seem to be in the good graces of the poets. One may easily find a dozen poems in praise of snow and wind to one that has a good word for rain. And this is easy to understand, for rain is usually the marplot

that upsets our outdoor plans. But there comes a day now and then when the clouds, however dark, have a friendly look, when the rain on the roof sounds a lullaby to care, and we are shut in just as cosily and effectually as if by Emerson's "tumultuous privacy of storm", though that was a wild whirling snow-storm, and this is only a rainy day.

## OLD MAN RICHARDSON

By BEATRICE REDPATH

OLD man Richardson  
Lives all alone  
In a great house  
Built of stone.

Pheasant and partridge  
Are what he eats—  
Only the choicest wines,  
Choicest of meats.

Old man Richardson  
Hates the poor,  
Sickness and poverty  
He can't endure.

So never he's given  
A penny away  
Nor a kindly word  
Had the wish to say;

Never he's loved  
A soul on earth  
Save only himself  
Since the day of his birth.

And I wonder and wonder  
What will pass  
When old man Richardson's  
Under the grass.

If no ill comes to him  
On some day,  
Then it's a strange God  
To whom we pray!

# THE DOOR

A ONE-ACT CANADIAN DRAMA

BY CHARLES W. STOKES

The drama begins in silence in a dense gloom; it might be called a fog but for its unearthly color, which is cold-blue. Except for the ghostly murmur of an unseen 'cello, there is no sound—no birds' songs, no voices, no rustling of the wind. One instinctively feels there is a rainstorm in the air. After about five minutes of this, a low moan is heard. *Ah!* A beam of grayish light from a concealed source quivers about, and finally falls on Maureen sitting on the floor.

MAUREEN (*again*): Ah! (*She rocks herself to and fro*). Ah, 'tis to be married I am to-day! Woe's me! (*She shudders*). 'Tis to be married I am to-day, and, oh, how I'm fearing it!

(*She rises. The light follows her: a soft pinkish glow begins to suffuse the blue atmosphere, and in it is revealed in the farther wall a Door, against which the drama is played. As she stands there, wringing her hands, the Door opens, and Serge enters*).

SERGE: The devil take this daylight-saving nonsense! Ah, is that you, Maureen?

MAUREEN: Yes, Serge Bunkovitch, it is I.

SERGE: What are you standing there for, wringing your hands and moaning? Have you lost anything?

MAUREEN: Yes. I have lost my way.

SERGE: Your way? You mean you have fallen over the edge of your so-called way, and it has gone along and left you behind.

MAUREEN: But I will climb to it again, Serge.

SERGE: Climb to it? Yes—you can climb to it—bruise your hands and knees, tear your clothes, pull up the wild flowers by the roots as you cling to them—

MAUREEN: Ah, the wild flowers!

SERGE: And what will you find? Will you find your way again? Of course not—it has gone along and left you behind! You will find a different way altogether.

MAUREEN: But I'll run along and catch up with my way!

SERGE: And find someone else in it! What is that tinsel dress you're wearing?

MAUREEN: I'm going to be married.

SERGE: Married? Indeed! To whom?

MAUREEN: Why, to you!

SERGE: To me? Where did you get that notion?

MAUREEN (*tartly*): Well, you surely don't think I am going to live with you for the rest of my life without being married to you?

SERGE: Did I ever ask you to live with me for the rest of your life?

MAUREEN (*doubtfully*): No—o. But I thought it was all understood that if the first five years—

SERGE: You take far too much for understood. The next thing, you'll be understanding other things that really don't concern you at all. (*Maureen sighs*). What's the matter now?

MAUREEN: Oh, but it's love you I do, for all your bitter talk! I love your eyes, and your hair, and your bonny, bonny round face——

SERGE: Oh, dry up! Why drag in all that rot? You feel certain physical attractions to me—why not let it go at that?

MAUREEN: My round-faced Serge! Often—oh, so often!—as I have lain on a cliff-side amongst the fox-gloves and the campanulas and the lobelias, I have crushed their lovely blossoms in my palms and cried to myself: "Ah, that these blossoms were the face of my round-faced——"

SERGE: You make me positively sick! (*He looks at his watch*). Nearly eight o'clock. If you're going to start living with me to-day you had better hurry: I'm due at the glue factory at eight.

MAUREEN: Can't I have the day free, to wander amongst the birches and the primroses and sing my robin songs of joy? Can't you wander with me too—hand-in-hand through the forests and the fields?

SERGE: Fat chance! I'd lose my job!

MAUREEN: Job, job—always your job! But come, let's not start living together until to-night. You can call for me after you leave the factory.

SERGE: How can I? I have a sabotage committee at six-thirty, and then at seven-thirty the United Glue Workers of the World are holding a monster mass meeting at which I am to be the principal speaker.

MAUREEN: Well, you could call for me some time between the committee and the monster meeting.

SERGE (*coldly*): And who'd have supper ready?

MAUREEN: As you please. (*She laughs*). My bonny, bonny roun——

SERGE: Oh, for God's sake cut it out! (*He seizes her wrist angrily, and is about to shake her violently when the Door opens and Jack Fairfax enters*).

JACK: Say! Unhand that wum-mun! You with the tin whiskers! (*Serge does so*). You should be ashamed of yourself, you big lummo! If you want to bully anyone, why don't you bully a man? Why don't you bully me? (*He advances to Serge and slaps him on the wrist*). There!

MAUREEN (*who during this rapid action has been gazing fascinatedly at Jack*): My dream-lover!

JACK: What's it all about, anyway?

MAUREEN: We were just going to be married.

SERGE (*turning on her angrily*): There you go again! I tell you we were not going to be married.

MAUREEN: Well, we were going to live together, anyway.

JACK: Live together! Do you mean to tell me that this—this scoundrel made that inhuman suggestion to you? (*He stands aghast*).

SERGE: Well, what of it?

MAUREEN: You don't think there is anything unladylike in it, do you?

JACK (*becoming unaghast*): My poor, poor girl! (*He strokes her hair*)

MAUREEN: I love him. Every time the throstle sings to me and beckons me over the hill it reminds me of my round-fa- (*Serge makes a gesture of supreme disgust*).

JACK: And it is that tender love that he abuses with his immoral suggestions! (*She clings to him, murmuring "Yes"*). Oh, I could kill him! Why,

where I come from a man who—but I won't call him a man. He is unworthy the name.

MAUREEN: Say "person"—"the person who——"

JACK: Why, he'd be hung to the nearest tree for all the world to see!

MAUREEN: Where is it you come from, where they do such noble things?

SERGE (*sotto voce*): Not Toronto, I'll bet.

JACK: I come from the free untrammelled West, where the winds of heaven blow through the whiskers and God's gentlemen look upon life with deep and seeing eyes—where a man is a man and not a clod, where we are all close to the unseen forces—the stars, the grass, the—the—God's great outdoors!

SERGE (*still sotto voce*): Rot!

MAUREEN: Tell me more.

SERGE (*pulling out his watch again*): I said eight o'clock. If I am late I get docked half a day.

MAUREEN: Tell me more, fair curly-headed stranger-prince!

JACK: I am one, dear child, who knows that romance is not dead. I have seen it—I have lived it! I have seen the color, the brightness, the whirl of life! I have ridden the trail—I have known what it is to sleep under the stars! My friends—the birds: my companions—the chipmunks!

(*During this speech the Door opens quietly, and HENRY PERKINS enters, remaining unperceived in the murky background*).

MAUREEN: And—and you see how wonderful the beauty of the earth is!

JACK: Ay, that I do—and it's infinite variety! I see the Indian paddling his canoe—the squaws and the papooses and the wigwams! I see the white-haired old priests of the northland, and the half-breeds who would do them harm—Pierre the squint-eyed, and Baptiste—and the old trader with his lovely daughter. I carry law to them, I, alone in all that northland——

SERGE (*interrupting*): I knew it! I knew it! A Northwest Mounted Policeman! I've seen 'em in the movies!

MAUREEN: Is that what you are, curly one?

JACK (*proudly*): That is what I am.

SERGE: The most exaggerated, over-rated gang of hired scab strike-breakers that ever existed!

JACK: Who are you, anyway?

SERGE: I'm a realist.

JACK: What's that?

SERGE: Well, the opposite of what you are. Now see here. This is my girl. She has her head turned already with this ridiculous poetical nonsense about throstles and fox-gloves. You're butting in without being asked. Now butt out.

JACK: I believe I've read that a realist is a man who looks on the seamy side of things.

SERGE: He isn't fooled by moving pictures, anyway. I don't sleep under the stars with no chipmunks—I work in a glue factory, and I bet I know more about the seamy side of glue than you do!

JACK: Glue!

SERGE: That's it—laugh! But it would be a hell of a world without glue, wouldn't it—nothing sticking together? . . . Go on, embrace her—don't mind me! (*Maureen gives a convulsive shiver of delight, and clings to Jack*). Fool her with your romantic mush about papooses—she doesn't know any better. No doubt you'd like to marry her?

JACK: One thing you can be sure of—she would marry me, not live with me. (*His bosom swells*). Would you like to, clinging one?



MAUREEN: I—I'm not sure. I am not awfully keen on marrying anyone, really, and what Serge proposed had a certain—well, you know, convenience—to it. I wasn't actually marrying him. And you must give Mr. Bunkovitch his due—he's sarcastic, but he's truthful. (*She sighs*). So much of this romance is frightfully ephemeral.

JACK: But the setting sun—and the winds of heaven—

MAUREEN: Yes! I know that too. If I could but be sure they were artistic as well as romantic I would . . . Oh, dear, I'm very undecided.

(*The increasing pink glow has now revealed Henry Perkins's rather stout figure outlined against the blue paint of the Door. Maureen catches sight of him, and cries: He shall decide! Henry steps forward; the beam of light quivers on to him for a moment, to reveal that he wears spats. He shall decide!*)

JACK and SERGE (*together*): Yes, he shall decide!

HENRY (*speaking in a rather squeaky middle-aged voice*): Delighted! There is, however, if you'll excuse my draggin' it in, a slight—er—obstacle. The—er—young woman who is clingin' to one young man with one hand an' holdin' the other young man's hand with the—er—other happens to be—er—my own kind of an idea of a charmin' young woman, an' if she'll excuse my introducin' the personal element I would—er—recall that she made a date to—er—marry me.

JACK and SERGE (*simultaneously freeing themselves from Maureen's embraces*): Is that true?

MAUREEN: A little premature, perhaps.

JACK: The fat little worm!

HENRY: Fat I may be, my boy, but—er—(*he pokes Jack in the ribs*) it's the fat man who makes the hit with the girls. If you were a girl lookin' for a good time, which would you choose—a shadow of death like our friend here (*indicating Serge*) who probably hasn't got the price of an ice-cream soda to his name, or a fat guy who—er—doesn't have to put "Good Eats" on his visitin' card because they're so obvious?

JACK: Faugh! The ethics of a stage-door Johnny!

HENRY: Perhaps. But from what I heard of this highly elevatin' and entertainin' discussion, it was quite—h'm—to the point.

JACK: In other words, you're dangling in front of this sweet, sweet girl the lure of gold! You're suggesting that she should sell her body to you for—for a seven-course dinner!

MAUREEN: My stranger-prince!

SERGE: For the love of Mike, stop that! You get me nervous. Still, there's a lot in what our fat friend says. I'd marry you myself if I had any money.

MAUREEN (*running into his arms*): Serge!

JACK (*to Henry*): I suppose your intentions are to marry her?

HENRY (*doubtfully*): Well, that might come . . .

JACK: You have at least got some decency. This lean-jawed villain here who just said he'd marry her himself if he had any money—well, you apparently missed the beginning of the conversation. He was going to force her to live with him without being married!

HENRY (*interestedly*): The devil he did! (*Turns and surveys Serge with new appreciation—then guffaws*). I think the best thing we can do is to flip coins for it. We can't all marry her. Does that suit you?

JACK and SERGE: Yes.

HENRY: And you, Maureen?

MAUREEN: How romantic of you, Henry—(*Catching his eye, she stops*).

Yes, yes. (*Rocking herself to and fro*). Oh, but it's to be married I am, at the flip of a coin!

SERGE (*practically*): Odd man out?

HENRY and JACK: Yes.

SERGE: And sudden death?

HENRY and JACK: Yes.

*They flip coins.*

HENRY: Heads!

SERGE: Heads!

(*Jack stares at the coin in his palm. Raising his eyes, he says hoarsely*): Tails! (*He turns to Maureen, and embraces her*). Good-bye, little one—may whoever wins—

HENRY: Wins! Why, you won—you were odd man out!

(*A clock slowly strikes eight*).

SERGE: Half a day's pay docked!

(*Maureen embraces Jack, who folds his cloak around her tenderly. She turns to Serge, and says*): And now I have found my way again!

HENRY (*to Jack*): I say, you know—you're startin' on a—h'm—rough trip. Maureen has somewhat expensive tastes in—er—hosiery and—er—

JACK (*haughtily*): Please remember you are speaking of the lady who will very soon be my wife!

HENRY (*exasperated at last*): Well, she was goin' to be mine too! Anyway, I was goin' to say that if a—er—small loan—

JACK: Thanks, no! We are going back to God's country where a man's a man—where the fine open breezes blow—

SERGE: Chipmunks!

(*Jack turns away. He and Maureen walk slowly to the Door, which opens by some unseen force. For a moment they stand there, then they cross the threshold, and the Door closes after them*).

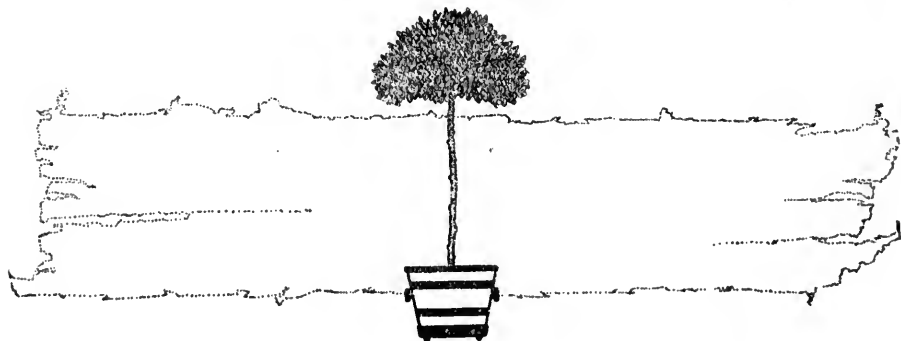
SERGE (*sitting down*): God help them!

(*The pink glow slowly dissipates: the beam of light vanishes, and the stage darkens again to its first cold-blue gloom, in which the outline of the Door disappears. The two men's voices are heard faintly*).

HENRY (*as he sits by Serge*): Well, perhaps it's for the best. Nice girl, an' all that—but scraggy . . . I like 'em plumper . . . (*A long pause*).

SERGE: Half a day's pay . . . . .

## CURTAIN





THE PLOUGH

From the Etching by Herbert E. Whydale  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# A LITTLE JOURNEY ON BY'S CANAL

BY ALDEN GRIFFIN MEREDITH



SHORT time ago a tourist party entered the library of a well-known government building in Ottawa. They were shown a picture of early Bytown, and one of them asked, "Why was it called Bytown?" Their guide answered, "After Colonel By, the first man to settle here." He or they are not more ignorant than the majority.

The history of the Rideau Canal and the towns along its banks is perhaps known in a general way to all of the older generation; but few of the younger realize what stores of interest they miss as they flash past in a motor boat or roll luxuriously along the highway in their limousines.

The preliminary schemes to link Kingston to the Ottawa River were considered as far back as 1790; but actual work did not begin until, in 1826, Colonel, then Captain, By was sent out by the British Government in charge of the Royal Engineers, and empowered to commence the arduous task of constructing the Rideau Canal.

Could we of this generation have vision and imagination enough to re-construct in our minds the "Wilderness of the Rideau", as seen by that brave pioneer and his assistants we might also, as did the faint hearts in those days say, "This is an impossible task to accomplish"; but as dauntlessness and bravery seem to have been

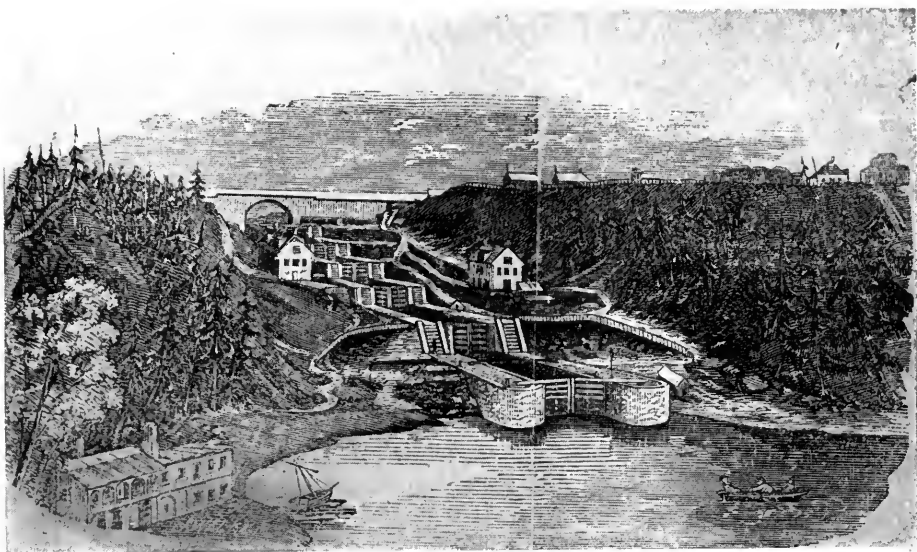
the dominant traits of Colonel By's character, he was evidently undimayed.

Colonel By's personality must have been a singularly pleasing one, both his courage and good humor under difficulties, are highly commended by all contemporary writers of Bytown and its early days.

This little pen-picture by an early historian, Mr. Lett, is both quaint and vivid:

"As o'er the past my vision runs,  
Gazing on Bytown's elder sons,  
The portly Colonel I behold,  
Plainly as in days of old,  
Conjured before me at this hour,  
By memories' undying power,  
Seated upon his great black steed,  
Of stately form and noble breed,  
A man who knew not how to flinch,  
A British soldier every inch.  
Courteous alike to low and high,  
A Gentleman was Colonel By.  
And did I write of lines three score  
About him I could say no more."

Another writer who in minute observation and wealth of detail is to Colonel By what Boswell was to Samuel Johnson—one John McTaggart, surveyor for the Rideau Canal under Colonel By—in 1826 writes: "In some of my curious wanderings I was accompanied by Colonel By, a gentleman I shall ever value and esteem. He encountered all privations with wonderful patience and good-humor. Would run rapids that his Indians trembled to look at, and cross wide lakes when the Canadians were gap-



"The Bay where the steamers enter the first lock from Ottawa River"  
From an old Bytown print

ing with fear at the waves that were rolling around them. He could sleep serenely anywhere, and eat anything even to raw pork." How truly British!

From the bay where the steamers enter the first lock from the Ottawa River to what is now Bank Street, well known to the gasolene launcher and the limousine lady, stretched a thick forest merging at Dow's Lake into an impenetrable swamp. These swamps were fever infested and the sufferings of the first surveying party were very keen.

On one occasion Colonel By, MacTaggart and party, were lost in a cranberry swamp and for two days and nights were wandering without food, soaked to the skin, and perishing with cold, and what was worse reduced to the last drop of brandy hoarded carefully for an emergency. They came eventually upon an Indian who, for the price of that last drop, brought the party safely out. To quote MacTaggart: "I had spent many dismal nights and only relate this on the score that Colonel By was with me, and conducted himself as became a man".

In December, 1827, while on the first survey they sought refuge at a Yankee settler's house but found it full to the doors with a rough and disorderly crew. There were no beds, not even floor space on which to lie down.

MacTaggart writes: "Wearied out, the Colonel asked me to learn if there were any apartments upstairs. With some trouble the landlord was discovered and having put the question, he 'guessed there was considerable of room', that I might go and see and if we would 'kipple up' by twos and threes he had buffaloes to 'kivver' us. Accordingly the Colonel and some of our party went up the frail, narrow and dirty staircase. I was afraid of the steps giving way. We entered a large room exceedingly cold, around the sides of which a number of weary mortals were stretched. We observed something laid upon an old table and covered with something by way of a sheet. 'What is this?' On removing the same and holding forth the glimmering candle we saw the dead body of a young man seemingly about fifteen years of age. One side of his head seemed to be mangled in a shocking manner and covered with



From an old print

A silhouette of Lt.-Col. John By

clotted blood. 'No this place will indeed not do,' we all agreed, and down the stairs we all went. On coming below we found the greater part of the company had gone.

"Venturing to make some inquiries about the dead lad, we met with nothing but evasive answers as much as to say it might be better for us all to keep 'caum sough', meaning make no noise about it. However I found this impossible to do and although some of our party sunk down to sleep on the floor, where melted snow brought in by the travellers' feet had flooded, some of us hung on by the wall by the side of the fire."

Can pen depict a more awful scene. How could the health and spirits of these men withstand such conditions.

The survey of the Canal once completed, reported upon and approved, actual work began; and some of the methods by which they overcame constructional difficulties are worth mentioning. The longest stretch of artificial canal work is from the first lock at the Ottawa River to Hogg's Back on the Rideau.

In the surveyor's report he says: "Though we should encounter ridicule, an aqueduct of wood would be much better and an aqueduct of wood I propose. Instead of supporting it on piles or arches as is the case commonly, I propose that the heads of the cedar trees which grow as thickly in the swamp as they possibly can grow and average fourteen inches thick and seventy feet high, be sawn off to the



The first locks, as seen from Sopper's Bridge in 1864

proper level in the route of the Canal so as to form props for the sides, bottom and towing path."

The stumps of these cedar trees can be seen to-day and are as firm after the lapse of a century as they were when the Sappers hewed their way through their tough trunks, while along the edge of the canal a fringe of tall trees of venerable aspect lead one to believe that they also are Mac-Taggart's original cedars.

From Hogg's Back on to Kingston, the work is what is commonly called "improved river". That is, a buoyed channel marking the natural course of the Rideau River, with locks and dams at intervals where rapids occur. The shores are low and there are still miles of drowned lands that are dreary and uninteresting, though from Black Rapids to Burrits Rapids there are many and extremely prosperous looking farms; and we are laughingly reminded of the old legend that at the time of the building of the canal a pay-boat laden with a chest of silver intended for the pay

of the Sappers was waylaid, the silver stolen, and from that time on certain farmers seemed blessed with sudden and marked prosperity.

From the low and dreary stretches the locks emerge like the floating gardens of Babylon, gay with flowers and green lawns. Clipped cedar hedges clothe the sides of the masonry, and other cedars trimmed like mushrooms, balls, and other quaint devices, give evidence of the pride and care of the lock-keepers. There are spreading elm trees of venerable age and fine maples whose foliage already crimsoned by the first autumn frosts lends a glorious touch of color to the scene.

The masonry of the locks is exactly as when finished by the Sappers of Colonel By and the workmanship cannot fail to impress even the most untrained observer.

At Manotick the traveller should not fail to visit the old flour mill. It was built many years ago by the forefathers of the present millers. Though no longer used for grinding





The first locks, as seen to-day from Connaught Place

flour it operates as a provender mill and does a flourishing business. The huge grindstones and primitive machinery are unchanged.

The lower floor of the mill is a place of shadows and mystery. Powdered white from noble hand-hewn beam to the farthest corner of the floor, and festooned with cobwebs from every post, pulley and wheel. So thick are these webs and so white with flour-dust that they give a decorative effect to the place as though the fairies were going to have a ball and were curtaining the room. The rushing water beneath one's feet is weird and eerie. The many trap-doors awaken vague fears and suggest possible dangers.

Long ago in the days of high-heels and hoopskirts there was indeed a tragedy here. A young girl came to visit the mill and tripped about lightly till on approaching near one of the swiftly moving belts her flounces became entangled in the machinery and she was drawn through one of these trap-doors down into the water to her death.

In these days the mill would make an ideal setting for a motion picture, and one feels tempted to create a tale of love and mystery and stage it there. The miller in charge reminded one of the old song:

“Hey, the dusty miller,  
And his dusty coat,  
He will win a shilling  
E'er he spends a groat.”

That is, he reminded in so far as his coat was dusty white but he did not seem to worry about the shilling.

Burrit's Rapids has a real old village street, with arching trees, stone houses gay with flowers, an old stone arched smithy, not yet turned into the modern garage, and about everything an air of quiet and contented prosperity.

It is here that we get another personal incident of Colonel By. In 1828 at this village one of the first Masonic Lodges in Canada was formed by Colonel By, Philmonen Wright, Nicholas Sparks, and Captain LeBreton, each of whom made local history in Bytown days.

It would be apt to mention here, that the old tale that Captain Le-Breton made use of information overheard at a dinner given by Lord Dalhousie at Richmond, to buy land for himself and others, along the course of the Canal, has been definitely proved by contemporary letters to have been untrue. Captain Le-Breton had purchased his land before the dinner mentioned, and his subsequent treatment by Lord Dalhousie was both harsh and unjust.

The Rideau Lakes are well known to the tourist to-day and are thickly dotted with the cottages and camps of summer visitors, but the older homes of the farmers hold forth greater charm to the story seeker, and in a few may still be found the hand-made chairs, wooden clocks, and well built oak cabinets of a century ago.

It is now nearly a hundred years since the *Pumper*, gay with flags, and bearing Colonel By and his family, steamed through the finished canal from Bytown to Kingston.

Colonel By had commenced the erection of his house on the beautiful point commanding the whole sweep of the Ottawa River as it tumbles over the Chaudier Falls, and where, to the left, can be seen his beloved work, the first lock of the Rideau Canal. It was a dignified and handsome house, not very large but with the trim and somewhat prim exterior of the architecture of the time. Here came his family from their English home and around him gathered a circle of friends and acquaintances whose names are familiar and whose numerous descendants are still prominent in the life of the Capital, while in what was called the Lower Town the sapper's barracks and the civilian's quarters for the labourers engaged in the work of the Canal, formed in themselves a small village.

The house is gone! Not a trace even of the foundation can be seen. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the Historic Landmarks Association, two

huge stones bearing the arms of the Royal Engineers and Colonel By's name were saved from the foundations of the Sappers Bridge when it was demolished to allow for the alterations necessary for the construction of Connaught Square, and have been placed in Major Hill Park upon the site of the house.

As so often happens, those who labor for the betterment of their country and at their government's commands, though they succeed in their allotted task fail in their life time at least to reap their just reward. So it was with Colonel By. Though the canal was a magnificent achievement applauded by engineers both past and present, Colonel By was called to England and arranged before a government committee of men absolutely ignorant of the conditions and difficulties of his task and censured because his expenditure had outrun his estimates by a very small sum; and this in the face of the fact that he had received written orders from his military chief to proceed with the necessary extra expenditures.

He never recovered from this blow and died of a broken heart some short time after. His family were impoverished, for he had declined to make use of the many opportunities that lay in his way to augment his slender salary.

We wish that he could have had one vision of the Parliament Buildings that have arisen on Barracks Hill and have seen the beautiful city that has developed in such a brief span of years out of the village of Bytown.

As we approach the Centenary of the Rideau Canal it is to be hoped that those who are interested in the historic events of their country will make an effort to have a fitting memorial erected in his honor by the citizens who daily and hourly reap the benefit, of the beauty and prosperity that have arisen directly or indirectly from the building of the Rideau Canal.



# THE MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

BY BILLEE GLYNN

**I**T was one of those dining-rooms glary with over-lighting in which the furniture, when it is dark-toned and heavy

seemed like country cousins waiting awkwardly around. Under the glorification of light which massed upon an oval central table sat the young District Attorney, a footballish and important figure, and opposite him his sister of near-blonde beauty. There was a physical strenuousness expressed in the man of which his intellect seemed to partake. He suggested without subtlety a violent hold on things. His head was heavy-jawed with coarse-stuck hair and animal-like in its appearance of obstinacy. But there was also acquired, partial smoothness, for it was very well groomed and cared for. The maid had just brought him his coffee and his sister had finished her discussion of certain social matters. It left him free for the one subject at present most interesting to him.

"Well, I've got Benson," he opened exultantly, "—I've got him dead, too, and the newspapers are with me."

"You are sure now that he is guilty of killing Father O'Neil?"

"I always was sure."

"But you couldn't be without the evidence, dear. You admitted there wasn't much at the beginning."

"But I have succeeded since in piling up enough circumstantial evidence

against him to hang him half a dozen times, that is, with any ordinary jury."

A shadow of perplexity for a moment clouded the June beauty of the girl's face.

"But is an ordinary jury really intelligent? I mean—what do they represent, Frank?"

"Usually the sentiment of the case—if it can be managed."

"And the sentiment of this case is against the prisoner."

"Now look here, Ethel—Benson is guilty. He is the only person to whom the crime points. And, as I say, I have piled up evidence enough against him to hang him. He is an anarchist—he believes in nothing. In this State he has been always an active propagandist. He has already served one term in penitentiary. The facts are evident in themselves. Through misrepresentation he had obtained a job as a waiter in the fashionable hotel Maryland. A week before the explosion his record came to light and he was dismissed. He knew the rear entrance to the room where it had been arranged the Manufacturers' Food Conference were to banquet. He knew at what time the room would probably be left to itself after it had been set for the occasion. He hated this group of men because they were opposite to his ideas. One reputable witness, who stood outside the main entrance, swears he saw him, his hat

pulled over his eyes, entering the hotel that night about the time he would have been obliged to enter to place the bombs. It was easy to ascertain when the bombs were placed—because one of them proved defective and did not explode, though it had been set to explode the same time as the other, which went off exactly at eight-thirty, when, according to programme, the Manufacturers' Food Conference would have been gathered in the room. Fortunately and unknown to Benson they had reset the time for one hour later because of a train reported late on which they expected one of their party. Father O'Neil had some business with the chief steward of the Maryland, who was an honored member of his congregation, and who is not yet out of the hospital—these two alone were present when the explosion occurred. As for Benson's alibi, it is so silly. He says he spent three hours at a motion picture show, then wandered about by himself, meeting no one he knew. It's as plain, my dear, as the nose on your face."

"Well, undoubtedly, you know more about it than I."

"Of course, I do. Benson is the worst sort of a revolutionary character. Do you suppose my office could afford to let a crime like this go unpunished? Why, it would ruin me forever in the public eye. Father O'Neil through his works of charity was a favorite with everyone. There is therefore the strongest feeling that the perpetrator of this deed pay the penalty and to the full. The newspapers are behind me—the two that count. And don't forget, besides, that Father O'Neil was a power in the politics of this State. Governor Perrin and he were very close friends. He was one of the levers of the Governor's machine. When I have avenged his murder I shall have commended myself personally to every lieutenant of the State Administration. To be frank, sis, I am looking for the job of Governor, myself. Perrins is already billed for the United States Senate.

His associate in office hasn't the punch for the place. There have been so many silly laws put over by pin-headed Assemblymen gasping for reform that the psychological time will soon have arrived for a change. There is no reason I should not get the nomination, and, having got it, my election will be almost a sure thing. I represent efficiency without being drastic, consequently I shall draw on both sides of the fence. The Administration will trust me to carry out the present Governor's policies and the opposition will trust me to pare them to a degree."

The girl's face had lit up at his idea of power, and, womanlike, she forgot all arguments in the matter.

"It would be wonderful if you could manage it, Frank."

The maid who had been in the room silently arranging a sideboard, at this moment happened to let a piece of china fall to the floor. She stooped to gather the pieces while the District Attorney looked annoyed and his sister's face ruffled a little in response. Begging their pardon, the maid presently left the room. She was bright-eyed and pretty, and, from her accent, a foreigner.

The District Attorney arose from the table. "She's been here two weeks now," he said. "Do you find her satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes; she is as good as you can expect."

"I don't think Edith will care much about her. It seems to me she is a little too independent in her manner." He referred to his wife who had been in New York for two months and whom he expected to be another two months gone.

"Oh, well," responded his sister, rising and soothing him with her hand, "it seems to me that both you and Edith expect a little too much of those who serve you at times. You are both rather *aristocratic*, is it," she laughed. "However that can be forgiven in a Governor of the State. And, perhaps, that is not the end."

He smiled in sarcastic confidence. "I should hope not, my dear. If you will excuse me I must go to my study now. There are some new points brought up by the defence I have to cover in the Benson case by early morning."

The studio was a rich but academic sort of room of deep blue tones and with a large French window which opened on a balcony with a large white railing, beside which rose the cumbersome shadow of a magnolia tree.

The District Attorney had not been sitting at his desk more than ten minutes when he became aware of the careful opening of the window. He turned quickly, his hand grasping a revolver in a drawer. A young man with a shock of yellow hair and meanly dressed stood a step in the room, his face gathered in a frown at the weapon pointed in his direction.

"What do you want?" asked the District Attorney sharply.

"I am the man that killed the priest, Mr. Sheker. I wanted to tell you about it, that's all." There was something harsh in his voice which seemed evidence of truth.

"And you come into my house like a robber to tell me this?" The words dripped sarcasm in every syllable.

"I didn't think I would be admitted in the regular way. And I had it figured out that this was your room."

"Come in," enjoined the District Attorney, "—and sit down!"

The man complied with both these requests. He fumbled his hat nervously and his eyes carried a glint of wildness, blinking a little as he came into the light. At the same time he flaunted a directness which seemed careless of odds, a snarl behind in him, as it were, which reeked little what happened. He was rather above medium height, well set, though slender, and could not have been more than twenty-four years of age.

"Well," threw the District Attorney harshly, "out with it, please—what have you to say?"

"I just told you—I came here to save an innocent man. It was I who set the bomb for the Manufacturers' Food Conference. Benson knew nothing about it. I don't even know Benson."

The other sat regarding him with a supercilious smile. When the pause had become dramatic, he said easily: "You are, I think, some lunatic escaped."

"I am not and you know very well that I am not."

The District Attorney brought down a fist on the open desk beside him. "Benson is the logical man I tell you. The evidence against him is complete. This thing is in line with his whole record. I have been after him for a long time."

The visitor drew back in his chair with an expression which mingled disgust and horror. "Good God, that's the way with you people who represent justice. It is always a man's record and if he happens to have one you're always after him. I have a record myself though I have been hunted into most of it. It is you fellows and your damn society who most often make a man a murderer or a thief. You drive him till he hates the whole human outfit."

"I don't care to listen to any of this soap-box oratory. Just let us get down to brass tacks. Why do you want to save Benson when you know his conviction is sure?"

"Because he has a family, Benson has—and, if I can't get out of it, I'm just going to Hell anyway, and maybe it doesn't matter so much. Besides, I am too weak-kneed to see an innocent man swing for something I planned and carried out on my own. I haven't got the nerve of you District Attorneys."

The other grunted a snarl of impatience. "Give me your story in a few words."

"There are only a very few words to it. I hated Melrose, chairman of the Manufacturers' Food Conference. I hated his ways, because he had done

me out of a mining claim in Arizona. And I hated them all because I'm a rebel and do not believe in seeing the poor having to pay fixed prices for eats."

The District Attorney interposed sternly. "There was no evidence they had met to boost prices. For all you knew they might have met to lower them."

"Yes they always do that in those secret meetings, don't they? I've seen them feed five-dollar pieces to elephants, too. My information came from the inside and was good enough for me. Anyway, it's a point that doesn't matter now. It was easy enough to sneak in the hotel and place the bombs. I'm not going to tell you where I got 'em. Sometimes there's a handout back of the kitchen, and I had hung around there with 'boos' several times and had kept my eyes open and knew the layout. I'm sorry I got the Father—I hear he was a pretty good fellow." He concluded with a tone frankly boyish.

The District Attorney had turned away frowning, his heavy chin caught in his hand. "Well," he said finally, "there is nothing to do, I guess, but let Benson go and put you in his place." He put out his hand for the telephone. "I'll call for the wagon."

"Just a moment, friend, you may do yourself some harm." The visitor's tone had roughened strangely and he leaned forward placing a detaining hand on the other's arm. "If you're going to send us up, you had better know who I am first. I can't let Benson hang but there is also pretty good reason why you shouldn't want me to hang either." He was on his feet now, his manner impressively quiet, and the other moved back in his chair looking at him queerly. "You are married to Edith Hunter of Indianapolis. She must have told you of a brother who went wild, the second eldest. He was the only bad one of the family. He hit the trail early and most everything else, and his people made him an outcast, and this is he speaking. You must know about me,

for I figured in a case in print once before. If my sister is in the house, call her—she will recognize me."

"Horror-stricken, the District Attorney had got slowly out of his chair, regarding his relative mouth-open and speechless. Then anger swept him and his hands almost reached the other's throat. But they fell to his side in a kind of numbness.

"You're a liar," he vented weakly, "—you're a liar."

The visitor took from his pocket an envelope and a photograph. "Here's a letter from my father," he said, "addressed to me in New Orleans. I wrote to him for twenty 'bucks' and he refused to send it. Here's a picture of my sister when she was eighteen." He forced both into the fumbly hands of his companion.

The letter was addressed to Robert C. Hunter in a hand which the District Attorney knew. Across the bottom of the picture was written in ink, "To Robert, from his loving sister Edith, March, 18, 09." In spite of the fact that it had been taken seven years before the District Attorney recognized it as a likeness of his wife.

He collapsed in his chair, burying his head on the desk. "Poor Edith," he muttered to himself, "poor Edith!"

Then after a minute or so he drew erect. He read the letter through in silence, and sat looking into the eyes of the member of the family, concentration growing in his own.

"If you can still have any doubt," put in the latter, "I have some other letters here, too"—drawing a packet from an inside pocket. "If you call my sister, however, she will identify me at once."

The District Attorney made no movement for the additional evidence, but with jaw set and brows lowered continued mentally battling the matter in hand.

"Look here," he broke out fiercely at length, "this will ruin me, my political future; it will ruin Alice. Why, in Hell haven't you amounted to something? It's always your sort that crushes a self-rising man."

"I don't know—I guess I didn't like the game. I started life as a reporter in preference to university, and I saw too much of the inside of the play—the self-rising sort mostly rising on the crushed hopes and conquest of others, and money the only thing that mattered. It sort of took the zest out of it for me. I always felt sorry for the underdog. It's a bad state to get into, I admit. Perhaps that's what's the matter with me, with a lot of us fellows—my heart to begin with had too much of the milk of human kindness."

The District Attorney appeared not to be listening. His eyes had narrowed and the lines of his mouth straightened to decision. He spoke with a tone which gathered authority as it went on.

"You shall not be permitted to ruin myself or my wife. There are things that have to be done in this world. The strong man does them, the coward weakens." He paused momentarily while the member of the family regarded him curiously. "The evidence against Benson is quite complete. The jury is bound to bring in a verdict of guilty. With a recommendation for mercy it may be only a life sentence, —though that might cause you to weaken later on, knowing that he was alive and serving time. He's a bad character, Benson, a menace to society. It's just as well to settle him now. He may do something a thousand times worse than this. Who knows but what he has been at the bottom of a lot of things. He's the logical man on whom to fasten the crime. You, of course, are not absolutely bent on hanging? Life is still sweet to you, I imagine? You came here because you thought I could get you both off."

"Yes — perhaps. Benson has a family, you see. And, as I told you, I am sometimes troubled with kindness."

"Never mind his family—they will be better without him. It would be impossible to let a case like this go

by the board. The public demand is that someone be punished. My office must do what is expected of it."

"But it seems too bad when the man is innocent. No, I'll be damned if I do it—I tell you I'll hang first." Instant upheaval of what was moral swept him abruptly to his feet.

The District Attorney rose, too, towering over him physically and speaking with a vehemence unrepressed. "For all the good you have done, it wouldn't matter whether you were hanged or not. But you're not going to hang my career and your sister along with you, I will tell you that. You will do as I order and nothing else. A train leaves for New York in exactly an hour and twenty minutes"—glancing at the small clock on top of his desk. "I will buy you a passage to London and you will take that train. When you arrive in England you had better enlist in the British army. It will be one way to atone for what you have done and haven't done. Under any circumstances never show up here again. There is no argument—you've got to do this."

They stood there facing each other, the young man apparently cowed, when instantly the portieres were flung aside and the maid entered the room, coming forward with flaming eyes. Everything of tameness had disappeared from her bearing. She was like a caged thing that has again found the jungle.

"A fine scheme," she hissed, so close her breath was hot on the District Attorney's face. "So you would save your bacon through sacrificing an innocent man. You would buy your scamp brother-in-law a ticket for Europe and wanted him conveniently killed off in the trenches. Well, he will stay right here and answer for his crime. I was put in this house by one of the men behind the defence. We thought there might be something on the inside we would like to know. So this is your way of representing justice. Well, you're a regular District Attorney all right. Your office

is not intelligent enough to find real criminals, so you get someone your political employers are down on and make a victim of him in your own interests. You tell your assistants to go out and get evidence on him. They get it all right. It's a matter of prejudice and salary. And so you move along on lines that appear popular. You want to be Governor, eh?—well forget it. This is one time the devil tripped you in your own net. I shall tell the story to the defence within an hour."

The District Attorney's face had gone white. His eyes stared back at her almost unthinkingly.

The member of the family sank into his chair whimpering. "It's true," he muttered, "she's a detective. I saw her in New York, a case there against a capitalist. She's a terror—a Russian revolutionist."

Slowly the District Attorney controlled himself. With the world seeming to have slipped from under his feet, his voice was, nevertheless, even when he spoke, uncannily he heard himself as a stranger.

"Sit down," he suggested to the girl, flaming so close to him, and backing slightly to offer her his chair.

"I won't," she returned. "Sit down yourself."

He did so with something of relief. "There is no reason," he said moderately, almost sweetly, "that we shouldn't talk the thing over."

"There is nothing to talk," she rejoined shortly.

"But there is," he went on stranger-like to his own consciousness. "I am going to free Benson—that is settled. But this fellow here"—nodding to his brother-in-law—"is one of your own sort, a revolutionist. You don't insist on his being hanged, do you?"

She looked on the young man with scorn that erased itself. "He isn't half bad," she admitted. "He came here of his own will to save Benson. But he's your brother-in-law, that's a bad thing about him."

"Very well, I am willing to pay for his being my brother-in-law. You are not so deeply obligated to the party for whom you work that you cannot accept some money for remaining silent, particularly when you have accomplished your purpose? Benson will be freed by to-morrow evening. I will explain to the court that evidence newly discovered establishes an absolute alibi for him. It will be a little awkward for me, but I shall get over it."

"I suppose there is always someone on whom you 'have something' and whom you can make swear anything," said the girl.

"Perhaps. At any rate, I shall control the situation. I shall control it so far even as to have the jury dismissed—a very great irregularity. You can have a thousand dollars on one condition that you leave this city immediately for the East and remain there. A train starts in about an hour. You and this gentleman can travel together."

Her hands pressed into fists, the girl stood thinking. She faced a large bright star which gleamed through the French window. A wandering draft had blown the window open.

"You're a Russian, I believe," the District Attorney continued. "After the war your country will probably be the greatest in the world. If I should hear from you as having returned to live there, another thousand will be coming to you."

The girl's eyes swept him a swift look of contempt, but seemed to melt into something like pity regarding the other man crumpled inertly in his chair.

"I accept your offer," she said with decision, "but I shall not leave the city till day after to-morrow, which will give you time to set Benson free."

The District Attorney acquiesced without hesitation. "Call at my private downtown office that morning, then, at eleven o'clock." He handed her a card. "Here is the address. My secretary will have the money and a



ticket ready for you. He will also accompauny you to the train. Do not talk because he will know nothing, you understand, except to follow my instructions in seeing you off. In the meantime remain here in your capacity of maid."

"You insist on that part of it, I suppose?"

"It will not hurt you for another day."

"How do I know that you are not going to get this fellow out of the way and then deny everything that has taken place?"

"Because I dare not take the chance."

"You see the point all right," she verified. "You dare not."

"And I, in turn, can count on your absolute silence with your employer?"

"I have won my point and keep my word when I've given it," she replied tersely.

"Very well, then; it's settled."

With an affirmative movement of her lips and head she then left the room.

The District Attorney turned roughly on the impotent figure in the chair. "Now you get out and away as fast as a train will carry you. Every minute you stay here means fresh danger. Benson is saved so now save yourself and your sister. And for her sake never return to this city." He pulled open a drawer in his desk and drew out some bills, crushing them into the other's hand. "Here's a hundred and fifty dollars—it will see you to New York. Wire me from there and you shall have immediately a ticket and enough money to get you to London. When I hear from you over in England with proper evidence that you have enlisted, I will send you five hundred dollars more. You see the trouble you have got me into. Then get out instantly while there's time. You have still more than three-quarters of an hour to make the train. Can I trust you, or shall I send you with my chauffeur? I don't want to get too many mixed up in this."

"Of course, you can trust me, and I realize how good you have been to me. I am as anxious to save my sister as yourself. Only there's a spark of something left in me—I guess, I just couldn't let Benson swing. But it's awfully good to escape, I tell you. I'm much obliged to you, brother-in-law, really I am."

A glow had come over him better displaying his youth. He extended a hand which the District Attorney did not take. "Through the portieres at the end of the hall," he dictated, "you will find a stairway leading to the front door."

While the District Attorney regarded him impatiently, the culprit paused for a moment fumbling his hat. "Wouldn't it be possible," he pleaded, "just to see my sister for a moment? I'll probably never see her again."

"She's not home," cut in the District Attorney sharply, "is not expected home for probably two months. And you could not see her if she were here."

"Oh, all right," submitted the other abjectly. His face turned, he shuffled toward the portieres; then drew up, his back to them, with what appeared an attempt at gallantry. "Me for the curtains then, brother-in-law," he voiced. "And glad to get away—don't be afraid I won't go."

He disappeared and the District Attorney strode about—finally indulging in strong words and a drink from a decanter. Then he threw a paper-knife on the floor with force and sat down to arrange the extremely difficult to-morrow.

The next afternoon the newspapers announced that a man by the name of Griffin had established to the satisfaction of the District Attorney's office an absolute alibi for Bert Benson, and that in order to save time and fasten the deed on the real culprit, the case against Benson had been summarily dismissed by the court. The reason Griffin had not come forward before was because he had felt enmity

toward the prisoner, and had delayed saving him till conscience forced him to act. The District Attorney's office came in for high praise through its humanity in immediately setting the prisoner free having at that late hour become convinced of his innocence. It was a feather in the hat of Western justice, particularly when the prisoner might be considered an undesirable.

The District Attorney, having dinner with his sister, did not however appear particularly pleased or flattered. "It looks now," he said, "as if no one was going to be convicted for this crime. The public have been unusually strong on it, too. And you can't tell but in another week or two the papers will be criticizing my office for negligence. However, for the present, it's a relief anyway."

"Of course, it is, and you just acted fine, Frank. If you never should find the culprit, I don't believe Father O'Neil would want his death avenged."

"But the public do—and I've got to get on."

"They will like you all the better for being as big as you've shown yourself." She gave him a quick smile bordering on adulation.

"Well, of course, I am glad to have saved Benson's neck. But it won't do him very much good. He will be in again soon—just wait and see. Fellows of his stamp are always in trouble."

The Russian maid entered the room at this moment and the subject was dropped and not resumed.

Much to his surprise, but three days later, the young wife of the District Attorney returned. She telephoned him at the office and he came home early that evening, wondering much at her visit having been cut short and thinking that perhaps her brother had something to do with it, though he did not see just how or when.

He greeted her with the relish of a boy—the only thing he was really fond of. She was pretty and blonde

—a rather stirring creature to look upon. Her flowing lines were gowned to the minute. During dinner, with the sister present, they chatted brightly of her trip. Afterward, left alone with her, the District Attorney became grave. He had not discussed it with himself whether he should tell her. He had long ago made up his mind that women should be told of sacrifices made for them. Else what was the use of making sacrifices? So he did tell her, breathlessly almost, and with a certain rigidity which approached coldness.

She did not interrupt him till he had quite finished, her face wearing a look of surprise. Then she laughed a little and perhaps somewhat contemptuously.

"Why, I just left brother Bob in New York. He looked me up there and the dear boy is doing well. He has straightened up and become a man and he is going to be married. He was the last person to whom I said good-bye at the train and I saw him almost every day for two weeks before I left."

Her laughter came again, and, the District Attorney, now thoroughly flustered, sat back in his chair gaping at her.

"Somebody has been playing with you," she said.

"But he had a picture of you," he argued, "a letter from your father, a whole packet of letters, and he looked as if I fancied your brother must look from the photograph I saw of him when he was a youngster."

"I don't care what he had," she rejoined. "I tell you I just left Bob in New York and that I had seen him for days previous. I have only one other brother and you know him."

"But he asked for you—wanted to see you, I tell you."

"Because, whoever it was, he knew I wasn't at home."

The District Attorney had flung to his feet, and was now walking up and down excitedly.

"I've been hoaxed, I've been hoaxed," he groaned hoarsely to himself.

"Yes," threw in his wife, "and they found you pretty easy. I am tired—you will excuse me—good-night."

She seemed offended at his endeavor to fasten, as it were, something so disagreeable on her family. And the District Attorney was too perturbed to fondle her to forgiveness as he might have done on another occasion.

What a predicament, an inextricable position! And he had put his head into it like a clown bursts tissue paper. Already the case against Benson was dismissed. The public demanded a conviction—whom now could he convict? And he stood for reelection in another five months! His hands clenched themselves as though they were about the neck of the man who had fooled him so utterly. Besides other considerations, it had cost him eleven hundred and fifty dollars. And there was no way of recovering it. If apprehended on her way East and brought back, the Russian maid would tell the story to his enemies. Undoubtedly she believed the man to be his brother-in-law and she had been placed in the house by someone behind the defence. A fine kettle of fish! They had certainly unloaded him proper. And what way was left open to him for recouplement!

He strode into his own apartment, crushed a hat on his head, threw an overcoat on his arm, and swung out into the night air for consolation.

He had hurried down the steps from his house and taken a few strides up the street when he happened to look back and saw crouched under the stairway leading to his door the figure of a man. He wheeled, and, drawing a revolver from his pocket, ordered him out with all the ferocity of his mood. The man came from the shadow smiling. The eyes of the District Attorney seemed to pop from his head.

"I've got you now," he voiced savagely. "Get up those steps. We will resume that interview just where we left off."

His head turned quizzically regarding the gun, the man mounted leisurely to the door, and then ahead of him till they reached the study. And, except that the member of the family with yellow hair seemed better groomed and the situation was rather different, they stood facing each other much as on a previous occasion.

"Now you're going to pay for lying to me and for stealing from me," hurled the representative of the law angrily. "Brother-in-law! Why you never saw my wife. Don't attempt to lie to me again. She's home."

The other settled himself in a chair. "I know she is home. That is the reason I was hanging around here. I wondered what would happen whether you would have the restraint and good manners not to tell her. I shall not lie to you any more and I shall tell you just why I lied."

"It was a plan of the defense—a low-down plan to get me involved and ruin me, if possible."

"It was nothing of the kind—the defense had absolutely no knowledge of it. The defense did not even employ the Russian maid. She was an accomplice of mine, an old friend who helped me out."

"What!"

"Yes, I fersaw that I had to have her here to safeguard the situation."

"You're damnably clever."

"I've had a very wide training in the school of adversity. I had to save Benson's life and I was determined to do so. I knew he was innocent because I had a perfect alibi. The night the murder took place he went to a movie picture show as he has claimed. I sat two rows behind him and saw him there for almost three hours—the very time within which the tragedy must have been arranged, and with a good margin to spare before and after. A clock at the wings stared me in the face during the whole performance. I saw Benson come in five minutes after I did. He was still sitting there when I went out."

The District Attorney snarled cynically. "And why didn't you present your alibi in the regular way?"

"What use would it have been? I have a prison record. I would have been disqualified before I started. In the interest of conviction you would have held my past up to the court and the public as a leperous thing. It is not very bad but you would have colored it so. You did not stand for justice but conviction. You were not clever enough to find the real murderer, or you felt the political influence of men behind you would like the sort of victim that would do the most good. You had been waiting a long time to give a black eye to the organizations with which Benson had been aligned. And public sentiment had been aroused to such a pitch by the murder that you made yourself popular at the same time. Granting the average jury of nonentities and a situation like this, it is pretty easy to strain evidence to make a victim look guilty, particularly when he stood on the fringe of it with only a motion picture show for an alibi."

"I suppose you'll say next you didn't steal my money?"

"I don't want your dough, nor the girl doesn't either. We merely took it to relieve your mind so that you would feel at ease and think that we had left the country. Every cent of it will be returned to you."

"The District Attorney endeavored to laugh.

"You deserve to lose it a dozen times, however."

"Where did you get the letters and photograph?"

"Velda knew your brother-in-law. She had them for a year back. We expected we might have to use them on you sometime."

The smirk on the face of the representative of the law changed suddenly to a wolfish menace. He drew his chair nearer the man confronting him, endeavoring to hold him with his look as he spoke, and with one hand suspended by way of emphasis.

"So you think the cards are all yours, eh? You think Benson is off and that you got him off? Well I'll show you, damn you, the whole pack of you. You've laid your cards on the table—now I'll play mine. Benson will be rearrested again to-morrow. If you think I can't make the switch just watch me and see. The evidence that released him will be found to have been all a mistake. The witness will be excused on the ground of temporary insanity. He will do what I tell him and is capable of playing a part. Other witnesses will prove that he didn't know what he was talking about. Leave it to me to carry out the unusual procedure. The grand jury is behind me to put the right stamp on anything I do. The best a judge can get over is talk a little. And the bigger part of the press is with me to help clear you devils out. I have the whole thing in the palm of my hand. Your alibi, bah! You're fake from beginning to end. Benson is the one and logical culprit in this case. And, by God, he's going to be convicted. I can deny absolutely ever having met you. It would be shown that the woman was only a servant whom I discharged and whose feeling it would be to traduce me. The two of you have a bad record—I can probably send you both up. The only thing left for you to do is to get out."

The other's face had convulsed with hatred and contempt. He stood, and a hand shot out like lightning, slapping the face of the man in front of him.

"You damn dog, I'll like to beat you to death."

The District Attorney rose, striking at him and drawing a gun.

His antagonist laughed up at him, towering above him. "You big cheese," he said, "I think I could whip the conceit out of you."

"Get out of here," threatened the official, "get out."

The other withdrew slowly and smiling cynically. The District Attorney followed him with the gun down the stairway to the front door.

"Now beat it," he said, and slammed the door in his face.

He came back with partial recovery of his swagger and sat in his chair by the big desk smoking and thinking. His face regained its good humor, his eyes shone with a look of steel.

"I've got it," he breathed. "The whole thing is arranged. Benson will be convicted just as he would have been." Smiling he took out a cigar and lit it.

The telephone rang and he rose to answer it. The voice was that of his chief assistant and quickly recognized.

"The *Post* has just put out an 'extra'—have you seen it?" the voice asked.

"No, what's in it?" For a moment a cold chill went up his back.

"Why, a fellow called Ryan has been run over by an automobile on Third street. He is fatally injured but has made a deposition confessing to having placed the bombs that kill-

ed the priest in the Hotel Maryland. He claims that he worked all alone, that he had been broke for months and was insane with starvation and inhuman treatment. He became possessed with a fanatical idea to kill off some of the rich. Now that Benson is out, this clears the case up satisfactorily."

"Apparently so," growled the District Attorney. "Damn the case any way!" He hung up abruptly.

The next morning he received a letter in a clear feminine hand.

"I'm a wise little girl," it read; "I always work with a dictaphone. Among other delicacies, your flossy programme to hang Benson and save your supposed brother-in-law has been duly and nicely recorded. As a piece of high-handed wind-witchery it's got Caruso beaten a mile. *It will win the recall just started against you.* Your money paid over is being held for evidence. When we are quite through with you we will return it, if there's anything left of you then."



# IMPRESSIONS OF ONTARIO

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM CALDWELL

## IV. SOME ONTARIO TYPES



**I**MIGHT begin by saying that so far as Ontario types are concerned, we may naturally expect to find in them and in the life of the smaller Ontario towns (for it is with these chiefly that I am dealing) everything that is characteristic of Canadian life generally, just as in the last article we spoke of finding in the physical features of Ontario everything that is characteristic of Canada from the point of view of natural scenery. I have already referred (more or less incidentally) to some of the many interesting types of Canadian citizenship that you will find in Ontario. I have thrown on my screen, for example, a picture of the better type of Canadian farmer in Western Ontario, also a picture of the typical wise-acre, or potentate, of the corner drugstore in some great rural centre, that of the far-famed faithful doctor of a countryside, that of the wide-awake young lady at the desk of the summer hotel, and so on. I have referred, too, to such a typical affair as the vigorous type of mentality or citizenship that is to be found in a town like Kitchener, or in the great capital city of Toronto.

Before going any further, however, in the matter of possible Ontario types, it is well to remind ourselves and our readers of the fact that there are naturally in Ontario thousands and thousands of average people and

hundreds and hundreds of well-to-do and representative people, of whom it would be an impertinence to speak of as types at all. I mean that there is no more reason, from many points of view, for setting up (or "setting out") in Ontario as "an observer of human nature" (to use the immortal phrase of Mr. Pickwick) than for attempting this rôle in any other part of the world. The great majority of people in Ontario live their lives as do the majority of people elsewhere, earning a living, marrying and giving in marriage, joying, sorrowing, hoping, believing, entering more or less into the spirit of the times. And of course I have gone on record in my former articles as holding that the general plane of living in Ontario is fairly high, and that everything there impresses one as going on under fairly enviable natural and social conditions. And the less of a wondering or a critical attitude that you adopt in Ontario, the more readily and the more easily will you enter into some sort of human relations with the people there. Whoever you are, you will encounter endless people in Ontario who are just as capable of estimating you and your work and your general attitude, as you are of attempting to understand and to appreciate them. There are any number of travelled and cultivated people all over the Province who are just as correct in most things as are society people anywhere, or as

are the endless rich and travelled Americans who have found out many of the ideal spots in Ontario for both the summer and the winter months. And the successful business man of Ontario, or the typical Ontario professional man, is fairly like his brother in Montreal, or in London, or in Glasgow, although I am always fond of insisting upon the superior initiative and adaptability of the business men on this side of the ocean. All this sort of thing, then, I simply take for granted, just as I do the thorough-going educational system of Ontario, or the existence and the achievements of my professional colleagues in the University of Toronto or in Queen's at Kingston.

Still a country is richest after all in its personalities, in the kind of men and women it seems to develop in its different communities, and I must be pardoned in attempting some sort of selection or characterization of a few of the main outstanding types that impressed me on my lecturing trip. I will select first, if I may be allowed to do so, the country minister, whose personality and services (spiritual, educational, social) I recognize as among the fundamental assets and influences of the Province. I hereby signalize for honorable mention this man and his type, and I am using the word in its Platonic sense, meaning in the present instance the ideal country minister. And he does exist there, this ideal type of man, in at least many places in Ontario. I am thinking also of the matter of the connection of the busy, aggressive, prosperous life of Ontario with the ideal things of the world, with the great ideals of the past, and with the hopes and beliefs that we all have, somehow, for the future. But wherever I went on the Chatauqua Lecture Circuit through all those forty or fifty Ontario towns, speaking before audiences of between eight and nine hundred and two and three thousand, it was

always the faithful and the spiritually and intellectually interested local clergy with their willing associates (the mayor of the town, perhaps, or the high-school master, or the leading merchant) who welcomed me and the national and international message that I endeavored to present. And to the credit of those ministers and that of their noble and unselfish women-folk, they very often offered me a hospitality and an entertainment that it was just as much an honor to accept as it was the easy and the abundant hospitality of the wealthy and the prominent. They carry in their hearts and minds, those parsons, those shepherds of the people, nearly all the special problems and perplexities of the times, all the hopes and wishes (for the world) of the best of us, setting forth in their ministrations and in their lives, some of the gleams of the silver lining that breaks like a golden thread through most of the distressing skies of our somewhat materialistic day. I have in my mind's eye, and in my memory, many an individual representative of the ministerial type, many a simple minister's home, perhaps, many a parson's study (really one of the unique things in this world of ours, a kind of spiritual arsenal, mightier far than submarines and battleships and war aeroplanes) many a characteristic scene—tea, perhaps, on the lawn of the vicarage under the trees of the church precincts. But it would be unwise to attempt anything like detailed or special references. My main point is simply that of the very high value and actual indispensability, particularly in these times, of the services and personalities of those rural ministers—to the life of Ontario and the life of the Dominion. Take away from your growing Ontario communities those servants of the Gospel of Personality and of Sacrifice and of Love (for the erring and the struggling) and who could or would take their places? Is there any body of

men who would wed the truth (it is not always popular), that would wed the gospel of life that we all need (in the appropriate way, of course) for the pittance for which these rural clergy serve their country? Their very earnestness, their persistence in season and out of season, makes you feel that there must after all be something real in the gospel or message that they represent, something that the country cannot do without, if it is to be a civilization at all.

Of course it would not be right, it seems to me, to pass over even for a moment the sheer waste of spiritual and mental power all over Ontario, and the sheer waste and dissipation of the resources of the faithful, and of the Ontario people generally, to be traced to the fact of three, or four, or five struggling churches attempting in many places to function and to push their separate causes where one strong Christian Church of Canada would do the needed common work infinitely better than it is done at present. Such a united church would enlist, too, the sympathy of nearly all the inhabitants of any given community, including that of many non-church-goers who still believe (as they must) in the social mission of Christianity and of religion generally. Why is it that so many sectarian and ecclesiastically inclined people deliberately shut their eyes to the fact that the young people of Canada, and the thousands of unattached and half-foreign people in our Western world, care next to nothing about the denominationalism and the different divisions of our present-day Protestantism? Do they think, too, that the increasingly secular Sunday of so many people on this continent, on the top of a thoroughly secular or mammonistic week (not a good thing for the nerves of any man or of any woman, or of any community) can be relieved and elevated and sweetened by anything short of a combined ameliorative effort on the part both of

humanitarians and Christians? There is much that is impressive, of course, in a service or a cult, in some beautiful edifice, perhaps, that calls up to many people a thousand associations with the Old World and with the wondrous historic past of Christianity. But it is simply useless and absolutely anti-national to appeal to people and to their divided strength and resources to keep up institutions and churches and agencies whose separate and divided work cannot but continue to be ineffective.

But I must pass on to other types of the new Canadian life that we are studying. And along with the Ontario country minister we must think of, it seems to me, as his natural associates the local high-school master, the district school inspector, the country doctor, and the local newspaper editor. You cannot go about the country in any sort of public or educational capacity without meeting these other typical servants of the Province. They will seek you out, as they did in my case, and they will entertain you and drive you about in their cars, and talk to you, just as does the country minister. And they are all eager for news and ideas from the great world both inside and outside Canada, from the Universities, from Montreal, from London, or from Continental Europe itself. They, too, as a class, or as the members of a class, are all interested in something more than the mere push and drive of life, than the mere material development of Ontario, or of Canada. And the sooner that the Province and its different sections can see their way to pay more heed than they can do at present to the advice of these high school principals, and the school inspectors, and others, about the educational needs of Ontario, and the sooner that all our Eastern Provinces can follow the excellent lead given to the Dominion by the Western Province of Saskatchewan in the matter of the housing and the remuneration



of school teachers, the better will it be for the entire civic and cultural life of this country. For, of course, even as matters stand, the common school is still to-day in Ontario what it is elsewhere on this Continent, the greatest civilizing agency that we possess, so far as the turning into Canadian citizens of both native-born children and the children of our thousands of immigrants is concerned. It is to be regretted, however, that such a great Province as Ontario should still persist in the narrow policy of opening up its teaching positions only to graduates of Ontario schools and universities. A McGill, or a Dalhousie, or a Scottish, or an English, or an Irish, graduate has at present no chance for an appointment to an Ontario educational position—a state of matters that fortunately does not hold, and cannot hold, at the Universities at Toronto and at Kingston. It is time that Ontario should allow at least the infusion of a broad Dominion and international spirit into its ordinary educational system. It should welcome for this purpose into its educational work, suitable graduates of any Dominion or British University, as we do in Montreal and in Protestant Quebec generally.

And as for the fine typical personality, or the fine type of service, that you find again and again in the successful medical practitioner all over rural Ontario, I am prevented by the limits of my space from anything more than a mere personal tribute and testimony. I spoke in a former article of the services of a well-known St. Thomas doctor in connection with the municipal and the general horticultural interests of Ontario. And this sort of activity is quite typical of the interests and the doings of many of the doctors in Ontario towns. I met a doctor in the upper St. Lawrence region, and was splendidly entertained by him, a man great in his profession (the saving of children was his great work) and great too as a

man of culture and a gentleman (he had entertained many distinguished Old Country visitors in his summer home) who had found time to gratify his interest in music and in church work by acting for years as the choir master in the beautiful old parish church of his town. He had written, from time to time, church music that was used even in the great English cathedrals. He told me quite incidentally that for years he had never missed a Sunday morning service, however late he may have been at work the evening before. Is not this a very high type of civic and professional service that is well worth mentioning? Is it not indeed a very high type of citizenship? Again and again, as it were, was I convinced of the untold value to these young communities of the science, and the learning, and the humanity, represented by some of those various doctors who have been turned out by our universities and our medical schools. I often thought, too, of the high value to the community of the sons and the daughters that are trained in the homes of these medical men, as well as in the homes of the clergy, with all the plain living and the high thinking of the latter. I realize with pride that it is obviously possible to find in this young country of ours men and personalities in the medical world who quite compare in their way with the type of doctor portrayed by Barrie in his "Window in Thrums" or even with the famous Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, the author of "Rab and his Friends" and *Horae Subsecivae*.

And a word or two must be said here for the country newspaper editor. He is a man who for many reasons (I could give actual instances) must also be regarded as one of the typical makers of his Province, of his community, of his country, of the Empire itself. I was profoundly impressed, while travelling about, by the fact of the heroic self-denying, and finally victorious, struggle that is carried on

for the love of literature, for the love of "expression", for the fact that his community must have an "organ" of one kind or another—by many a country editor. In many cases was I approached after my lecture by the local country editor, by this master of the literature of the people. And I had the benefit of many an informing chat in an editorial sanctum, a chat about the inside of things in Ontario and in Canada generally. This chat was often a real showing up of facts, and often a revelation of what we might get in Canada if people could only be got to take generous and unselfish views of our public life, and to rise in their own thoughts above mere bread-and-butter and mere sectional interests. It is a love of something more than money that has animated many of these struggling editors and the young men on their staffs, a love of "expression" for its own sake, as I have said, and therefore a love of art and of civilization on their own accounts. They are all the friends of education, these rural newspaper men; they are all for broad views and for good literature for the common people. Few of them seem to have done more than make ends meet in a worldly way, although one veteran editor in a town near Toronto told me that he was one of the few men in Ontario who have actually made some money in journalism. This man (he had once been a school master) knew intimately all the political and educational questions in his Province and in the Dominion. He was a moral and intellectual force in his immediate community and his paper was read, he told me, by many of the Provincial politicians and by some of the great dailies of Canada. He often spent days and nights over really small happenings, provided only that they had a bearing on the life of his community. The struggle that many of these editors have had for years to work up an adequate plant, and a staff, and a constituency, the struggle

that they often still have with labor and with the trades unions and so on are among the typical and the honorable things of the life of Ontario. I hereby pay my meed or respect and honor to the Ontario country editor for the things that he is trying to do for his Province, for himself, for his ideals, for the things that he thinks his country needs.

But I want too, and it would be impossible not to do so, to refer shortly and appreciatively to the womanhood of Ontario, or rather to some of the fine types of womanhood that it was my privilege to encounter there and to appreciate. I was much attracted, for example, by the splendid type of young womanhood that I noticed again and again in all their pretty summer finery in the shaded streets and bypaths of many of the smaller towns and villages in connection with the lectures and the entertainments provided by the Dominion Chataqua Association. I seemed to see in these young women all that happy demeanor and glad hope, all that *joie de vivre*, all that fine enthusiasm for everything elevating and inspiring that is characteristic of the young women of this Continent, or at least the young people who pass through our ordinary public schools. It is there in Ontario, I mean, in all its plenitude and in all its play that fine type of conscious conquering young womanhood, fully aware (as it should be) that it holds in its hands and in its ways nearly all that is worth having, the entire making (or the unmaking) of the men of to-day and to-morrow. Then again I was impressed, and this very distinctly and definitely, by the fact, and I bring it forward here as also a typical consideration, that so many of the women of all those smaller and still almost half-rural communities in Ontario represent what I am sure both critics and admirers would admit to be about the right, or the desirable, combination of the old more pro-

nouncedly feminine type of woman, and what for want of a better name we called the new or the newer woman of to-day, the type of woman whose actions and ideals are based on what is called (and it is by no means everything) modern knowledge and modern reflection. Their influence, therefore, the influence of these women of the golden mean type, I believe to be a thing of great value in these rapidly moving times. Their lives, I felt, seemed to be somewhat more balanced and somewhat more self-sufficient (in the right sense of course) and possibly more happy and contented than appears to be the lives of many of the women in our larger cities everywhere. And lastly, I can never forget, I think, the typical courtly, gracious, charm of many an Ontario lady, especially in some of the older places, who seemed to represent outright here in this new world of ours, many of the fine personal traditions of older and gentler days than the present.

In one case it was simply the personality and the polished conversation of two ladies (sisters) who had actually taken over the charge of the old hotel of the town in question, and they had infused into its corridors and its attendants an atmosphere and an attitude of home and refinement, that meant a great deal to the town and to all who passed through it. In other places it was simply the grace and the courtesy and the finished manner of countless Ontario ladies, in more than one circle of life, whose fathers or grandfathers had evidently gone years ago into these new world places and settled there, and who themselves still chose to retain, before the changing new generations, what they knew to be part of the great tradition of the eternally feminine. But I am only indicating a few of the aspects of a great typical thing regarding both Ontario and Canada—and indeed our so-called modern world generally.

I will terminate this article of Impressions of Ontario Types by a few random references to some individual, personal types of which the Province, and Canada itself, may well be proud. I do not say for a moment that similar interesting types do not exist in other countries, for they do, of course, and we are familiar with them in the pages of men like Barrie, or Stevenson, or Pett Ridge, or E. V. Lucas, or Daudet, or Gogol, or Fritz Reuter, not to speak of greater people like Sir Walter Scott and Victor Hugo and Thackeray and Le Sage. But my point is that there is still room evidently in Ontario and Ontario life for individuality, and personal preference, and independence, in the matter of the type of life and activity that you choose to represent. Everybody there is not necessarily cast in the same mould (there is some tendency in this direction in the United States): you can assert your individuality in Ontario, (especially in the smaller places and towns) if you have one.

I have written in a former article of a Quebec Frenchman who is now happily settled as a hotel-keeper in a sort of half-way railway town, and who generously explained to me (we were talking in French, a heresy to some unfortunate people in Ontario, but a delight and a great civilizing influence to anyone who can do it) his admiration in many ways for the progressive tendencies of the Ontario people. Well, so far had this man been caught by the new spirit of progress and liberalism, that he had in the smoking-room of his small hotel a library of some five hundred volumes. Those books he lent out without any pledge to travellers, to read and to take away with them on their trips, never doubting that these men would return his books when they came back again. A more thought-stimulating and restful collection of books I never saw anywhere. It was at once conservative and radical,

catholic and liberal, and interesting—for why should not men be given books to read that appeal to them from different points of view? Think of the value of a hotelkeeper like that to any country!

I met again in another fair-sized town with many fine buildings and with fine broad streets, with a pretty situation upon a lake, a Roman Catholic priest. He had been born abroad and we talked in two languages as well as English, and he knew a whole lot about Germany as well as France. He came up to me after my lecture and we had a talk about both continental and Canadian politics over afternoon tea in a restaurant. He wanted me to come to supper with him, but my time was limited. He and his colleague had a large congregation of supposedly French people, but they both preached occasionally in English, and he said to me that they often did not know, in the case of many families, whether they were of French or English or Irish descent. He was full of admiration for the fine houses and the fine progressive tendencies of his fellow townsmen, and for the educational movements in Canada generally. He was a thorough believer in one broad type of Canadian citizenship for everybody, whatever their particular religion might happen to be. While acknowledging the merits of the outlook and the activity of this man, I want to say here that I have been fortunate enough to hear similar sentiments expressed even by some of the clergy of the Province of Quebec.

In Lindsay—and this is surely typical of a fine individual spirit—I was once waited upon with much courtesy and refinement by a lady of the neighborhood (a member of that fine, large, middle-class of Ontario women, who cannot be praised too highly) who was of her own accord "helping out" by waiting in the charming little restaurant in connection with the attractive little hotel

kept by two ladies. They were friends of hers, and she was simply helping them in an emergency, at a time when it was very difficult to get help and service in many of the hotels and restaurants in the smaller places. I call this sort of thing distinctly fine, and a country and a province where it is possible can never "go under", or play a second part to any other country.

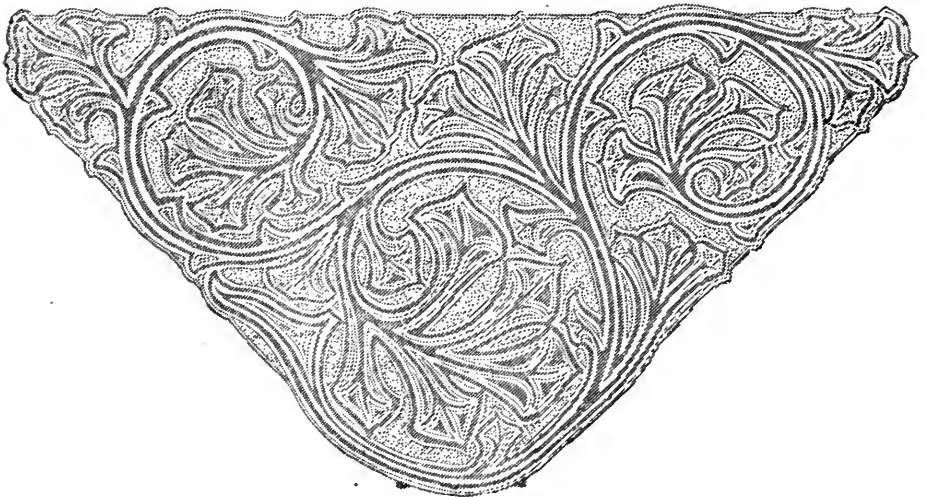
In B—— again I was bowling one evening with a fine typical Scotch-Canadian, a man whose right arm was out of commission, and we had luck, he and I, in our game. After it was over we had a crack on a seat in one of those fine attractive electric-lit bowling greens that you can see all over Eastern Canada. On hearing that I was a professor of Philosophy he dropped into an appreciative conversation about David Hume, pointing out the good and the great things in Hume in spite of his so-called scepticism. And then he tackled me about the meaning of some things in Aristotle, and we had a grand evening. Now a country that has still business men like this, who take time to read and think, and whose heads and hearts are above mere buying and selling is in a good way indeed. They have evidently got time to live and to think in Ontario. I well remember, too, a similar conversation I had at Sudbury with a C.P.R. train engineer about some of the higher things in education. He came up to me after my lecture with the local Presbyterian minister, and we three had a delightful hour in a restaurant over refreshing summer drinks, talking about everything that was worth while.

I could speak, of course, of the large class of people all over Ontario and probably all over Canada—not necessarily the well-to-do and the privileged—who benefit in various ways from summer schools as are organized by the various Chataqua Associations. These things

came to us, of course, from the United States, but let us generously admit their good features. Our universities in this country are only beginning to waken up to the possibilities of popular education, of University Extension work. We are beginning to make some moves in this connection at McGill in regard to the wants of the people in the Eastern Townships and in rural Quebec. I do not say for a moment that the first duty of a Professor is not inside a University, and with his own students, to whom education is, and should be, a great privilege, a thing only for the capable and the few. But now and then, professors, or at least some of the younger men, can well meet their fel-

low citizens outside the walls of a university. Indeed the country has a right to see in an informal way some of the men to whom it commits its young men. Otherwise we cannot go about complaining, as we often do, about the ignorance of our democracy in Canada and America. We have still a great work ahead of us in the matter of the true education of the people, for there is an ethical education wanted by our people to-day, an education about life and its conduct, that is far more important than any mere popular art, or science, or travel lectures. I have hinted at this ethical education in various ways throughout these articles, and I have not quite finished yet.

(To be continued)



# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I.

Mr. Lloyd George seems to stand at the crisis of his fortunes. It is not difficult to understand the attitude of the revolting Conservatives. They recognize that if the Liberal party should reorganize under Viscount Grey's leadership and the Coalition persist under Mr. Lloyd George the historic Conservative party would practically cease to exist. It is hard to believe that a party which was reluctant to take Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as its leader because he could not meet the birth-test of Toryism will agree finally to follow the Welsh Radical who has defamed so many of its dearest idols and can have no natural sympathy with its inherited prejudices. The war has wrought many changes in Great Britain, but it has not vitally changed human nature.

More and more the Coalition depends upon Conservative support, and more and more Mr. Lloyd George becomes an alien in the household. But in all British history there is nothing more remarkable than the complete devotion to his leadership which is expressed by Sir Arthur Balfour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Bonar Law and other Conservative leaders upon whom his blows fell roughly and heavily in the old days when they were so utterly opposed to his opinion and outlook. Perhaps the chief explanation lies in Lloyd George himself. Whatever may be his defects he is never afraid to have strong men at his side. He never thinks it necessary to surround himself with mediocrities in order that he may be the only figure on the stage. There is no mean reserve in his recognition of associates nor is there ever the flavor of jealousy in any sentence that he utters. In his tribute to Balfour after the Conference at Washington he gave praise and credit with simple pride and rejoicing in what his colleague had accomplished. Again and again he displays this spirit. Again and again he forgets and seizes the loyalty to comrades. The ordinary politician uses others and seizes the fruits of their labors. Mr. Lloyd George generally gives to others more than he takes for himself. This undoubtedly is one secret of his strength and perhaps the best evidence of his greatness.

Sooner or later he will take his Conservative support and there is no prospect that he can be re-established, for years to come, in the confidence of the Liberal party. If he is deserted by Conservatives he must fall and no one can foretell what his future will be in British affairs. But the judgment of impartial history will be that he served the Empire greatly, with singular endurance, amazing resource, and indomitable courage. For generations his memory will be cherished in English cottages and English castles and in a myriad households in the far Dominions, for his incalculable services when the great shadow lay over the Empire, when the mourners went about the streets, and the whole structure of British civilization was in mortal peril. As an English writer has said, calling a hymn to his service, "none of the ransomed

ever knew how deep were the waters crossed", and multitudes were ransomed by Lloyd George's courage, his endurance and his faithfulness.

But, as has been said, Mr. Lloyd George must fall sooner or later. There is no other destiny for those who engage in political conflict. But it will be said of him as truly as of those who fell in battle, "His name liveth for evermore". He may have many of the faults which opponents ascribe to him, he may be subtle and evasive, he may be an opportunist and may sometimes go to the verge of demagogery, but he has done so many great things in a great way that few names will shine with finer lustre in British history. Moreover one feels that a sense of loss, if not a thrill of apprehension, would run across all Europe if to-morrow, by the chances of British politics, he should be shut out from the councils of the nations. Whatever be his future his place among the great ministers of the Empire is forever secure and, as William Watson said of Burns, "His greatness, not his littleness, concerns mankind".

## II.

At the happy dinner to Hon. P. C. Larkin at the Ontario Club, Mr. J. E. Atkinson made a shrewd, cautious and humorous but incisive appeal for a greater degree of toleration within the Liberal party. He spoke of "separated brethren", and suggested that the right of free speech and independent action was an essential portion of the creed of Liberalism. He seemed to argue indirectly, if not directly, that unless Liberals could practise toleration among themselves they could not hope to appeal with effect for toleration among other people.

One knew that there was much behind what he said. Among the element of the Liberal party which remained faithful to Sir Wilfrid Laurier there still is a smouldering anger with the wing which gave its support to conscription and Union government. By the "die hards" *The Toronto Star* and *The Globe* are still denounced while Mr. Rowell is cast into outer darkness. Practically old Unionist Liberals are made to understand that they can have no partnership with the Conservative party and that they must make submission and penance before they can be fully re-admitted to the Liberal party. The situation would be merely amusing if it did not reveal so clearly the village spirit which so often bedevils politics in Canada and no doubt in many other countries.

The truth is that the Liberal newspapers and many of the Liberal leaders forced Sir Robert Borden to adopt conscription and form a Union Government. He resisted as long as he could the Liberal demand for a national Government and compulsory service. If he had not yielded he would have been denounced in all the English Provinces as guilty of placing party interests before national and Imperial interests, as refusing to provide adequate reinforcements for the overseas army, and as weakly holding to the voluntary system of recruiting when Great Britain and the United States had adopted and enforced the democratic principle of conscription. But when Borden submitted, formed a Union Government and established compulsory service, and when Laurier would support neither a Coalition nor conscription, it was demanded that the Liberal journals which had been foremost in the agitation against party government and voluntary recruiting should adhere to Laurier and oppose Borden, who had yielded to their demand.

*The Globe* probably remembered how greatly its reputation was damaged and its influence impaired by its tortuous course over Riel's execution and the Jesuit Estates Act and held firmly to the position it had taken and which

seemed to excite no serious disapproval among Liberals so long as its advocacy of coalition and concription produced public feeling against the Borden Government. *The Star*, *The Manitoba Free Press*, and other Liberal journals did likewise. Virtually they had no alternative if they were to retain any vestiges of consistency and independence. According to Dr. Skelton's "Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier", the Liberal leader recognized the position of the Liberal newspapers and showed far more sympathy and toleration than did many of his followers. But it is manifest that many Unionist Liberals are still under criticism within the Liberal party and still regarded as prodigals for whose return there is not even a lean calf nor a word of blessing.

### III.

There is virtue in political consistency, and devotion to party is not necessarily ignoble. But no man in Canada has been more inconsistent than the man who has faithfully followed either political party for a generation. It was by a sheer chance of the cards that the Liberals were not protectionists and the Conservatives a low tariff party. From 1878 to 1896 Conservatives maintained and Liberals opposed a protectionist system. From 1896 to 1911 there was no substantial reduction in the scale of tariff duties. It is true that the British preference was established but duties under the preference were increased to give more adequate protection to Canadian industries. Again it was almost by a sheer chance of the cards that the Conservatives opposed ratification of the trade agreement with the United States which was negotiated by the Laurier Government and the Taft Administration at Washington. In 1896, the Liberal party under Laurier opposed federal interference with the legislation of Manitoba which abolished Catholic separate schools. In 1905 the Liberal party under Laurier recognized and established Catholic schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan while the Conservative party reversed its position and opposed any federal guarantee of separate schools for the new Provinces. Again a Liberal government established federal control over the natural resources of the Western Provinces and the Conservative party opposed the legislation. But for eleven years the Borden Government, despite definite pledges, failed to restore the resources of the Provinces and now what was done by a Liberal Government seems likely to be undone by a Liberal Government. The Liberal Administrations of the three Prairie Provinces are united in the demand for restoration of their resources although all supported the legislation by which they were withheld. From 1878 until 1896 the Liberal leaders demanded reform or abolition of the Senate. In the Halifax platform of the Conservative party appeared the old Liberal protest against the unrepresentative Chamber. But during the long period of Liberal government under Sir Wilfrid Laurier not a single Conservative found his way into the Senate. While Borden held office its doors were closed as securely against Liberals. The Senate still lives and is still unreformed. A few years ago the Grain Growers threatened to destroy the Upper Chamber but when there seemed to be some prospect that they would obtain office at Ottawa they substituted reform for abolition. Perhaps the Senate, so often threatened, is as secure against governments as any institution which the Fathers established. Many other like instances of inconsistency can be found in the history of the Canadian parties but nothing more is needed to illustrate the facility of those who boast that they have ever been faithful to one "grand old party" or the other to turn their coats with every change of weather as the exigencies of party may require.



When they asked the Indian if he was lost he said, "No, wigwam lost." In this country, as in other countries, the political parties have had no stationary wigwam and thousands of their adherents have lost the habitation in which they loved to dwell because again and again it was moved to far and strange places in the wilderness. There is nothing in Canadian politics so juvenile as the babble of politicians and their adherents about "consistency" when they should know that if they had to retrace their steps mile by mile they would die on the first stages of the journey from sheer mental surprise and physical exhaustion. But they will be self-righteous, censorious and ridiculous.

It is easy to understand reasoned acceptance of a political platform and reasoned allegiance to a party leader. It is true that no better system than that of party for the conduct of free institutions has been devised. But we are bound to attack abuses and to punish unfaithfulness to professions and treason to principles. The very life of the State requires that feeble or corrupt administrators shall not continue in places of authority, and that political offences shall be exposed and punished. This punishment can come only through independent action and the subordination of party interest to the public welfare. If there is independence in the constituencies there will be integrity in Parliament. A species of loyalty which condones and tolerates feeble and corrupt administration suggests a dependent citizenship and an unhealthy civilization. The partisan may glory in such loyalty, and count it virtue, but it savors of cowardice and smells of treason. James Hanney, a journalist of the Bohemian type who lived in the time when that type was common, who was bred a Liberal, became a Tory, and therefore was branded as a turncoat and a hypocrite, has defined the true relation which should exist between the journalist and the leaders of party, and the definition could fairly be extended to cover all classes of the community. He told the party leaders that he was their soldier but not their servant; that he wore their uniform, but not their plush. An equal freedom belongs to every independent citizen, and there is nothing praiseworthy in a conception of citizenship which accepts any other relationship and exalts "consistency" above criticism and principle.

#### IV.

Very curious is the attitude of many leaders among the United Farmers towards the daily newspapers and the "old parties". Again and again they lament that they are misunderstood and misrepresented, that the press is controlled by "the interests" and that they cannot get opportunity to explain themselves and their programme. It is, however, impossible for an honest reader of the daily newspapers to reach any such conclusion. They give as much space to conventions of farmers as to the meetings of any other class or party. During the general election the speeches of Mr. Crerar were as fully reported as were those of Mr. King or Mr. Meighen. One cannot think that Mr. Drury or any of his colleagues would suggest that they suffer from a press boycott. Singularly enough one of the great daily journals of "unholy Montreal" gives more space to Mr. Crerar's speeches than does any other newspaper in the country. At Calgary a few weeks ago Mr. H. W. Wood had a happy and violent hour with the press, but he was faithfully and fully reported. *The Manitoba Free Press* is the ardent ally of the Western Grain Growers and the service which it does for the farmers' political party is incalculable. It was not easy during the general election to determine whether

some of the most powerful Liberal journals in Ontario preferred Mr. Crerar to Mr. King or Mr. King to Mr. Crerar. If there was any ground for grievance in this connection at least it did not lie with the farmers.

Whatever may be the faults of the press of Canada it is not corrupt, and above all things it is not the servant of "the interests". Indeed it is difficult for anyone who opposes "public ownership" to get a public hearing. Not long ago an influential Liberal journal suggested that methods very like those adopted for the detection of bootleggers should be applied against people who might be rash enough to criticize "public ownership" in any of its phases or results. No system of fines or set terms of imprisonment were defined but it was urged that all persons who ventured in public speeches or letters to defame the sacred doctrine should be politically proscribed and marked as public enemies. Apparently there are some people who think that Mr. Drury should not have been allowed to speak in Massey Hall in explanation of his attitude towards the Hydro-Electric system and Provincial guarantees for radial railways. Are we moving towards freedom or away from freedom? One thinks sometimes that the powers formerly abused by authorities, governmental, ecclesiastical and financial, are now used as ruthlessly by political majorities. The trouble is that too many of us believe we have convictions and that other people have only prejudices. It never was so difficult in Canada to get a hearing against the majority. Charles Dudley Warner once said that Canadians had a peculiar genius for reconciling their convictions and their prejudices. Possibly we are not worse than other people but at the moment convictions which do not consider prejudices have a hard time of it. We never before have had so much talking and so little thinking and never such a reluctance on the part of those who do think to face personal or political unpopularity. It is a phase, and it will pass, but it revolts the soul at the moment.

## V.

No evidence has ever been produced to support any whisper against Sir Adam Beck's integrity. It is impossible to believe that any such evidence ever will be produced. It would be merely stupid to deny that the Hydro-Electric system has brought great advantages to Ontario or to question his devotion to the great project. But Sir Adam Beck is not a god and "public ownership" is not a religion. It is possible to oppose the principle and still be a good husband, a good father and a good citizen. That the Hydro-Electric system will ever be turned over to private control is beyond belief. But it is proper enough to consider how far the system may wisely be extended, how far the public credit may be pledged for the projects of the Commission, and what authority, if any, the Government and the Legislature should exercise over the Commission.

It is no new thing to have estimates exceeded. Unfortunately it is seldom that they are not exceeded in either private or public undertakings. But if there is any prospect that the estimated cost of radial railways under the direction of the Commission will be as greatly exceeded as the estimated cost of the Chippawa Canal has been exceeded the Government would be infinitely careless if precautions were not taken to guard against any such result. Moreover it is dangerous to proceed on the assumption that Provincial guarantees of revenue earning enterprises lay no actual obligation upon the body of taxpayers or do not actually increase the debt of the Province. That was a favorite argument at Ottawa when Parliament was guaranteeing

hundreds of millions of credit for the construction of steam railways but to our cost we know a good deal better what guarantees mean than we did ten years ago.

Besides when money is easily got it is easily spent. We cannot afford to overbuild radial railways in the Province as we overbuilt steam railways in the Dominion. That government guarantees of municipal projects encourage municipal extravagance cannot be questioned. One would think that the Hydro-Electric Commission, the municipalities and the Provincial Government have a common interest and that there are no sound reasons for the suspicions and misunderstandings which have developed. Sir Adam Beck and the Hydro-Electric Commission cannot hope to set the Government aside and exercise a final authority over Provincial expenditures, nor can the Government have any interest in opposing well considered and practicable radial projects. Moreover publicly-owned enterprises, whether federal, Provincial or municipal, must be as open to examination and criticism as privately-owned undertakings if we are to be a free people and not the docile subjects of boards and commissions. There is no reason for an irreconcilable quarrel between Sir Adam Beck and the Government if mutual trust and confidence can be re-established and if those who have infinite faith in the Hydro-Electric Commission would show a better temper towards Mr. Drury and his colleagues who upon the one hand are denounced for prodigal extravagance and upon the other hand are held responsible for huge expenditures over which they have had practically no control. The Government has to raise the money. It has had to find tens of millions to meet obligations which it inherited, and naturally, it is concerned over the magnitude of its borrowings. The people are demanding economy with fresh vigor and determination, and governments and commissions will have to submit.

## VI.

Political conditions in the United States have become as unstable as they have been in Canada. In Congress representatives of the agricultural States show a disposition to unite in support of the demands of the farming communities. The authority of the President is resisted by Republican Senators and Representatives. Among Democrats there is division and insurrection. Mr. Bryan is taking advantage of commercial depression and industrial unrest to re-establish his leadership. If he is not turning towards silver he is apparently thinking of revolutionary banking legislation. The taxes now imposed upon Capital and Industry are crushing but Congress opposes all proposals to give relief to the financial and industrial interests. Scores of factories are closed in New England by contests over wages between employers and workers and it is doubtful if a disastrous coal strike can be averted.

The railways need money but the market is unfavorable to the issue of new railway securities. Upon the one hand, lower freight rates are demanded, while upon the other regulations which lay heavy charges upon the railway companies are maintained by State Commissions and the Interstate Commerce Board. Never indeed were problems of transportation more acute in the neighboring country. Never was there greater necessity for lower freight charges but how these can be secured without a further decrease in the values of railway securities and a further decline of efficiency in railway services are questions to which no satisfactory answer comes from any quarter.

In 1920 wages on American railways totalled \$3,700,000,000 as against \$1,100,000,000 in 1910. This was more than the total gross earnings of the railways in 1916. The payroll of the New Haven Railway in 1917 was \$28,000,000. In 1920 it was \$83,000,000, for 1921 it was \$72,000,000 and for 1922 it will be \$60,000,000. The payroll of the Boston and Maine Railway has increased from \$22,000,000 to \$44,000,000. These and like figures are made the ground of attack upon the Labor Unions but whether that be just or not at least they give one explanation of the position of the railways and the great cost of transportation. If the cost of operation, is increased, freight and passenger charges must be increased, but the common disposition is to ignore the facts and denounce the carrying companies for conditions over which they have practically no control. There is no doubt that agriculture all over the continent has suffered sorely by falling prices and that lower freight charges would greatly stimulate an agricultural revival but for the conditions which prevail the railways surely have no direct responsibility.

What the world needs is less meddling legislation and fewer restrictions upon the enterprise and energy of industrial leaders. But the whole tendency is to adopt new legislative devices and impose heavier burdens upon business and inevitably the last condition is worse than the first. Despite severe depression and general unemployment Congress seems likely to approve a bonus for American soldiers which will require an appropriation of at least \$3,000,000,000. President Harding opposes the proposal or at least insists that new taxes shall be levied to meet the huge charge upon the Treasury. He suggests a sales tax for this special purpose but Congress will not have his recommendation. Thus there will probably be a further great levy upon business, retarding commercial recovery, and prolonging distress and unemployment in all the industrial centres. Mr. Harding seems to have promised not to veto the Bonus Bill if it is passed but he has exerted all his authority to defeat or at least to delay the measure. The Republicans are fearful that they may lose control of Congress in the Congressional elections in November and hence the determination to force the bonus through Congress at this session. Those who believed that Mr. Harding would be a weak President have learned otherwise, but in the conditions which have developed in American politics he faces tremendous difficulties and has to deal with a Congress which for the time has little regard for the fealties and loyalties of party.





THE GIRLS' SIDE, OSTERVICK, MANITOBA

From the Photograph by  
Edith S. Watson



# THE GODS ASSIST

BY J. CHATTERIS LIVETT



It had been a trying day in the big store. Maintaining its record of the past two weeks, the mercury had soared far above ninety degrees, a merciless sun beating down from a brazen sky, and employees in every department were at their last gasp. The unnatural heat of the season, added to the hot, humid atmosphere of the busy shop, made life an almost intolerable burden. Frayed nerves were taut and strained, seeming ready to snap in the uneven battle. At last the great gong in the centre of the store rang out the closing hour, bringing an indescribable relief to the increasing tension of the staff; and, at the welcome sound, a last spark of vitality showed itself in the wan faces. Mechanically, they made necessary adjustments and quickly covered over their goods for the night, eager to escape from the sickly heat into the open air. Marie Thom and her chum Ruth Blair, both "in the silks" issued arm in arm from the employees exit.

"If this weather keeps up about two days more, I shall be fired—sure," announced Marie. She was a big, good-natured girl of twenty-four, her general appearance summed up accurately enough in the word "blonde". Of an optimistic character, she was usually as impervious to trouble as oil to the action of water.

"What's the trouble?" asked Ruth.

"What's the trouble! Oh my hat!—the gang I've had in to-day. Call themselves customers! Why they wouldn't buy a Rolls-Royce car if yer

offered it to 'em for the price of a flivver. They make me tired! Mussing up all yer goods too, with their sticky paws. There was one woman in to-day — calls herself Mrs. Temple-Smyth. I guess she was just plain Mrs. Smith for a good many years before the old man struck it rich and the 'Temple' was tacked on for luck. Luck!—they don't know when they are well off—that type. Trouble is, they haven't got enough to occupy their fool minds. That woman's always got her picture in some paper or other. She'd drive an angel to drink, and — believe me, dearie, — there's no sign of wings sprouting on my shoulders. Got everything she wants, and the way she acts around the store would make yer think she hadn't got a red cent."

Ruth smiled. Ever since coming to Toronto three years before, she had roomed with Marie, and she knew her through and through. This was just one of her rare moods; by the time they were half-way home it would be completely forgotten. She was very grateful for Marie's friendship, the marked contrast between the two girls seemed somehow to draw them more closely together. Ruth herself was a tall, rather slim girl, with dark hair and a pair of wonderfully fine dark brown eyes. She was rather less than a year younger than Marie, and a glance at her showed that she was obviously unfitted to brave the storms of business life like the older girl.

"You don't need to worry," she said. "My, Marie, but you're lucky to be getting away from this grind down

town. When is the wedding to be? Have you settled it yet?"

Marie beamed. "Sure. I was talking to Tom at noon to-day. The fatal day is three weeks to-morrow. Ain't it great? Only one more week at the store and then——" Her voice changed, a note of concern crept into it. "I'd sure be the happy girl if it wasn't for one thing, dearie. I just hate the idea of you going on working down here by yourself. Somehow, I feel I ought to be there to look after you."

Ruth bit her lips, a lump rising in her throat. "Oh well—it just can't be helped. You can't expect Tom to go on waiting for ever on my account. As it is, he's been pretty decent."

"I know, dearie. Say look here—Are you and Steve ever going to get hitched up or ain't you? You've been going with him now for mor'n two years. Seems to me he's been hangin' around long enough—ever since the pair of you come out of long baby dresses. If he don't get a move on and pop the question soon, why don't you give him the bounce and get a regular guy?"

Ruth flared up. All was not well between Stephen Hay and herself, but she was not going to have him abused by anyone—not even Marie.

"He is a regular guy, Marie," she burst out. "You know he is. Just a bit shy—reserved-like. I'd rather have him that way than—like a lot of the fellows at the store. Why," her voice quivered, "he's worth all the others put together."

"Is that so? Shy, is he?" Marie put a hand on her hips. "Scared of you, you mean. Afraid to ask you to marry him, for fear you'd turn him down. Believe me, dearie, if he was hangin' around my golden locks for goin' on for fifty years—I'd want to know the reason why."

Ruth was trembling now. "Don't, Marie—please," she murmured. "Stephen and I understand each other—that's all. It will be all right—some day—I just know it will be all right."

After what seemed an interminable distance, because of the burden of walking in the intense heat, although in reality but a short way, the girls reached their destination—a rooming establishment on lower Jarvis street. It was a solidly-constructed house of substantial proportions, with an air which seemed to speak of permanence even in these years of its swift decline. It had been built in those almost forgotten days when this section of the street was a fashionable thoroughfare; before the time when motor-cars came whirling by and carried off the original owners to more alluring and showy suburbs. There is an atmosphere—vaguely sad—which clings, like the faint scent of lavender, to a few of these old Toronto streets.

Once, not very long ago, old families, families whose names are forever honorably interwoven with the history of the city's growth, dwelt beneath the shade of the young chestnuts of Jarvis street. Then its bearing was one of gentility and well-being, with none of the blatant self-assertiveness which came later, when newer groups of individuals, with no more claim to recognition than a fortunate amassing of wealth, struggled for social supremacy. Well-groomed horses stepped proudly up the roadway; smartly equipped carriages rumbled leisurely between the leafy trees, or with the musical tinkle of silver bells when thick white snow carpeted the ground. But cities, like men, grow quickly old in these days of mad living and restless change, and so the once stately homes age swiftly day by day, though yet striving to retain a shred of that nearly forgotten dignity which once was theirs by right. Stealthily, the boarding-house sign creeps higher, block by block, like some insidious disease.

Ruth and Marie shared a large room on the first floor, one of those strangely nondescript apartments described in the advertisements as a bed-sitting-room. At one end, farthest from the big bay window, was a screen, placed



so as to hide a small gas stove and a diminutive sink. Over the sink were a couple of rather rickety shelves designed to hold groceries and other kitchen requirements. According to Mrs. Swift, the landlady, this section of the room was known as a kitchenette, and was supposed to be a great bait for any prospective tenants. She had not failed to point out to the girls that the possession of such a convenience was something they ought to fully appreciate. She also hinted, with a touch of that independence so characteristic of the professional landlady, that she "could let the room twenty times over". The forepart of the room contained a huge piece of furniture, fearful to behold. It seemed to be making up its mind whether to develop into an extraordinarily large upright piano, or a species of giant buffet; but on pressing a spring concealed in one side of this monstrosity, it nightly revealed itself as a most ingenious bed. Near the widow was a golden oak dresser, badly battered by long usage, surmounted by a cracked mirror which reflected the folding bed. A couple of tattered rugs on the painted floor, two or three chairs, a few books and other knick-knacks, and a small round table in the centre, completed the furnishing of the room.

"See, whose turn is it to cook supper to-night?" inquired Marie, as she tossed her hat on the table. "Don't matter anyhow. If you're tired, dearie, I'll toss the chunk of cow into the pan, while you clean up a bit. Oh Lord! Ain't it a shame our maid is out for the day?" she went on, referring to an ancient joke much appreciated by servantless people. "I'll say it is!"

"No," said Ruth. "I'm going to fix the supper; it's my turn anyhow. Goodness! Look at this, Marie!" She held up a steak for inspection. "About as thick and nourishing as a fly pad." She went into the kitchenette, and soon the smell of cooking permeated the room. It was not

wholly a spirit of fairness which prompted Ruth to volunteer for kitchen work. She had too many unpleasant memories of the weird dishes served by Marie, to wish to take any unnecessary chances. Good old Marie! She was a girl in a thousand, a sterling companion and all that, but when it came to cooking a beef steak, or in fact anything more involved than a kettle of water, well . . . .

A crash from the other side of the screen.

"Goodness! There goes another cup, Ruth. Say, girlie, if you're thinking of askin' any of your society friends in to dinner, we'll have to borrow a few dishes from old Mother Swift, or get 'em to bring their own along. Ain't it the limit?" Marie jumped nimbly on a chair and reached down a thick mug from the wall bracket. It bore the legend "A Souvenir from Niagara Falls". She chuckled as she placed it on the supper table. "Well, there's some variety to our china, anyhow—I'll tell the world."

The meal progressed in silence. Both were tired after the ordeal of the day, glad to sit down and enjoy a brief respite from every sort of effort. When they had finished, Ruth gathered the dirty plates together and piled them in the tiny sink.

"What's the programme for to-night?" she asked, as she helped Marie wash up. "Going out?"

"Yep. Tom's going to meet me down town. He's working till seven, or he'd be up to the house. I don't know where we'll land up—the Island probably. How about yourself?"

"Stephen's coming round. We may see you over there."

Marie looked surprised. "Where? Hanlan's Point? I thought you didn't care for that sort of thing."

"There's nowhere much to go this time of the year," Ruth said. "It's too hot for the movies. Besides, it will probably be a bit cooler over at the Island—on the water at least."

Marie nodded. "Sure, dearie. Glad you are coming. I'll watch out for

you. Gee! I got to get a wiggle on." She glanced in the mirror over the dresser. "Take a look at my hair, dearie. Did you ever see such a muss?"

She set to work, religiously observing those rites sacred to the feminine toilet before setting foot in the social world. Ruth, the unopened evening paper in her hand, watched silently from her chair near the table. She seemed restless; unsettled, as though some disturbing thought were demanding prompt action. Suddenly, she spoke.

"Marie, do you really think I ought to stop going out with Stephen—I mean—what would you do?"

Marie, perched on the end of the dresser, deftly filed her well-kept finger nails. Her engagement ring—a tiny cluster of diamonds—sparkled gaily on her left hand.

"Don't take any advice from me on that subject," she said. "You and me is different." She stopped polishing her nails and gazed intently at Ruth, as if realizing how truly different in temperament they were. "I don't say that Steve isn't as straight as they make 'em—I would bet my life he is if it comes to that—but he seems to look on you as his own particular private property. Never seems to cross his mind that you might like to go out with some other fellow." She hesitated and then went on. "Ain't he never proposed? Well," she continued as Ruth slowly shook her head, "maybe he will one of these fine days; then again, maybe he won't." And Marie, after much combing, powdering, and twisting here and there before the decrepit mirror, announced herself as ready for anything, and sallied forth to meet her beau.

Almost unconsciously, Ruth completed her own toilet, and sat down in the bay window to watch for Stephen. Disturbing thoughts crowded her brain, and she wanted to think things out before he came. Her conversation with Marie, and the settled plans for

the latter's wedding, had left her unreasonably wretched. Of course she had known for a long time that Marie and Tom were to be married, but now that the date was definitely fixed, it seemed somehow to make things different between Stephen and herself. She wished that Marie had not asked her about her own plans. She knew that Stephen, sooner or later, would ask her to marry him, and she told herself that there was no hurry. She tried bravely to stifle a growing resentment against Stephen. It was absurd to get silly ideas into her head. She strived to analyze her feelings towards him. She knew that she cared for him deeply, and that her affection was of the kind that would last through thick and thin—always. She picked up his photograph from the dresser. Yes, he was a nice looking boy, with a big kind mouth. His features might be a bit too large perhaps, but after all—he was Stephen. Oh! why couldn't he make up his mind to make her his wife, and take her away from this hateful existence down at the store? Why was he always so painfully reserved, even with her? She had known him all her life practically; long enough surely for any shyness to have disappeared. She tried to recall the days at home in the country, when Stephen lived in the little village near her father's farm. Yes, he had always been a quiet lad, certainly not given to running about after girls.

Presently she saw him walking rapidly down the street. Ruth rose, pinned on her hat, and ran down to the hall below, answering the ring.

"Hello, Ruth," he said. "Hope I haven't kept you waiting. I was late getting away from the office to-night—so many of the chaps are away on their vacation."

She shook her head. "There's lots of time, Stephen. We only finished supper a short time ago. Marie's gone over to the Island with Tom." She hesitated. "They are going to be married in three weeks, Stephen."

Stephen Hay whistled. "Gee! Is that so?" he commenced. He threw an eager glance at Ruth and turned confusedly to the door. "My!—But that's great. For Tom, I mean—of course." He paused on the steps. "They're going to Hanlan's, eh?" Well, what shall we do? Any suggestions to make?"

"I told Marie we might go over to the Island, too," Ruth said. "That is, if you care to?"

"Sure thing. Anywhere you like. It doesn't make a bit of difference to me."

On the boat he sat contentedly by her side, saying little and thrilled by the touch now and then of the small white-gloved hand on the seat beside him. Silently, he watched the vast smoky city recede as the ferry slowly drew away from the Bay Street dock. As the boat steered to the west, the fiery sun, now low on the horizon, caught the myriad windows of the huge office buildings that towered into the murky sky, so that they became a flaming mass of color, like huge cauldrons of fire, typifying as it were the scorching inferno they had left. Long white wisps of steam curled lazily upward from the railroad yards, and as they neared the Island, the clang clang of the warning bells of a score of locomotives lost its harshness and became almost musical in the distance. Canoes and motor-boats weaved an intricate pattern through the darkening surface of the Bay.

Ruth looked at Stephen as he sat by her side. That was always the way with him. As long as she was with him, he seemed content to let matters drift. Mentally, she compared him with the countless small sailing craft that dotted the water, wallowing in the wake of the ferry as its paddle wheels churned the waters about them, but for the most part motionless in the dead calm. It was an ominous calm she thought, likely to result, without much warning, in a sudden squall. With Stephen, the present moment was all-sufficient. Dreams of a pos-

sible future together no doubt sometimes entered his brain, but they were never expressed in the concrete. Surely, somewhere in his sub-conscious mind was the hope that sometime or other, quite indefinite and unformulated, there would be a modest home, and the calm assurance that Ruth would reign there as his wife. But nothing tangible. Sufficient unto the day was the goodness thereof—to paraphrase an old quotation. That was the sort of philosophy he followed. It was maddening.

The big ferry neared the dock and a rush began from the upper deck. Its freight of eager humanity, impatient for the glittering pleasures of the amusement park, swarmed below. There was a slight shock, as the boat touched the slip, and the steady throb of engines reversed. With a thud the gang plank fell, and immediately there poured out a long dense stream of men and women, like prisoners released after long confinement. Stephen linked his arm in Ruth's and led her towards the dance hall.

"Let's go in here for a while, shall we?" he said. "I'd like to see Marie—tell her how glad I am—and I'll bet this is the most likely spot to run across her."

So they danced together in the big pavilion at the Point, to the music of a small but tremendously efficient orchestra crashing out with irresistible rhythm. Four times they danced with barely a word between them. Again he was content. In her heart Ruth knew it was because he had little to say, because he felt that no mere words were necessary to translate his meaning. But little by little she felt her impatience growing, an unreasoning resentment gathered within her. She sought excuses for herself. The weather had played havoc with her nerves. She wanted to cry, to scream out to him. Marie was right, she had better get a regular fellow, one that had something to say to a girl, not a poor boob who was satisfied to moon around night after

night, year in year out. If he meant to propose, he would probably have done so ages ago. Heaven knew there had been ample opportunity, quite enough anyway to get one sentence off his chest. It was high time he was brought to his senses, time she knew just where she got off.

She sat against the wall with Stephen, absently watching the swaying couples as they filed past. Presently Marie's voice broke in upon her thoughts.

"Hello, Ruth. Glad you made up your mind to come over. Say, dearie, we certainly are having a grand time to-night. Want you to meet a friend of mine—a Mr. Ross. He's a swell dancer—knows all the new steps and everythin'. Will I fetch him over?"

Ruth nodded her head mechanically.

Marie laughed. "Say—you needn't look quite so overcome with joy." She caught Stephen by the sleeve. "Aren't you going to ask me to dance at all? I'm not married yet, you know, so you don't need to get the idea into your head that I'm stowed away on any old shelf. You're not going to get out of it. Let's have the next—shall we?"

Stephen assented. "Sure, Marie. I'd love to."

Marie darted off across the room and returned after a few moments with a short, rather overdressed young man.

"This is my friend Miss Blair," she announced. "Want to make you acquainted with Mr. Charlie Ross. Come on, Steve," she commanded, as the music started once more, "get a wiggle on—I don't want to miss any of this."

So Stephen, led by the determined Marie, shuffled off with her down the glistening floor. In reality he was an excellent dancer, but his overwhelming shyness continually tortured him into the belief that he was doing badly, and so he did not shine except when dancing with Ruth. With her, he could let himself respond to

the sensuous appeal of music, and forget his dread of stepping on small feminine toes.

Ruth watched them threading their way through the over-crowded hall. Much as she cared for Stephen, she felt her bitterness towards him increase. Her sense of ill-treatment persisted. She had stupidly imagined that the announcement of Marie's approaching wedding would have urged him to a declaration on his own behalf, have blazed the trail for him, as it were. But, she persuaded herself, it was quite apparent that he had no intention of committing himself yet awhile.

A voice at her elbow recalled her to a sense of her surroundings. She had completely forgotten the existence of Mr. Charlie Ross.

"You dance, don't you, Miss Blair? Won't you try the next with me?"

"I shall be delighted," she said deliberately, and soon, to the strains of a popular waltz, they moved down the room. She discovered at once that he was an expert dancer. Without apparent effort he swung her along the floor; at length, as the music died away, he led her to a corner near the open door.

"You came over here with Miss Thom, I suppose?" asked Ross, as they seated themselves.

"No," Ruth commenced. Abruptly she stopped and her voice changed. "Oh yes—Yes, of course." She passed her hand across her forehead, closing her eyes.

"You're tired," he said. "Won't you let me fetch you some ice cream?"

"No, really—it isn't that. Just the awful heat. I'm perfectly well, thank you."

Once more the band struck up, this time a fox trot. Marie and Tom came dancing past their corner, their eyes glistening with happiness.

Ross spoke again. I see your friend Miss Thom is making the most of it. It does seem a pity to let good music go to waste, doesn't it? Shall we dance again—that is—if you care?"

Ruth assented. Obviously, Mr. Ross had no idea that Stephen had brought her to the Island. Now that she came to think of it, he had not been introduced to Stephen. To Ross, then, she was simply a friend of Marie's—unattached. Well, he could continue to think so, as far as she was concerned. It would teach Stephen a lesson, show him he wasn't the only pebble on the beach.

Urged on by one of those queer impulses, which, after all, are responsible for so many of the comedies of this mad life, Ruth danced with Charlie Ross again and again. To her surprise, Stephen made hardly an effort to recapture her. In fact, only once, while Charlie Ross danced with Marie, did he come to her, forbearing to press her to dance again when she pleaded a headache. Then Marie bore Stephen off again, and Ruth saw that a look of bewilderment came into his eyes as she danced again with Charlie.

When the band played "God Save the King", she walked across to Stephen, her heart thumping violently beneath her thin white summer dress.

"I'm sorry, Stephen, but please don't bother to come home with me to-night."

Stephen stared. For a moment words failed him. Then, "Bother!" he exclaimed, "Why, what do you mean, Ruth? But of course I must take you home. You——"

She tried to meet his astonished gaze openly. "I'm sorry," she said again, "but it will not be necessary—thanks. I shall be quite safe—Mr. Ross has kindly promised to see me home." She turned back to where Charlie Ross stood talking to Tom. "I'm quite ready when you are, Mr. Ross. It's awfully good of you to escort me, really. Perhaps we had better go; this is the last boat, and it is sure to be jammed."

They crossed over to the enclosure and joined the crowd surging on board. In a few minutes a hoarse

whistle cut the air, and the steamer moved out across the moonlit waters of the Bay. With a nervous movement Ruth turned her head towards the land; the long white lines of electric lights outlining the buildings growing more regular in design as the distance increased. There, near the railing, and looking out across the water towards the now fast-receding boat, was a solitary figure, hat in hand. He was standing almost uncannily still.

Stephen Hay had missed the last boat.

\*

"I can't understand you at all these days, dearie," burst out Marie. "You seem so queer. What's up between you and Steve, anyhow? Been a row? He hasn't been near the house for two days."

It was a few days after the unfortunate episode at the Island, and the girls, attired in shabby much-washed kimonas, sat on either side of the folding bed. Hair brushes were being vigorously applied in preparation for the night.

"It's nothing, Marie," Ruth murmured uneasily. "I—that is—I don't think Stephen will be round any more," she added, a sob in her throat.

"Nothin'! Come off that stuff. You can't kid me with that, dearie. Why, it only needs half an eye to see that Steve is nuts over you."

Ruth rose hastily from the bed. "It doesn't make any difference," she said, trying to speak calmly. "He won't be round—that's all."

Something in her tone made Marie stop. She had known Ruth intimately for years; it seemed as though there could be no mood in which she had not seen her. But this was an entirely new Ruth, a different girl whose voice chilled her; the words were those of an automaton, lifeless.

"I haven't seen him since that dreadful night at the Island," Ruth added. "Oh! what's the use anyway!

I tell you he won't come round here again—ever.”

Dauntless as she usually was, Marie stood amazed. Lord! This was a mess and no mistake. Her fault too; if it came down to brass tacks. Frequently she had urged Ruth to bring Steve to the point, told her to throw him over and get a live guy. And now. But she had never meant it seriously. Why, you could not find a better fellow than Stephen. Ruth was right, he——.

On the bed beside her Ruth was sobbing bitterly, striving vainly to choke back the pent-up emotion within her. Dismayed, Marie bent over her and put her arm round the girl's shoulder.

“Ruth, Ruth, dear! Oh! I can't bear to see you like this! What's up between you two? Dearie, tell me all about it,” she continued, as Ruth lifted a tear-stained face from the pillow. “I'll bet it's just some crazy notion.”

“It's all my own fault,” cried Ruth. “I was mad—clean mad. I don't know what possessed me—I didn't realize what I was doing. Something got into me that night at Hanlan's. I kept watching you and Tom, so happy because you knew you would soon be together—always—and I just couldn't stand it. Of course, I knew that Stephen meant to ask me to marry him, but I just couldn't bear to go on and on waiting—like that. The heat and the long days at the store, with the prospect of the same old thing day after day. Oh! I know it was madness, but when Mr. Ross came up and asked me to dance with him, I thought, suddenly, that it would be a good chance to teach Stephen a lesson—show him there were other fellows. And then, when I told him Mr. Ross was going to take me home, he never made an effort—hardly said a word. The way he looked . . . .” The sobbing broke out afresh. “Oh! he's worth two of any old Ross,” she concluded, a touch of petulance in her manner.

For hours after she switched off the light, Marie lay uneasily in her bed, racking her brain for a solution to the problem. She could feel Ruth turning sleeplessly from time to time, but she refrained from speaking to her. She wanted to think things over in her own mind, quietly, before morning. There was little chance of meditation during the rushing day. What could she do? Would it be of any use to go to Stephen and try to explain? No. That was the wrong course to take with him. With any other man it might work, but she knew Stephen well enough to feel quite sure that his natural reserve would hold in effectual check any desire he might have to return to Ruth, unless she herself asked him. He would be too fearful of a rebuff, too anxious to win her back, to dare to take his fate in his hands by making any move. No. The only possible course was for Ruth to go to him herself. There seemed no other way out.

Dawn came at last to a sweltering city. The heat, which had granted a brief respite to the enervated citizens during the last few days, came back with renewed strength to battle with electric fans, refrigerators, and poor baked humanity. Thunder clouds, banked heavily in the sky, cast an ominous shadow over the city, but no rain came to ease the strain. Listlessly, Marie arose. Thank God it was Saturday and a half holiday. With a sense of strangeness, she suddenly remembered that this was her last day at the store, her last morning of ribbon selling. Gee! How she had longed for this day. Well, here it was at last, but somehow or other she experienced no pleasure in the realization. She sighed as she slipped on the old kimona and hurried to the kitchenette. Presently she returned with coffee and some blackened toast. She glanced at Ruth. Poor old girl! It was a shame to wake her, but they had been cutting down the staff at the store lately, and it was a bit risky to take any time off. She went over

to the bed and shook Ruth gently by the shoulder.

Then followed the usual morning scramble against time. The frugal breakfast over and the dishes piled in the little sink, they hustled into their light summer clothing, and hurried down the street. Ruth sedulously avoided all reference to their conversation of the night before, and Marie hesitated to re-open a subject so obviously distressing to her chum. But it was no use letting matters go from bad to worse for the sake of a little plain speaking.

"Say, dearie," she ventured at last. "Why don't you make up your mind to go over and see Steve?"

Ruth paled visibly in the strong morning light.

"Oh! I couldn't!" she gasped. "Not after the way I acted."

"Well, write to him then. Ain't he worth it? Take it from me, girly; you won't get another chap like Steve in a hurry. They don't make many like him. Think it over, dearie. Say, we got to get a move on, or we're goin' to be late, sure. Gee! Won't it be a great sensation to punch that old clock for the last time! I'll say it will! I'll bust the damn thing!"

\*

It had seemed impossible that the heat could be worse, but steadily, as the day dragged on, the mercury rose still higher in the tube, exulting, apparently, in its ability to beat its own records. Finally, it stopped — at ninety-six degrees. Buoyed up by a constantly disappointed hope of release from the stifling humidity, the inhabitants of the city valiantly fought the merciless sun; bravely laughing in its face, and determined not to give way beneath the scorching rays. Occasionally, a little crowd gathered on the sidewalk would testify to a victory by the blazing orb, which had sent its treacherous waves of heat through the limitless ether to strike down some poor terrestrial atom. But, on the whole, the city

bore up well. It worked as best it could, and when its limit of endurance passed, clad itself in bathing costume and spent hours in the lake, or on the white, sandy beach.

Marie and Ruth reached home shortly after noon. Marie was plainly anxious concerning her chum. She looked thin and tired, with great dark lines spreading beneath her eyes. The heat was enough to upset anyone, but she knew that the added trouble with Stephen was responsible for nine-tenths of her chum's appearance. Marie wished that she could persuade Ruth to write to Stephen. She meant to have a serious talk with her this week end.

The shrill voice of Mrs. Swift rang up the stairs.

"Say, Miss Thom. You're wanted on the 'phone."

Marie bustled away. After a short interval, she re-appeared.

"Dearie," she said. "That was Tom speaking. He's got hold of a flivver somewheres and wants us both to go down to Sunnyside for a swim. We can dress here," she went on, as Ruth hesitated, "and put a big coat over our fairy-like forms. Everybody's doin' it."

Ruth listlessly assented. "All right." Perhaps if she got thoroughly cooled off she might feel better. At least it would be an improvement on this broiling room, with the afternoon sun pouring in at the window.

Sunnyside was a kaleidoscopic picture of life and color not easily forgotten. The long stretch of sand was packed with laughing people, merrily irresponsible in their freedom from the week of toil. Gaily-hued bathing suits glistened brightly in the sun, as their wearers came dripping from the water. The lake itself, giving generously of its coolness to the countless bathers, lay blue and polished like a vast gleaming strip of satin, except close inshore, where its shining surface was continually broken by the passage of canoes, and the continual surge of human bodies. Here

and there children were being initiated into the mysteries of bathing, or built their frail castles in the sand. A few, too poor to afford the regulation garments, were clad in nondescript bathing suits that clung grotesquely to them. Dogs barked at the waters' edge, enjoying the huge playground.

At length, among the long rows of automobiles lining the roadway, Tom found a vacant space. He parked the car, and the trio hurried to the water. Gratefully, they slid into the coolness of the lake, a miraculous sense of freshness and renewed vitality surging through them as they swam. Tom struck out from the shore, forging ahead with long steady strokes, while the two girls, not quite so confident, kept at first nearer to the beach. Gradually, and without deliberate intention, they drew away from the thickest of the crowd, swimming side by side.

Suddenly, Marie saw Ruth fling up her hands in a silent appeal for help, and then sink beneath the smooth, still water. For a long moment Marie was paralyzed; then, with a scream, she plunged towards her chum. There was a rush from the shore and a tall,

well-built figure, browned by the sun, and dressed in a gray bathing suit, flashed by her. He dived beneath the surface, and came up almost at once with Ruth in his arms. With mingled feelings of fear and relief, Marie watched him carry his burden to the shore, and lay the limp form gently down on the burning sand. A sense of astonishment possessed her as she recognized the rescuer. It was Stephen.

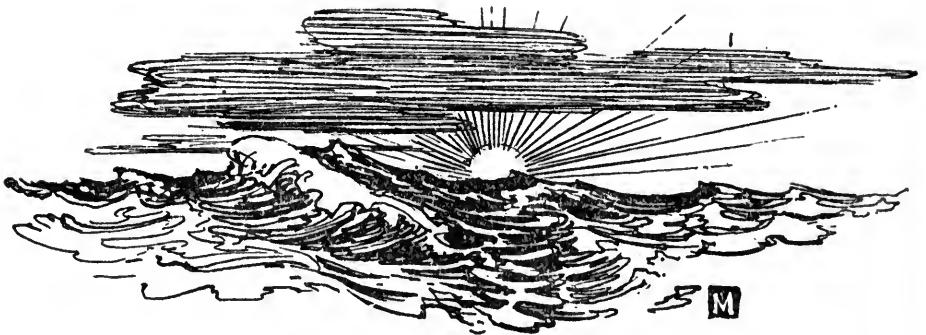
Anxiously he held the unresisting girl in his arms, an unspeakable dread written in his face.

"For God's sake, Ruth—speak to me, dear!" He was quite unconscious of the crowd quickly gathering near them. "She's not dead! No! Don't say she's dead!" he wailed. "Oh, my dear, I wanted you so! I want you more than ever now, for my wife."

The big dark eyes opened slowly, and Ruth smiled up at him. She looked radiantly happy. Her arms stole up to Stephen's neck, pulling him down to her.

"Oh, Stephen," she whispered. "I'm so happy. I heard what you said, dear. And it's all true, isn't it?"

He bent down and kissed her on the lips.





# FLAG DAYS FOR CANADIANS

## IV.—THE BATTLE OF ST. JULIEN

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS



APRIL 22nd is a red-letter day in the Canadian Calendar of Important Events, for it was on that day, in the year 1915, that Canada's hero-soldiers in the Great War so bravely withstood the first gas attack ever launched in the long history of warfare. It was a critical time for Britain and her Allies, and if the Canadian troops had once given way during those first three terrible days of the Second Battle of Ypres, one can easily surmise what would have happened. Not only would Belgium have had to be abandoned but a large portion of Northern France as well. The French channel ports would have become bases for the enemy, and England's control of the channel lost. The situation was saved for the Allies by the gallantry of the Canadian troops at St. Julien.

"No Canadians," said Sir Robert Borden after his first visit to the Western Front, "can ever look forth upon that valley where Ypres lies shattered in the distance and where sweep the hills that overlook the graves of one hundred thousand brave men, without being profoundly moved. The battle that raged for so many days in the neighborhood of Ypres was bloody, even as men appraise battles in this greatest of wars. But as long as brave deeds retain the power to fire the blood of Anglo-Saxons, the stand made by Canadians in the Spring of 1915 will be told by fathers to their sons."

The Second Battle of Ypres began on the evening of April 22nd, and lasted until May 13th. The first three days of this fierce struggle, generally known as the Battle of St. Julien, is described by the official *Eye Witness* in the following words:

"The morning of April 22nd opened warm and sunny, and everything seemed quiet in front of the Canadian line, which extended for some five thousand yards in a northwesterly direction to where the French were entrenched. At five o'clock in the afternoon the enemy, aided by a favorable wind, sent over asphyxiating gas in great quantity, directed especially against the French line, which was compelled to give ground for a considerable distance. Thus the Canadians were unsupported on their left, and the situation became exceedingly grave. It became necessary to extend the Canadian lines to the left rear to bridge the gap of four miles that had been made. In the course of the confusion which followed the readjustment, the enemy advanced rapidly and took four British guns lent to the French and stationed in a small wood to the west of the village of St. Julien.

"At midnight this wood was charged by two battalions, the Tenth and Sixteenth, which had been in reserve at the beginning of the fighting. They re-captured the guns, and being unable to bring them away, destroyed them. The Tenth was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Boyle who, within a few hours, received mortal wounds. The

Canadians were outnumbered four to one. The suffering caused by the gas was indescribable; still the fight went on throughout the night. The Germans were held back, and early in the morning the British were able to send reinforcements into the gap on the left.

"The fighting continued throughout the 23rd. The losses were huge and no food could be got up to the survivors for twenty-four hours. At 3.30 on the second morning the Germans launched another great gas attack. This time a battalion of Winnipeg troops bore the brunt of the attack and in a truly glorious manner held their ground. Throughout the 24th British reinforcements were being rushed up, and by Sunday evening practically all the Canadians had been withdrawn, completely exhausted."

Many are the tributes that have been paid to the conduct of the Canadian troops at St. Julien, but that of John Buchan, himself a soldier in the Great War, may be said to epitomize them all.

"Consider," he says, "what these men had to face. Attacked and outflanked by four divisions, stupefied by a poison of which they had never dreamed and which they did not understand, with no heavy artillery to support them, they endured till reinforcements came, and they did more than endure. After days and nights of tension they had the spirit of counter-attack. When called upon they cheerfully returned to the inferno they had left. If the salient of Ypres will be for all time the classic battle ground of Britain, that blood-stained segment between the Poelcapelle and Zonnebeke roads will remain the Holy Land of Canadian arms."

On this day, then, we cannot forget those who sleep their last sleep in Flanders' Field. But we should remember, too, the brave fellows who have come back to us, many of them

gassed, maimed or shattered in health. Nor those alone, for there is a vaster army still, the wives and mothers who, in many cases gave their all. These, indeed, deserve our thanks and not our pity, and this sentiment is so in keeping with the anniversary of St. Julien Day that many will be glad to read again the beautiful words of J. W. Daffoe, written on his return from the battlefields of France:

"For those who mourn for the unreturning brave there are secret springs of consolation! The ending of the full-lived life is not tragic; the symbol of poignant grief is the broken column that bespeaks the day that ended in the morning. But for those who die for their country there is not this sense of irremediable loss, this feeling of the un-lived life, the unfulfilled dream. There is an instinct deep-hidden in human life which tells the mourner that for the man who falls upon the field of honor his life has come full circle whatever the tale of his years; and that somewhere in the divine scheme of things there is compensation for the lost experiences and achievements.

"If the dead gave their lives without bitterness and the living are consoled Canada, the common mother of both, is richer for all time for their sacrifice. In the life of the race a single generation passes like a heartbeat; but the chosen few from this generation, whose names are in the lists of the lost, are secure in their fame and in their power. They have set for all time for Canada the standards of service and of sacrifice; their example will, now and forever, sweeten our civic life and if the occasion calls will nerve the youth of Canada to emulate their deeds on the stricken field. A thousand years from now Canadian youths will read the story of their deeds with hearts uplifted and with kindling eyes. Safe in such an immortality what matters it that they sleep far from Canada upon the battlefields of France!"

# ETERNAL EFFORT

BY ROBERT McNAIRN



THE death of Erasmus Mitchell was as certain and as well certified as that of Scrooge's partner, Marley. Therefore he was surprised when he found himself still lying apparently in a hospital bed, with a nurse and a house doctor coming in and going out. It was a restful place, such as a tired and worried man would have chosen. In life he had been conscious of the soothing influence of falling waters and wide landscapes. Now he heard rain falling on the roof, and a cataract, and the sighing of the wind. Looking out of the window, he saw that peculiar stormy sky that he had always loved, with now and then the lightning that resembled golden handwriting on the cloud. As the rain ceased, his eye ranged over mountains, forests, lakes, fields of grain, towns whose outlines were softened by distance. A sigh of comfort escaped him. No more work, no more worry! He told this to the nurse, who smiled rather sadly. Outside the door she talked with the doctor, and he overheard the words, "Better not tell him till he is stronger".

Afterwards, as he sat in his invalid chair, they broke the news. Heaven is not a place of rest, but of anxiety, labor and sorrow until all the troubles of man on earth be ended. The spirits are too busy for endless praise of their Chief. Yet there are places of rest, where for a time the earthly scene is hidden from the eyes of the angels. Restored to health and strength, they behold again war and

famine and pestilence, hear the yells of hate and the crying of bereaved mothers; and they bend themselves to their tasks of help and healing. Often they almost lose heart. So little they can do; so slow and painful is the toil!

"But is your King not omnipotent?" asked the patient. "Might not all this misery vanish at his word?"

"There is no such thing as omnipotence," was the answer. "Think of our Chief not as a King, but as a Father, kind, wise, powerful—but not all-powerful—working for his children and needing their aid. We are his elder children. Did you ever, as a little boy, hear your mother talking with an elder sister over family troubles that you did not understand? Heaven is full of such family councils."

The patient sighed again, this time not with comfort. "Shall I see my family and friends when I go back to work?" he asked.

"Yes, but they cannot see you. You will look into your old home like Enoch Arden, seeing but unseen. You can send them messages of help and cheer, but they will not know whence they come."

"But don't be discouraged," said the doctor, as he saw a cloud gathering over the patient's face, "you will be cared for. When there is need, a veil will be drawn over the earthly scene again. You will sit by quiet rivers and storm-tossed seas that engulf no life. You will roam through forests that will never be burned or cut down,

where all the wild things roam,  
 neither hunted nor seeking prey,  
 where the deer drinks at the stream  
 with no fear of lion or man, where  
 the mighty eagle soars aloft and never  
 pounces upon the dove. Tired of those  
 scenes, you may visit busy little  
 towns not unlike those you have left,

save that you will never see a face  
 nor hear a voice that is not kindly.  
 And though at other times you must  
 bear toil or sorrow or anxiety, you  
 will never be left without hope. Slow-  
 ly, very slowly, your old world grows  
 better; every day a little progress is  
 made."

## THE BILLET

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

**W**ITHIN, the fustiness and gloom.  
 Without, the dark and crawling chill.  
 Within, pitiful, pale and small,  
 A crucifix on the mildewed wall.

Without, the roll of wheels, the ring  
 Of hoofs and heels on greasy stones.  
 Within, the old bed high and damp,  
 Two candles and a smelly lamp.

Flat ruins now, that rotting house  
 (They got it later, long ago);  
 But in my brain, cornered with gloom,  
 I still behold that sodden room.

There I was lonely for sane things,  
 There I was heart-sick for glad days.  
 There I have known, with dawning near,  
 That indecision men call fear.

Heated with wine or caked with mud  
 (A revel spent or a day's work done),  
 Slow I went to that joyless bed  
 And the pale regard of the imaged dead.

I thought of death, and it did not seem  
 So dull a thing or so sad a jest  
 As the lonely nights and the weary round  
 Of keeping alive on the muddy ground.

Flat ruins now, that house and room  
 Where I was caged with my own heart's gloom,  
 When there was nothing else to do  
 But pray for sleep and a dream of you.

# THE MISUNDERSTOOD BAT

BY E. H. PITMAN



OF all our mammals bats are the ones we know least about, for very little indeed is known of of what may be called their "home life". This is partly due to the difficulty of studying them, and also because of the almost universal prejudice against them. For some strange reason they create a feeling of repulsion in nearly everyone but the nature student, which is quite unjustified, for, on close examination, it will be found that both their habits and appearance are above reproach, and that they are of great interest. In some parts of the world they are linked up with strange superstitions by simple people—indeed I do not know of any other animal to which so many fanciful (and often ridiculous) ideas are attached; and, needless to say, they have many local names. A very common one is "flitter-mouse", although bats are not rodents, as mice are, but are insectivorous, their dentition somewhat resembling that of the shrews.

The diet of our Canadian bats consists solely of insects, but in tropical parts of the world two other groups are found, one living entirely upon vegetable food, and the other upon blood, the gullets of the latter being so small that nothing but fluid can pass through them. In hot countries many bats are brightly colored, particularly the fruit-eating species, I believe, but in more temperate climates like ours they are generally just a plain brown of one shade or another.

Those familiar with Aesop's fables will probably recollect the one describing the battle between the beasts and the birds and the disgraceful behavior of the bat. Realizing his combination of fur and wings he alternately joined forces with each side according to their chances of victory, but was eventually disowned by both sides, and as a punishment was compelled to fly by night instead of in the daytime. Our ancestors—even those interested in natural history—were completely puzzled by the bats, and generally referred to them as birds. Aristotle regarded them as birds, and Pliny refers to them as the only birds which bring forth living young and suckle them, while the Jews included them among the unclean fowls. Plato's opinion was that bats were neither birds nor beasts. Throughout the Middle Ages, indeed, down to 1657, bats were classed with birds, and it was not until 1683 that they were given their proper place among the mammals.

Bats are the only mammals possessing the power of flight, for the so-called flying squirrels, and flying lemurs, in reality only parachute from a high plane to a lower one, by means of wide folds of skin on each side of their bodies, which, by even the most vivid imagination, could not be called wings. The fingers of the fore-limbs of the bats are of great length, and with the arms, serve as the framework which supports the wing-membranes. This membrane, which is bare and leathery in appearance, is attached to the sides of

the body and joins the hind legs and generally the tail also. The toes of the hind feet are free, and it is by the claws on these that the animals cling when at rest, always head downward.

Many, if not most, of our nocturnal animals have very large eyes to enable them to see in the dusk, but the insectivorous bats are an exception to this rule, for their eyes are comparatively small. "As blind as a bat" is a common phrase, but a misleading one, for the eyesight of these little creatures is really good. They are not entirely dependent upon their eyes, however, for their other senses are also highly developed, and particularly the sense of touch. They also appear to have some other sense, not very well understood, which helps them to avoid obstacles when flying.

Some peculiarly cruel, but nevertheless interesting experiments have been made with these unfortunate creatures at various times, and it has been amply proved that they are by no means entirely dependent upon their powers of vision to find their way about. Bats that had been blinded in various ways, when liberated in a room not only avoided striking the walls, but also kept clear of all obstacles purposely placed in their way. They did not run into branches of trees placed here and there, or even touch any of the numerous threads hanging from the ceiling, and when resting would immediately rise upon an attempt being made to catch them. One blinded animal that escaped made its way with rapidity and precision to the only roof in the neighborhood.

Most species of bats are gregarious and rest during the day-time, in colonies, choosing the darkest part of some cave or hollow tree or the crevices of some old building. Twice, in Manitoba, I found a bat in an old wooden pump, which, by the way, was used daily, and I have also found them in pairs and in parties of seventy

or eighty. These numbers, however, are insignificant, for M. Figaniere, a former Portuguese Minister to the United States, writing about 1860, records the discovery of a colony of fifteen hundred or two thousand bats in one building alone. In tropical countries the bats are larger and much more numerous. Gould, writing of an Australian species, says: "The enormous numbers that may be seen sleeping pendent from the trees in the more secluded parts of the forest are beyond conception." When it is remembered that the animals he refers to are fruit eaters, the amount of damage they can do in an orchard can be imagined!

The wing-expanse of our Canadian bats is, in every case, I believe, under eighteen inches, but in other countries they measure up to four feet across, and even more. The particular species I have in mind is the Great Kalong, found in immense numbers in Java and Sumatra. This group of mammals includes, among many handsome ones, some of the most hideous creatures one can imagine.

There are about eight hundred species of bats known and they are found practically all over the world, quaint and interesting in temperate and cold climates, but going to extremes in every way in hot countries. Our Canadian bats are well worth studying, and anyone examining them will find that far from being repulsive, they are really pretty. They cannot be accused of doing harm in any way, indeed they are really useful to man by helping to keep down undesirable insect pests. It is probably their aversion to the sunlight that has drawn upon their innocent heads such universal condemnation and dislike, together with vague recollections of the tales told of bats from other parts of the world—for 'a little knowledge', if not actually dangerous, is very often misleading. Anyone handling a bat cannot fail to realize how beautifully adapted it is to its mode of life.









